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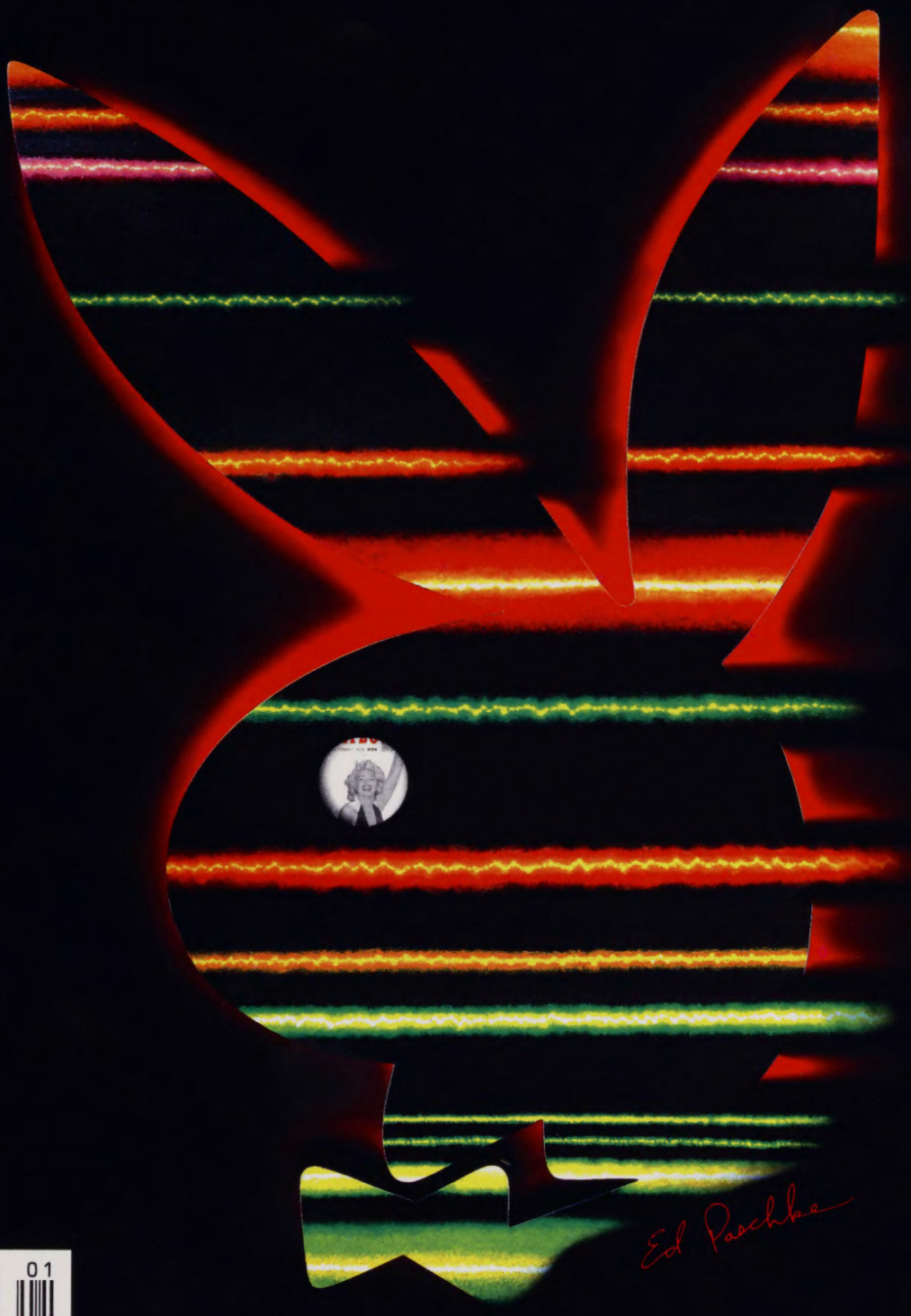

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FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Late Night TV's Undisputed King—David Letterman—in a Revealing Interview • The Challenge of Being Hillary—Portrait of a First Lady, by Shana Alexander • What We Should Have Learned from the Cold War, by David Halberstam • The Lessons of Poker: David Mamet Looks at Life's Bluffs • We Knew She Was Out There, and We Finally Found Her—The 40th Anniversary Playmate • Also, the Photo Story Behind the Search • *What I Know About Women:* An Assessment of the Gender, by William F. Buckley, Jr. • Eric Bogosian Defends Our Urban Jungles • Is the Economy So Broke We Can't Fix It? Lester Thurow Offers a Cure • John Updike Remembers Vargas—and We Show You a Glorious Retrospective of Vargas

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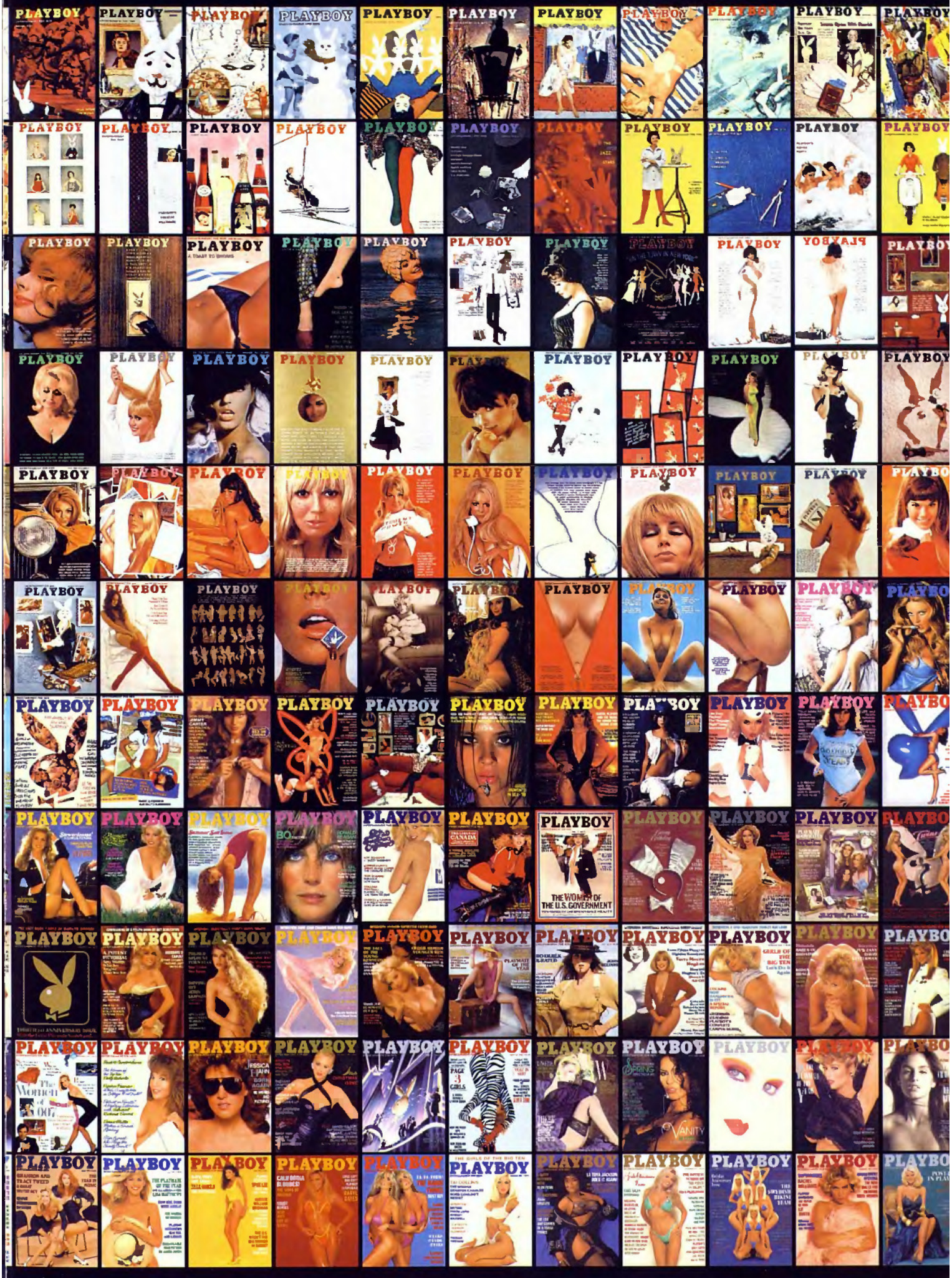
HAPPY NEW YEAR
Girls of Ivy League Revealed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THE WOMEN OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

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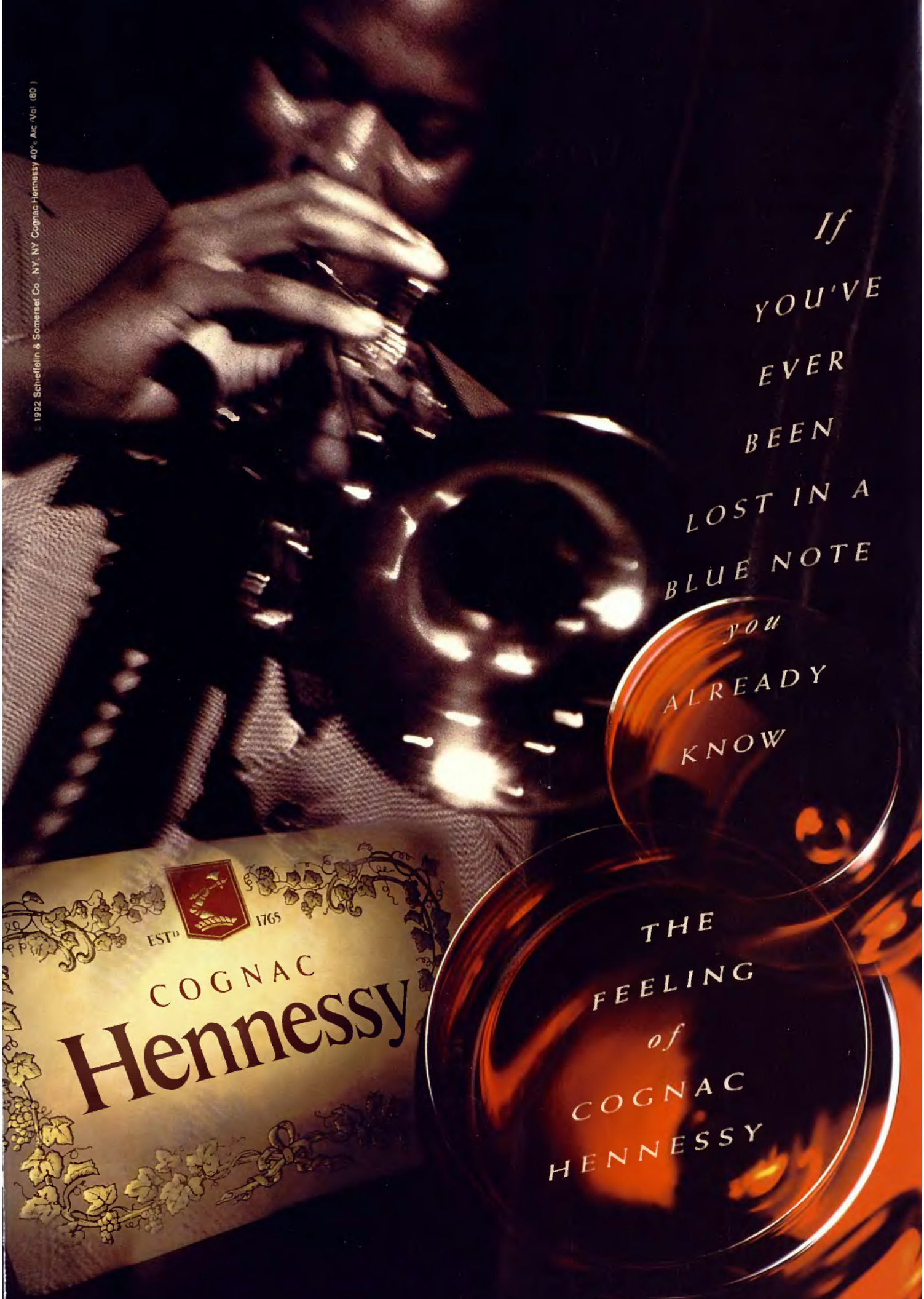
NEWSCASTER BARES ALL
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
THE WOMEN OF RUSSIA

Women • New Fiction by the Master, Ray Bradbury • A New Column, *Nightlife*, Tells You Where to Go and What to Do • *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock, Part Six:* The Birth of Rock and Roll • Twenty Fabulous Pages of Ten Women Who Helped Make This Magazine's History • The NFL's Top Quarterbacks in Tuxedos • Our Review of the Year's Delightful Dozen Playmates • Shaquille O'Neal Goes One-on-One with *20 Questions* • An Exclusive Preview of Hugh M. Hefner's Autobiography • Garry Wills Explains Why We're So Jumpy as the Year 2000 Approaches • Bruce Jay Friedman Visits Bill Clinton's Hometown • Our Four-Decade Love Affair with the Girl Next Door • New Fiction from Stanley Elkin • And, of Course, Much, Much More



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PLAYBILL

IN THE BEGINNING was the table, the typewriter, the man. As we were preparing this 40th anniversary issue of PLAYBOY, we came across a familiar photo of **Hef** at work on the first issue. What a surprise to realize we were seeing the entire PLAYBOY empire, and that it fit into one black-and-white snapshot.

What was Hef typing? Was it a warm-up exercise—the quick brown fox jumped over the repressive puritan culture? Probably it was the original call to would-be readers, the blueprint for the kind of man who would read this magazine: "We like our apartment. We enjoy mixing up cocktails and an hors d'oeuvre or two, putting a little mood music on the phonograph and inviting in a female acquaintance for a quiet discussion of Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex.

"Affairs of state will be out of our province. We don't expect to solve any world problems or prove any great moral truths. If we are able to give the American male a few extra laughs and a little diversion from the anxieties of the Atomic Age, we'll feel we've justified our existence."

Innocent words. The magazine that offered a few laughs and a little diversion is now the most successful men's magazine in the world. PLAYBOY's message reaches sophisticated men in Australia, Brazil, the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Greece, Hong Kong, Taiwan, Turkey and Poland. When the iron curtain fell, PLAYBOY became a symbol for the freedom long denied citizens of eastern Europe. This winter, the newest foreign edition of PLAYBOY will debut in South Africa.

We have even invaded cyberspace—the first PLAYBOY CD-ROMs are hovering near computers nationwide. You can find PLAYBOY on video, cable, lingerie, watches and art.

An anniversary is a time to celebrate beginnings. We are proud to present an excerpt of *Golden Dreams*, a work by a writer whose best-known contribution to the magazine was *The Playboy Philosophy*. Yep, that's right. The excerpt from Hef's long-awaited autobiography chronicles the months leading to the first issue. There's not a lot of sex (hey, the guy was just starting an empire), but you'll get a glimpse of a man obsessed. And Hef gets his picture in *Playbill*.

It's fitting that our 40th anniversary issue—one that celebrates the beginning of the sexual revolution—also contains an article on the beginning of rock and roll. Part six of *Playboy's History of Jazz & Rock*, by **David Standish,** recounts that moment in 1954 when a little-known singer named Elvis stopped a song in midtrack and exclaimed, "Let's get real gone for a change." And gone we got.

Hef wrote about cocktails and hors d'oeuvres. Elsewhere in this issue, actor and one-man show **Eric Bogosian** extols the modern-day menu and New York City in *Testimony of a Crazed Urbanite*: "There's a store that sells every record, every CD, every book, every magazine, every poster, every videotape, every computer program, every comic book. You can play pool, swim, play pinball, bowl, meditate, learn to box, work out, play ball, Rollerblade and mud-wrestle in the city. Every sexual kink and every spiritual sect is here. You can be damned or be saved, it's your choice. It's called freedom."

Throughout it all, PLAYBOY has been a compass, offering guidance to men playing at the frontiers of freedom. The world changes, we change. This issue marks the debut of a new column, *Nightlife*, devoted to life after dark, in which **Glenn O'Brien** takes a prowl through a club called Jackie 60. Those interested in a more formal evening can check out photographer **Andrew Eccles'** portfolio of pro quarterbacks in elegant threads in *Quarterback Chic*.

Clearly, the idea of change doesn't sit well with everyone. As

HEFNER

STANDISH

BOGOSIAN

O'BRIEN

ECCLES

WILLS

HALBERSTAM

MAMET

ANDREA

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ALEXANDER

FRIEDMAN

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ELKIN

UPDIKE

we approach the turn of the century, some people are turning to religion, some to witchcraft, some to self-destructive cults. **Garry Wills** traces the upheaval in *What's the Deal with the Millennium?*

We live in interesting times. Some view our age as the end of history. We see a new beginning. Our magazine has survived both the start and end of the Cold War. Trying to make sense of it all, we enlisted some of the most thoughtful people in America. Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter **David Halberstam** presents *Requiem for the Cold War*—finding in the epic battles of the Ia Drang Valley in Vietnam and the earlier slaughter at Verdun a history lesson on the pride of nations. **David Mamet,** Pulitzer Prize–winning playwright, reduces the lessons of pride and arrogance to a smaller field: *A Gambler for Life* (illustrated by **Pat Andrea**) ties the rules of the game to some life lessons. In it, Mamet wrestles with the question asked by his father: "You still using cards?"

We are fascinated by confrontation—be it over the poker table or the negotiating table. We sent TV critic **Tom Shales** to interview **David Letterman,** a man willing to make a new beginning. Of course, if someone offered us $14 million, we'd consider a sex change. Especially after reading **William F. Buckley, Jr.'s,** *What I Know About Women*. **Kinuko Y. Craft,** the artist, supplied her own vision of womanhood.

We live in a new era characterized by a new man in the White House. Bill Clinton is the first American president born after World War Two, and he represents the coming to power of a new generation, one that might, without undue modesty, be called the PLAYBOY generation. We therefore thought it fitting that in this anniversary issue we plumb the uncommon first couple.

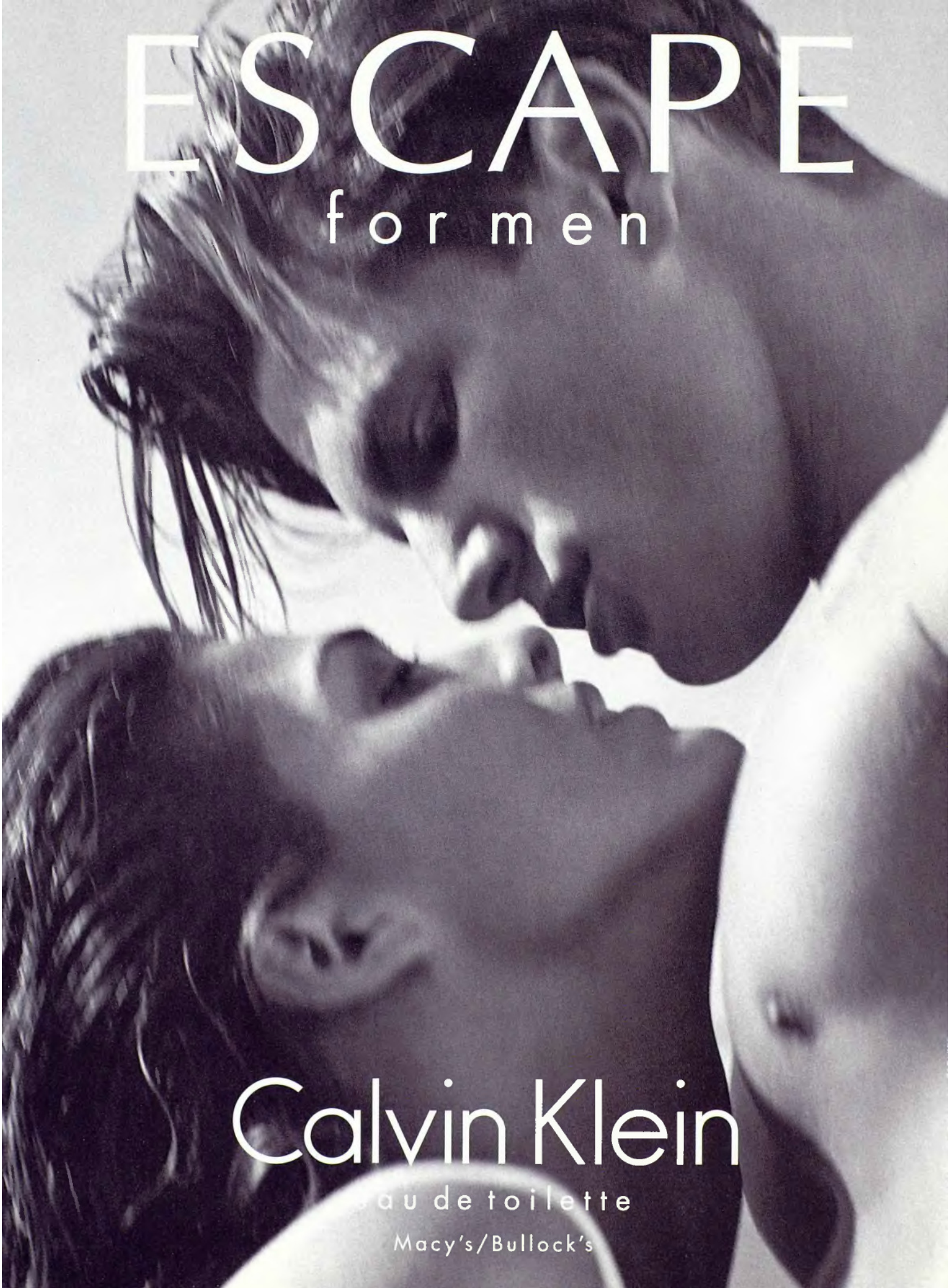
Shana Alexander explores the changes in women's status over the past 40 years in *The Difficulties of Being Hillary*. Novelist **Bruce Jay Friedman** tries to get to the core of the first man in a visit to *My Little Rock* (illustrated by **Brad Holland**). In *Fixing It*, **Lester Thurow,** an MIT luminary, writes a prescription for curing the nation's economic ills. OK, OK. We know Hef said we'd never try to solve world problems, but we couldn't resist.

There's also a new kid on the courts. We asked **Richard Lalich** to corner **Shaquille O'Neal** for *20 Questions* on life in the big leagues. Is it our imagination, or are athletes getting better and better?

Anniversaries are also times to gather old friends. **Ray Bradbury** made his first appearance in these pages in the fourth issue of the magazine (we serialized *Fahrenheit 451* in three issues). Now he's back for the gazillionth time with *Unterseeboot Doktor*—a story about a man who can see into your soul with a unique periscope. **Milton Glaser** provides the visuals. **Stanley Elkin** makes a return appearance with *Golf-Ball-Size Hail*, a story about Wayne Newton—no, not that Wayne Newton, though he makes an appearance. In both stories, men reinvent themselves, with different outcomes. We offered novelist **John Updike** a change of pace. (His latest work, *Brazil*, comes out next month.) Would he like to comment on the work of pinup artist **Alberto Vargas,** whose work graced these pages for years? The combination is a keeper.

The appreciation of beauty is one of the core values of this magazine. Beauty is the root of many a new beginning. Those of you who've made the long, strange trip will recognize some friendly faces—**Marilyn, Bo, Jayne, Ursula, Kim, Cindy, Madonna, Brigitte, Vanna** and **Sharon**—women whose beauty has accorded them the status of legends. *Forty Memorable Years* celebrates our four-decade love affair with the girl next door, as does our annual *Playmate Review*. We do this well and will continue. We spent the past year engaged in *The Great 40th Anniversary Playmate Search*. The finalists will take away your breath, and the winner, **Anna-Marie Goddard,** is a fantasy for the next century. We've also gathered some of our favorite cartoons from 40 years—the source of many an extra laugh. As crucial to the soul of PLAYBOY as the centerfold, these cartoons are a stroll down memory lane.

The adventure continues. It's called freedom.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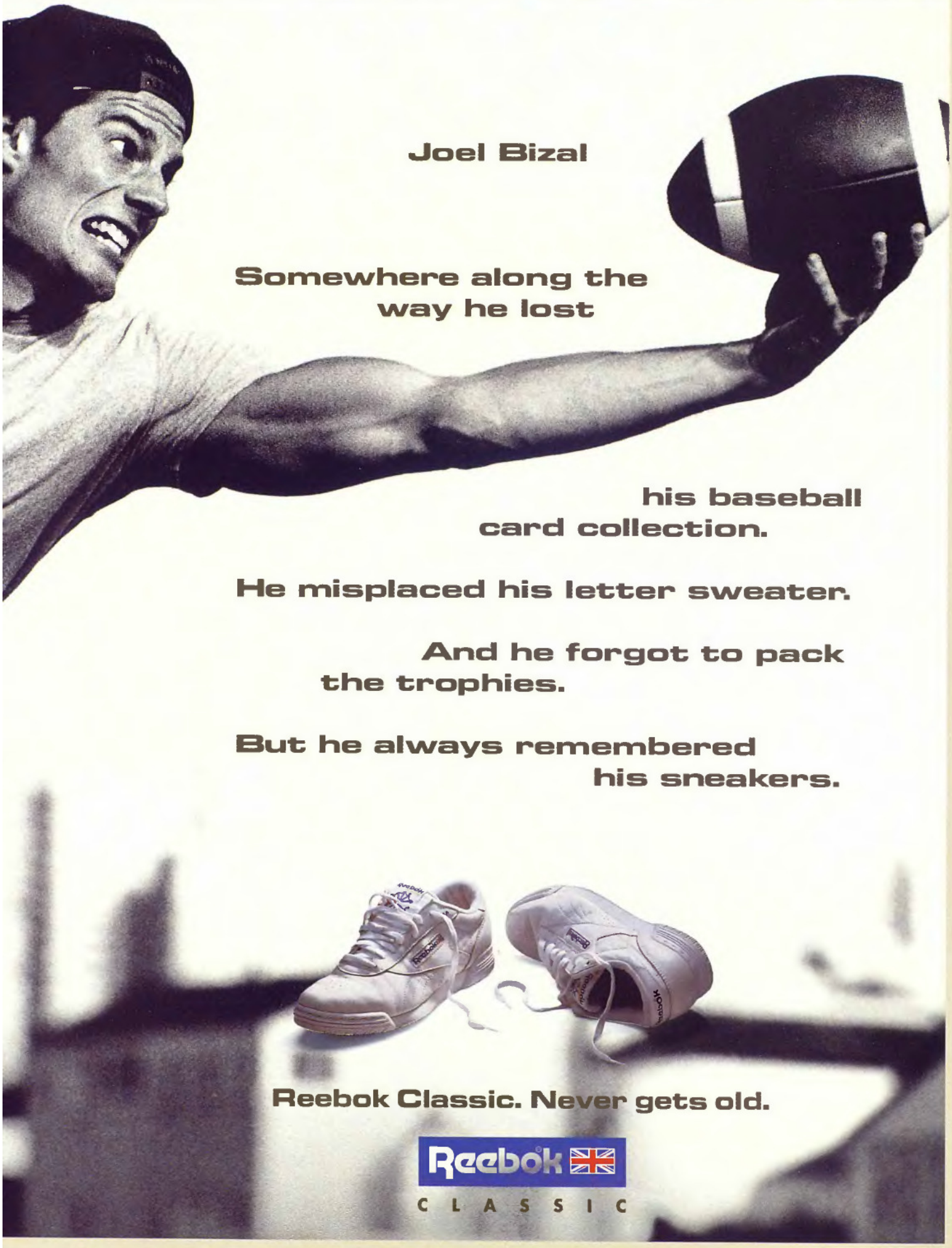
Joel Bizal
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 41, no. 1—january 1994

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL 5

DEAR PLAYBOY 17

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS 23

NIGHTLIFE: A CLUB NAMED JACKIE 60 ..... GLENN O'BRIEN 40
Our new entertainment column visits a radical New York club.

MEN ..... ASA BABER 42

WOMEN ..... CYNTHIA HEIMEL 44

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR 47

THE PLAYBOY FORUM 49

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK: END THE VIETNAM WAR—opinion ..... ROBERT SCHEER 59
An ugly era of U.S. history lives on in false pride and bitterness. It's bad for the soul and it's bad for business.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID LETTERMAN—candid conversation 61
TV's late-night king of smirks, who has conquered a new network and a new hour, sizes up his competition and the ghosts of Johnny and Ed (Sullivan, that is).

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT WOMEN—article ..... WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR. 82
The polysyllabic pundit delivers his dissertation on a lifetime of study on feminine wiles, girl grit and lady lust.

40 MEMORABLE YEARS—pictorial 86
Four decades of Playmates we still dream about.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING HILLARY—playboy profile ..... SHANA ALEXANDER 96
She's the image of feminism triumphant. Could that be the reason everyone is giving the first lady such a hard time?

REMEMBER MARILYN—pictorial 100

UNTERSEEBOOT DOKTOR—fiction ..... RAY BRADBURY 102
Sometimes a periscope is more than a periscope, Herr Doktor.

REMEMBER JAYNE—pictorial 106

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK PART SIX: ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN—article ..... DAVID STANDISH 108
When Elvis hit Sun Studio, the world changed forever.

Ursula P. 162

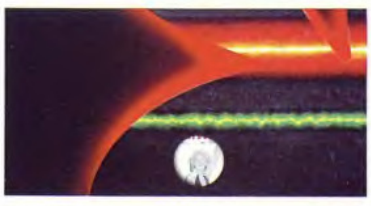
Womanly Wiles P. 82

Anniversary Playmate P. 144

Unterseeboot Doktor P. 102

COVER STORY

Happy anniversary to us. It's PLAYBOY's 40th and, to celebrate, our Rabbit got dressed up—in neon, no less—for a special sitting with artist Ed Paschke. Paschke's work first appeared in PLAYBOY in the early Sixties and has been exhibited at both the Pompidou Center in Paris and the Art Institute of Chicago. Contributing Photographer Richard Izui shot our anniversary cover and we gave Marilyn Monroe a starring role, just as Hef did 40 years ago. Cheers!



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Absolute Ten P. 170

Vargas Remembered P. 124

Quarterback Chic P. 164

Playmate Hunt P. 136

Millennium Report P. 194

Precious Stone P. 216

GOLDEN DREAMS—article ..... HUGH M. HEFNER 114
The birth of PLAYBOY recounted by the visionary who brought it to life.

VARGAS—portfolio ..... text by JOHN UPDIKE 124
A legend of American letters celebrates the man who transformed the common pinup into an art form.

REMEMBER BRIGITTE—pictorial 132

GOLF-BALL-SIZE HAIL—fiction ..... STANLEY ELKIN 134
Wayne Newton meets . . . er . . . Wayne Newton in this mad tale of a birthday gone awry in Las Vegas.

THE GREAT 40TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE SEARCH—pictorial 136

40TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE—playboy's playmate of the month 144

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor 158

HEF—humor ..... JULES FEIFFER 159

REQUIEM FOR THE COLD WAR—article ..... DAVID HALBERSTAM 160
Viewing the greatest struggle since World War Two through the microcosm of a pivotal battle of the Vietnam war.

REMEMBER URSULA—pictorial 162

QUARTERBACK CHIC—fashion ..... HOLLIS WAYNE 164
Troy Aikman, Boomer Esiason, Jim Kelly and Warren Moon call the signals for the season's formal occasions.

REMEMBER BO—pictorial 170

TESTIMONY OF A CRAZED URBANITE—article ..... ERIC BOGOSIAN 172
Sure, cities are dirty, dangerous, noisy and chaotic. That's why we call them the home of the brave and the land of the free.

20 QUESTIONS: SHAQUILLE O'NEAL 174
The man-child of the NBA scores 20.

REMEMBER KIM—pictorial 176

A GAMBLER FOR LIFE—article ..... DAVID MAMET 178
Lessons learned over a hand of poker.

REMEMBER MADONNA—pictorial 182

MY LITTLE ROCK—article ..... BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN 184
The Arkansas boondocks have become a kingmaker. Is it something in the water? We sent our man to find out.

REMEMBER VANNA—pictorial 188

FIXING IT—article ..... LESTER THUROW 190
One of our most influential economists argues that the U.S. must meet international benchmarks of success. The alternative? You don't want to think about it.

WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE MILLENNIUM?—article ..... GARRY WILLS 194
As the year 2000 approaches, most of us are planning to party like it's 1999. But watch out: The lunatic fringe is gearing up for Armageddon.

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW—pictorial 196

REMEMBER CINDY—pictorial 210

REMEMBER SHARON—pictorial 216

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE 277

DAVID BRANDT, FEGLEY, RANDY O'ROURKE; P. 137 O'ROURKE, WAYDA; P. 138 CONWAY, MARTI GRIFFIN, DAVID MECEY, KIM MIZUNO, DOUG WELLS; P. 139 ANDY CHARBDT, FREYTAG (2), POSAR; P. 140 FEGLEY (2), FREYTAG; P. 141 NORM BETTS, DAVID CHAN, FREYTAG, POSAR; P. 142 FEGLEY, FREYTAG (2), MIZUNO; P. 143 BRANDT, FEGLEY, GOLDMAN, IAN SCOTT; PP. 162-163 JOHN DEREK (2); PP. 170-171 DEREK (2); PP. 176-177 FEGLEY (2); P. 182 AL SCHWARTZ; P. 183 LEE FRIEDLANDER; PP. 188-189 DAVID GURIAN (3); P. 196 FREYTAG; P. 197 CHAN, FEGLEY (3), FREYTAG (7), WAYDA; PP. 198-199 FREYTAG (2); P. 200 WAYDA; P. 201 CONWAY, FREYTAG; P. 202 TRACY KAHN; P. 203 FREYTAG; P. 204 FEGLEY, FREYTAG; P. 205 FREYTAG; PP. 206-207 FREYTAG (2); PP. 210-211 HERB RITTS (2); PP. 216-217 PHILLIP DIXON (2), WAYDA; PP. 280-281 JESSE ALEXANDER, DON AZUMA, CONWAY (2); P. 282 MICHEL COMTE, WAYDA. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 282 ROGER BROWN, DAVID LEVINE. FRANKLIN MINT DUTSERT IN ALL DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. FRANKLIN MINT CARD BETWEEN PAGES 24-25 IN CANADA NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES AND IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. BASIC INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 40-41 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. JOOP! SCENT STRIP BETWEEN PAGES 32-33. BMG INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 48-49. ROGAINE CARD BETWEEN PAGES 64-65 AND WARNER MUSIC INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 230-231 IN DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. IBM CARD BETWEEN PAGES 238-239 IN SELECTED NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TÍTULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISIÓN CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACIÓN, MÉXICO. RESERVA DE TÍTULO EN TRÁMITE.

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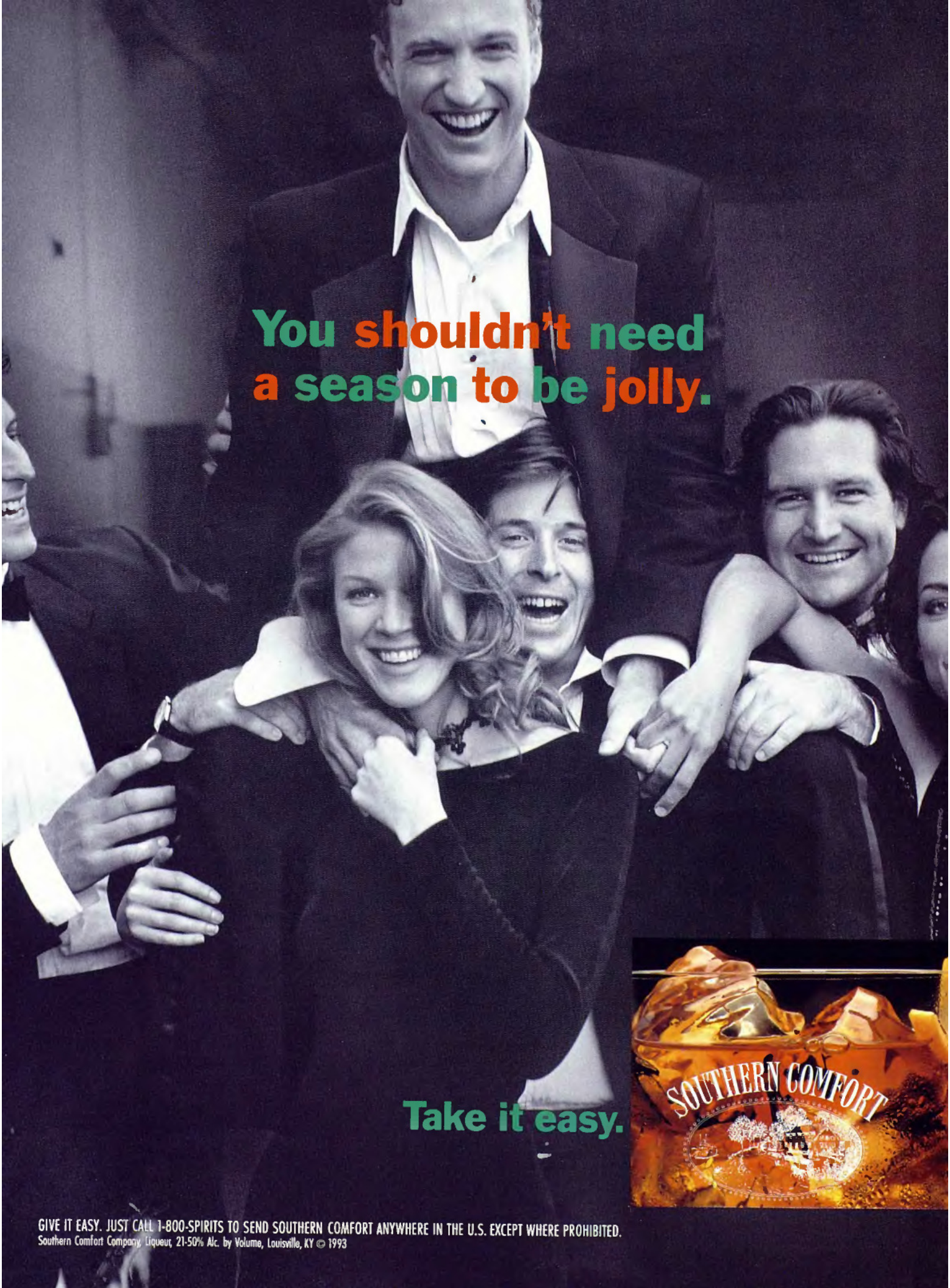

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JERRY SEINFELD

Jerry Seinfeld totally razzed me in his October *Playboy Interview* with Contributing Editor David Rensin. Funny people are so sexy. Humor spews from this man.

You should be congratulated on the cover showing Seinfeld in a pair of black-soled sneakers against a white drop. I looked hard and couldn't find one black scuff. Neat!

Ginger Langston Qualls
Houston, Texas

As the girlfriend of a guy who subscribes to your magazine, I want to let you know that I especially enjoyed reading the *Playboy Interview* with Jerry Seinfeld. He seems to be easygoing and, looking at your photos of him, I can hardly believe he's 39. He looks so good. My boyfriend and I are faithful watchers of *Seinfeld*, and we look forward to his fifth season.

Angie Trevino
Ulysses, Kansas

I very much enjoyed the Jerry Seinfeld interview, but I have a gripe. PLAYBOY is known for preaching sexual tolerance and wanting to make people feel better about their sexuality. But when you perpetuate the belief that the men who weren't first in their class to get laid have something deeply embarrassing to apologize for, you do nothing for their sexual confidence. When Seinfeld says he is "willing now to admit that as a teenager I never had sex" (he sounds defensive, as if he were being accused of something horrible) and PLAYBOY responds with "Why so late?" it doesn't exactly make those of us in his company want to hold our heads high.

Like Seinfeld, I was 20—too young to buy a beer, but not too young to feel embarrassed that it took so long to lose the big V. But for what it's worth, when I was a virginal 19-year-old I read that those who lose their virginity early are, generally, from the least educated and least economically advantaged levels of our society. And I was surprised to read that homosexual men and women have their first heterosexual intercourse at an earlier age than heterosexuals do.

In the future, give us late bloomers a break.

James DeMartino
Costa Mesa, California

CHEATING HEARTS

I found Lori Weiss' article, *Cheating Hearts* (PLAYBOY, October), enlightening and disturbing. That these men don't consider one-night stands to be affairs is the biggest rationalization I've ever heard. They have each broken a vow and have put their wives at risk for emotional, and possibly physical, harm.

I was especially interested to read about Jake. The fact that this man, who has had 60 to 70 affairs (or, as he would classify them, one-night stands) in the seven years he's been married, considers himself a "romantic" is pathetic.

He says his motivation for these affairs was to share his "gift" of being a great lover. Please, Jake, give us all an even better gift: Keep your pants zipped. Believe it or not, we can have orgasms without you. I would choose masturbation over an encounter with Jake. It would probably feel better and I'm sure it's a whole lot safer.

Pamela Hatcher
Kent, Washington

Lori Weiss' *Cheating Hearts* is insightful, entertaining and potentially dangerous. I wonder how many faithful husbands will read this article and think, Well, if everyone else is doing it, maybe I'll give it a whirl. Matrimony today already has enough problems brewing—there's no need to stir the pot.

I found Jake, the 35-year-old doctor, to be the most irritating and pathetic participant in Weiss' confessional. He may know how to give women a good

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BY SALVADOR DALI

The painting reproduced in this poster was commissioned from Salvador Dali by Playboy in 1966. The original hangs in the Playboy Mansion in Los Angeles. It is one of several commissions given to major international artists to create artwork entitled "The Playmate as Fine Art."

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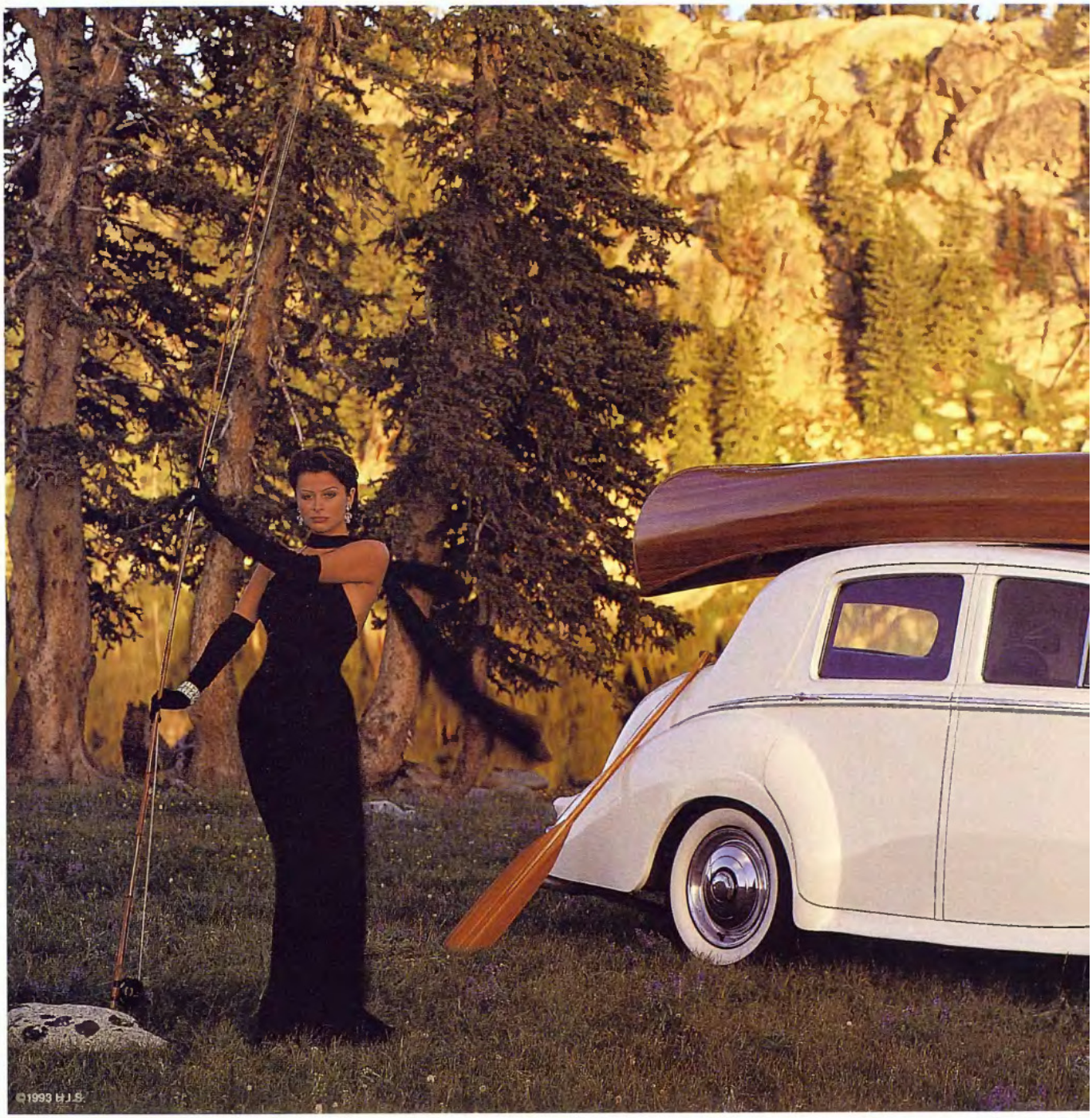

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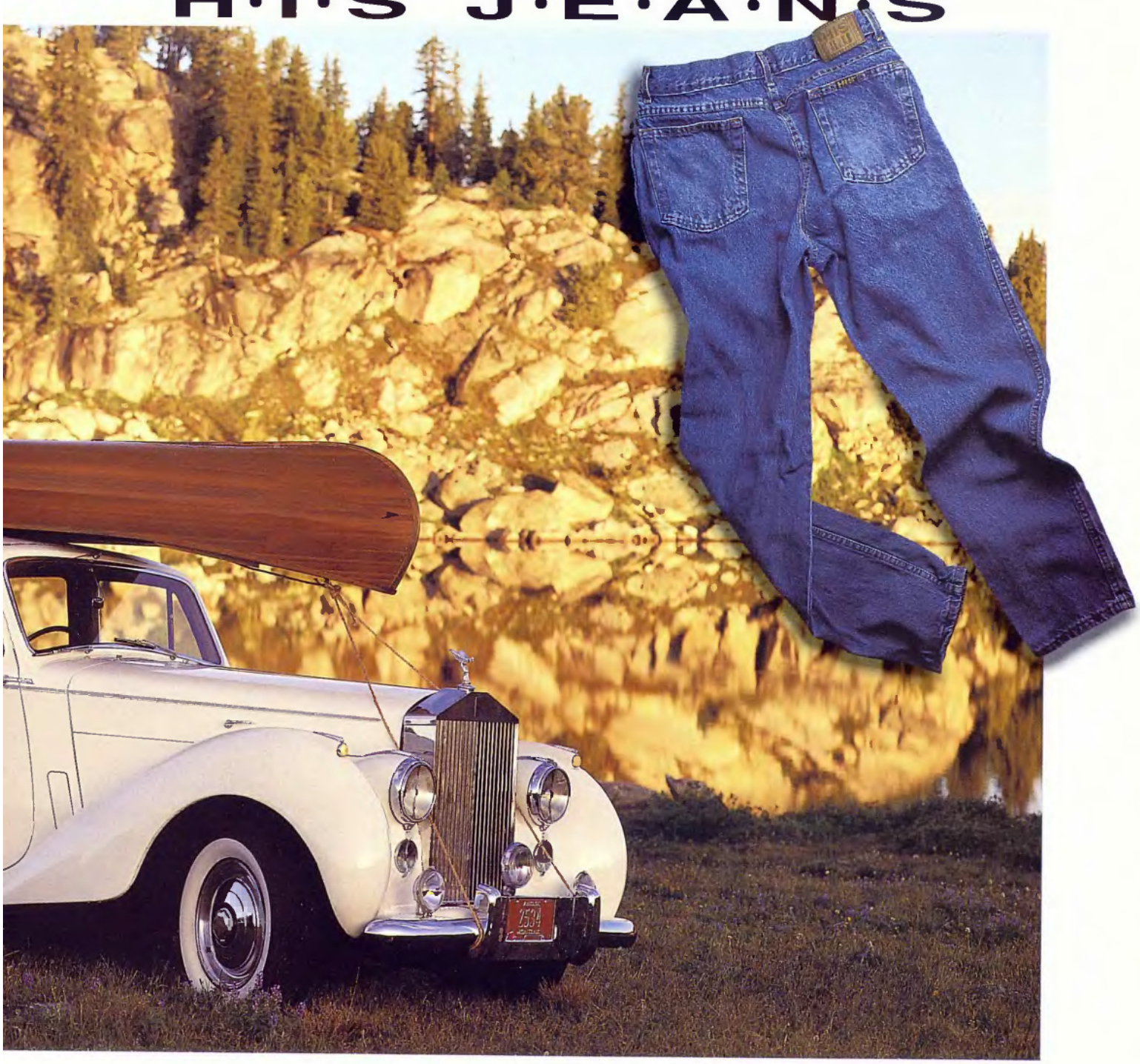

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time, but it's obvious that he doesn't respect them. Who are his idols, the Spur Posse?

What if, in a drunken moment, Jake happens to sleep with a woman who is HIV-positive and then unknowingly passes the virus on to his devoted wife, who then proceeds to develop AIDS? Will he continue to deny his guilt while his wife lies on her deathbed?

Richard J. Hornor
Princeton, New Jersey

What sort of sick men does *Cheating Hearts* author Lori Weiss seek out as friends? I can't recall ever reading a more hateful series of interviews than those Weiss conducted with her private circle of adulterous male acquaintances, each offering his own childish excuse for regularly cheating on his wife and family. I thought that the wink-and-nudge journalistic approach of tolerating such macho crap had died with the Sixties.

Let's face what adultery is really all about—callously destroying the lives of people who love you because you can't suppress the desire to act like an animal. The men interviewed by Weiss are an embarrassment to us all.

Doug Haines
Los Angeles, California

SLEEPLESS IN SANDUSKY

Thank you, Cynthia Heimel, for screaming through your October *Women* column, "Sleepless in Sandusky," that women hate men. Those Martian creatures are despicable! If not for their anatomy, I doubt we women would let them bother us.

Don't take their crap lying down, ladies, or you may be the next victim of one of the characters from Lori Weiss' *Cheating Hearts*.

Cynthia, you can rest easy knowing that you're not the only woman who doesn't need anybody to tuck you in.

Jayne Singer
Los Angeles, California

RHONDA SHEAR

Many congratulations on the beautiful pictorial of my sister, Rhonda Shear, in your October issue (*Rhonda Is Up All Night*). She kept the Shear family up all night for years, and we're happy to see her uniquely sensual and comedic image so creatively captured in PLAYBOY. In response to the thousands of fan letters Rhonda has received since the magazine hit the stands, we've decided to form a fan club. Members receive a quarterly newsletter to help keep abreast of Rhonda's many activities, personal appearances and Hollywood adventures. For more information, please write to: Rhonda Fantasy Club, P.O. Box 24532, New Orleans, Louisiana 70184-4532.

Nona Shear
New Orleans, Louisiana

I'm a big fan of *USA: Up All Night*'s comic hostess Rhonda Shear and think she's the most beautiful woman in the world. So thanks for the great pictorial and article on her.

Reginald Dean Calhoun
Lakeview Terrace, California

Seeing the photo on page 75 of your October issue gives new meaning to the bowling term split. At the alley, it used to mean I left the seven and ten pins standing. Now it means Rhonda doing a split.

Perry Mellington
Cape May, New Jersey

JENNY MCCARTHY

I much enjoyed Contributing Photographer Pompeo Posar's photography of October Playmate Jenny McCarthy (*Betting on Jenny*). Unlike some of his contemporaries, Posar never fails to grasp that he is portraying women in all their natural beauty. His peers too often ob-

scure the girl with unrealistically draped clothing, curtains, etc. to the point that the Playmate becomes just another prop in an arty photo. Posar still includes a few pictures of the lady unobscured and sensuously posed. McCarthy is an ideal subject for Posar's graceful, erotic style.

James Williamson
Dallas, Texas

I was absolutely transfixed by Jenny McCarthy's girl-next-door good looks. Now, whenever I see a pair of penny loafers, I'll think of Jenny.

Jay A. Highfield
Johnson City, New York

WESLEY SNIPES

In David Rensin's *20 Questions* with actor Wesley Snipes (PLAYBOY, October), Snipes comes across as well-spoken and serious, but does he really believe that actors such as Bruce Willis, Mel Gibson and Sean Connery can act from a black perspective because they have what he calls soul? These actors are who they are, and they act accordingly. It just turns out that they are white and hip. It isn't necessary to be black to be hip. Furthermore, I seriously doubt that if Snipes were white he would now own PLAYBOY. Whatever "flavors and nuances" he may have, he certainly doesn't rank with Connery or Gibson when it comes to charisma and charm. (And Willis is just a wiseass.)

For my money, Danny Glover is the best black actor around, and certainly one of the best American actors. He plays many characters with humor, dignity and depth. Laurence Fishburne ranks right up there with him. But Snipes and Denzel Washington are both vastly overrated.

By the way, when is PLAYBOY going to discover that it isn't necessary to get into black sexual mythology to make such an interview complete? (That goes for your Barry Bonds interview, as well.) It would be nice if you folks could resist the temptation to ask the obvious questions.

David E. Dax
Albany, New York

WOMEN OF THE PAC TEN

You guys never cease to amaze me! I've always been a wishy-washy fan of the Pac Ten, sometimes leaning toward UCLA. But after one look at Rachel Lee and Kristin Stickles in your *Women of the Pac Ten* pictorial (PLAYBOY, October), I know that I'll be a Bruin fan forever.

Steven M. Rhode
Columbus, Nebraska

GRANNY FANS

Hooray! Granny is back! Please don't keep Buck Brown's Granny out of your magazine for so long again. The rest of the October issue is also great.

Paul and Toni Rusk
Orlando, Florida

A WOMAN AND HER PLAYBOY

I'm a 37-year-old woman who has read PLAYBOY for many years. I think it is good journalism—informative, provocative and fun. I renew my husband's subscription so I can read it. We discuss the wonderful, if unrepresentative, models in the pictorials.

I'm impressed by *Playboy After Hours*, *Raw Data* (sometimes funny), *Men*, *Women* and the interviews. The special reports on AIDS, drugs, government, etc. in *The Playboy Forum* are enlightening. The cartoons are also generally amusing (more Gahan Wilson!).

Please keep up the good fight—publishing information and portraits of beautiful women.

Zetta Konrardy
Tempe, Arizona

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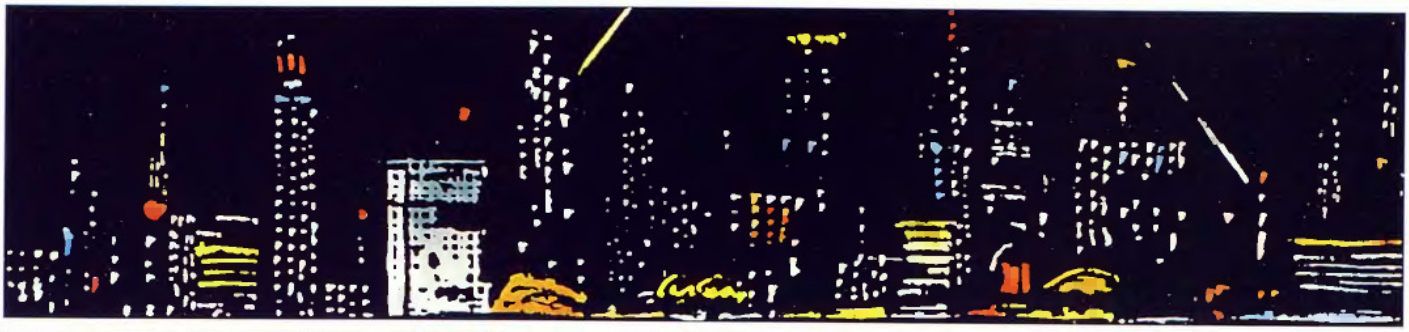

LAPD B.J.

We know that a spot on the LAPD vice squad is a thankless position. But with the arrest of Heidi Fleiss, we have to remind ourselves how unglamourous the job is. For example, to lure Heidi into a phony business deal, an undercover cop arranged a date to nail Heidi on charges of pandering. His conversation with Heidi has been widely quoted, but our blood rushed when we read of the unreported ordeal he endured in order not to blow his cover. As transcribed in the affidavit filed by police in Los Angeles County: "On June 8, 1993, at approximately 1900 hours, a female who identified herself as Samantha arrived at [the detective's] hotel suite. She informed [him] that she was sent by Heidi. Samantha matched [his] description of his dream girl. After a short conversation, [he] received a prostitution violation (647 [b] P.C.) from Samantha." Samantha then left and was followed back to Heidi's house. As for the detective, we assume it was just another day taking a bite out of crime.

MODERN-DAY DEMOSTHENES

What type of reading is on Barney Frank's night table? The openly homosexual Democratic representative from Massachusetts recently addressed Congress with the following rhetorical device: "Mr. Speaker, we have heard a lot about the gag rule. Well, I was reading a book the other day about how to become a sword swallower. You have to learn how to master your gag reflex and suppress it. But my colleagues on the other side have gone it one better: They have a gag reflex they can turn on and off. Sometimes, they can swallow easily; sometimes, they cannot."

NAIL BITING, ARYAN STYLE

Although red fingernails seem to do wonders for the French, 63 percent of Germans surveyed by the Wickert Polling Institute feel that red nails are not sexy. In fact, they are seen as a sign of lethargy, laziness, boredom and lack of self-confidence. None of the qualities that went into the thinking behind, say, the panzer.

CRAMPED DIGS

Space is at such a premium in Japan that even museums and archaeologists are feeling the pinch. One of the most notable consequences of this problem occurred on the island of Kyushu, where thousands of 2000-year-old, three-foot high burial jars were uncovered. To store them, archaeologists were forced to break them into pieces so that they would take up less room.

HIP HIP PUREE

Next year in Bunyol! We're sorry we missed the annual Tomatina festival in Bunyol, Spain, where residents celebrate the most versatile of veggies: Using four truckloads of tomatoes as ammunition—about 264,000 pounds—they toss them at one another or into the air and basically paint the town red. Those of you who are unable to make reservations for next year's festival should be aware that other colorful traditions abound elsewhere in Spain. For example, there's a festival at which natives throw bulls into the sea. Since we prefer to do no heavy lifting during our vacations, we're showing up at the festival where the highlight is dropping goats from church steeples.

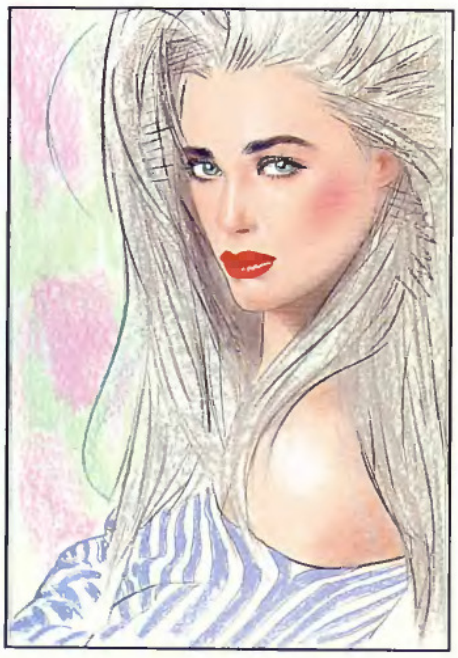

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

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From the accelerated development department: The future looks grim for Benjamin Petrosuis. After losing the lead role in *Dennis the Menace*, the six-year-old actor said, "I'm trying to get my life back together."

GENTLEMEN GAOLERS

Privatization has come to the British penal system in a manner worthy of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. Group Four, a private security firm, recently won contracts to run prisons and escort inmates to and from court. Group Four's selling points included guards in blazers and flannel pants, gyms, a few windows, televisions and educational classes. A spokesperson explained that the company wanted to avoid an oppressive atmosphere. The convicts responded by smashing TVs and breaking windows. In the first weeks of escorting prisoners, a Group Four van driver got lost on Nottingham's one-way streets. Another driver smashed into a police car, and a third collapsed at the wheel, trapping a coworker in the back. Inmates, however, found it easy to escape: One jumped out of the courtroom dock. Several others at different times used various methods to break away from security teams. The Minister of Prisons found the escapes "extremely disappointing." His note of concern was followed by yet another man going over the wall after beating up his escort. "People in custody," an official said, "often have a grudge against the people who put them there."

THE DATING LAME

Some guys will go to any lengths: Former San Francisco mayoral aide Josh Newman recently became a walking punchline in the Bay Area when it was

RAW DATA

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FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *The Government Racket*, by Martin Gross, the government, as part of its $200 billion miscellaneous expenses for 1992, spent $57,000 on gold-embossed playing cards for Air Force One.

QUOTE

"One of the problems with Congress is that those people have the best jobs they're ever going to have. If $120,000 a year is the best job you've ever had, you haven't really done very much."—TOM CLANCY, AUTHOR OF *Hunt for Red October*

BEHIND THE LINES

According to a study of people who placed personal ads in publications in Washington, D.C., Chicago and Seattle, percentage who were already married: 35. Percentage who were looking for sex: 73; who hoped for a meaningful relationship: 25.

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Average number of responses those surveyed had received from their ads: 33. Percentage who met at least one person that they liked: 78; who went out with at least one respondent more than once: 69.

HEAVY HANDOUTS

According to *The Chronicle of Philanthropy*, number of the 122 largest nonprofit organizations that pay top execs $100,000 or more: 99.

BROKEN HOMES

Number of mobile homes bought in 1987 by the city of Los Angeles to shelter homeless families: 102. Total cost: $1.5 million. Number irreparably damaged by looters and vandals: 27; number used as city offices: 5; number used for housing in 1993: 52; number never used at all: 18.

LIGHTENING ROD

The percentage of American parents 30 years ago who said they spanked their children to punish them: 59; today: 19. Percentage 30 years ago who said they took away TV privileges: 38; today: 15.

EYE OPENER

According to *The New York Times*, amount Henry Morgan, a New Yorker who underwent cataract surgery, was billed for services by a doctor who read Morgan's health forms at the hospital: $325; bill for anesthetist who put drops in his eye and stood by for 15 minutes: $547.50; bill for anesthetist's assistant: $109.50; hospital charge for the two-hour visit: $2300; bill from surgeon for 15-minute operation: $4800.

SYSTEM EXIT

Number of mainframes and personal computers discarded yearly: 10 million. According to a Carnegie Mellon University study, estimated number of computer carcasses expected to hit landfills by 2005: 150 million. Disposal costs (not including cost of landfill): $1 billion. The number of Empire State Buildings that could fit into hole big enough for these computers: 15.

ABORTION BLUES

According to statistics compiled by the National Abortion Federation, number of abortion clinics bombed since 1977: 36; number burned by arsonists: 86; that received hate mail or harassing calls: 1055; bomb threats: 289; death threats: 149; assaults: 86; vandalism: 489.

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Total number of arrests of pro-lifers at abortion clinics since 1987 in connection with blockades: 33,074.

—CHIP ROWE

discovered that he reportedly forged letters from his boss to solicit dates for himself. Mayor Frank Jordan apparently had no knowledge that Newman was using his stationery and forging his signature in order to seduce women. One of the letters read as a chatty note from the mayor to a local businesswoman. In closing, the letter mentioned that Newman had tickets to an upcoming hockey game and that "he'd be very pleased to accompany you." When the correspondence was published, Newman resigned and left town. Perhaps he's learned a lesson: Aides procure dates for their bosses, not the other way around.

THE EUROPEAN CONDOM UNIT

You think Europe is having trouble with its unified monetary system? There are now snags in the development of the latest expression of European unity—a set of standards and guidelines for something that might be called a eurocondom. The Germans have tried to take the lead in generating specifications for prophylactics, but lobbyists from other nations are trying to influence acceptable product parameters: Norwegians want a longer model; the French, one larger in diameter. The Alpine countries are concerned about using a material that can withstand vigorous use, while the Italians simply want a bigger size in all respects. The German government is also considering a requirement that condoms receive approval by the German equivalent of the Food and Drug Administration so that flavored condoms billed as chocolate don't actually taste like Bavarian cream.

JOAN OF MART

She's not heavy, she's my mother: We note with pleasure that Joan Rivers, on her QVC *Can We Shop* show, is hawking a new category of cosmetic enhancement—exercise jewelry designed by her 24-year-old daughter, Melissa. Rivers celebrates that it's heavy stuff—so you have to work out harder and look good at the same time.

PARTY-HOUSE HORMONES

Social scientists often take the path of least resistance. For example, Georgia State University psychologist James Dabbs, Jr., has confirmed the undeniable premise that rowdy frat brothers have significantly higher levels of testosterone than guys in houses with lower profiles. James targeted three frats known on campus to be keg-friendly and two frats that had reputations for being sedate. After studying 100 students, he concluded that not only did the rambunctious Greeks have higher testosterone levels, they also had three times as many parties and lower grades. They were also half as likely to be pictured smiling in their yearbook photos.

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MUSIC

CHARLES M. YOUNG

HER HUGE SUCCESS, her tender age, her marriage to a music biz executive, her choice of a soul repertoire—all this has contributed to the belief that Mariah Carey is a voice of innocence masquerading as a voice of experience. Still, she has amazing vocal cords, and her videos always draw the eye. Compared with Whitney Houston, one of the two great female voices to emerge in the Eighties, she isn't a cynic. And compared with Cyndi Lauper, the other great female voice of the Eighties, she still has lots of teenagers in her audience. What can be said of her latest effort, ***Music Box*** (Columbia)? True to the essence of MOR, her lyrics are bereft of irony. If you're depressed and you need a good joke, this ain't Prozac. But if you're feeling depressed and need a big bucket of sentiment along the lines of you'll-never-be-lonely-again-because-I'll-always-be-there, this could be just the mood lifter the doctor ordered. Carey still sings as if she were a young guitar player who discovers she has the most nimble fingers on the block and wants you to know it on every lick. She often overwhelms her melodies by investing every syllable with a whole bunch of embellishing notes. She loves to embellish, but I just want her to hit a normal note and hold it for a while.

FAST CUTS: Fudge Tunnel, ***Creep Diets*** (Earache/Columbia): I like the fact that Mariah Carey and Fudge Tunnel have the same record company. Fudge Tunnel is a power trio that will splatter your gray matter all over the sidewalk. The singer's three-note-rasp range does not lend itself to enunciation between screams, but then he's probably not promising to dry your tears, either.

VIC GARBARINI

Like fellow Seattleites Nirvana, Pearl Jam has a case of the musical bends brought on by writing cathartic songs about angst. Success with its debut LP *Ten* shot Pearl Jam into superstardom. Hailed critically as the most worthy of bands for exploring its lack of self-worth in haunting, exotic hits like *Jeremy*, where does it go next? Pearl Jam's sophomore effort, **Vs.** (Epic Associated), finds the band desperately searching for its punk music roots. The riffs are leaner and meaner, the songs faster and more urgent. Eddie Vedder's resonant voice howls and roars on the rockers but also retains its seductive undertow on ballads that juggle courage, confidence and corrosive doubt. Ultimately, Pearl Jam has recaptured punk, honestly and urgently, while transcending the inevitable limitations of the genre.

The voice of innocence.

Mariah Carey trills, the Mighty Sparrow soars and Pearl Jam returns to punk.

FAST CUTS: Garth Brooks has been as alternative a superstar as Nashville can handle. In his songs he rocks, defends the underclass and supports gay rights (his sister, who plays bass in his road band, is gay). He even spent part of his considerable fortune to help rebuild South Central. On the aptly titled ***In Pieces*** (Liberty), he may be aiming to reconnect with his audience's blue-collar roots, but he winds up entangled in their darker impulses. Brooks is more naive than he is meanspirited on songs that include a soppy paean to a father who cries after beating the bejesus out of his sons, and a morbid, masochistic tale of guilt over illicit sex. But more upsetting is a redneck anthem that applauds gun-toting barflies who resent welfare types who take their hard-earned money. Instead of bridging Hank Williams and Bruce Springsteen, Brooks here sounds more like Rush Limbaugh doing Dan Fogelberg.

DAVE MARSH

George Clinton's music ought to be dense and funny, its rhythms prolific and propulsive, its harmonies dissonant, its politics ridiculous and revolutionary, its sexuality explicit, its language vulgar, its imagery bizarre. In sum, it needs to be so deeply funky that it's damn near hallucinatory. Those are the very things that make ***Hey Man, Smell My Finger*** (Paisley Park) a great album. In fact, it's one of the finest with which Clinton has ever been involved, the true successor to the masterworks he made with Parliament-Funkadelic and the best pop record ever made by anybody over the age of 50.

Clinton's point of view hasn't changed over the past two decades. He still sees the world as absurd—especially in its attempts to repress the human impulse toward loud, sexual, creative expression. So he opens with *Martial Law*, a declaration of intent that proclaims his music unstoppable. He follows with *Paint the White House Black*, in which he explains how the grooveless nation-at-large has fucked up by electing the wrong Clinton. He then proceeds by coming on like the Moses of hip-hop, reuniting Ice Cube and Dr. Dre, putting Humpty Hump to his best use in a long time and roping in such old P-Funk soldiers as Bootsy and Catfish Collins and Bernie Worell. All this, and he gets Prince to credit himself as Prince. Will wonders never cease? Not so long as this guy draws breath.

FAST CUTS: ***Judgment Night*** (Epic Soundtrax): As with most shotgun weddings, the chances of failure in this rap-rock-fusion compilation were pretty high. The rescuer this time is not a passel of lovable brats such as Biohazard and Onyx but such old-timers as Slayer and Ice-T. Most of all, it's Living Colour and Run-D.M.C., whose joint effort *Me, Myself and My Microphone* ranks as the most ferocious outing either group has had in years.

The Great Gospel Women (Shanachie/Spirit Feel): Some of the greatest vocalists of all time—Mahalia Jackson, Marion Williams, Dorothy Love Coates, Clara Ward and a dozen more—are represented on these 31 vintage tracks. Don't worry about subject matter, the real topic here is the soul on display.

NELSON GEORGE

It's hard being the most influential singer of your generation. Just ask Aaron Hall, the former lead voice of new jack swing pioneers Guy. Hall's yearning gospel slurs and sensual funk phrasing made him the inheritor of a style of singing associated with Stevie Wonder and the Gap Band's Charlie Wilson. But Hall is no mere clone. His power and drive have made him widely imitated in the Nineties. After he and Guy founder Teddy Riley had a falling out, Hall began work on his long-awaited solo album.

Hall's ***The Truth*** (Silas/MCA) is not the

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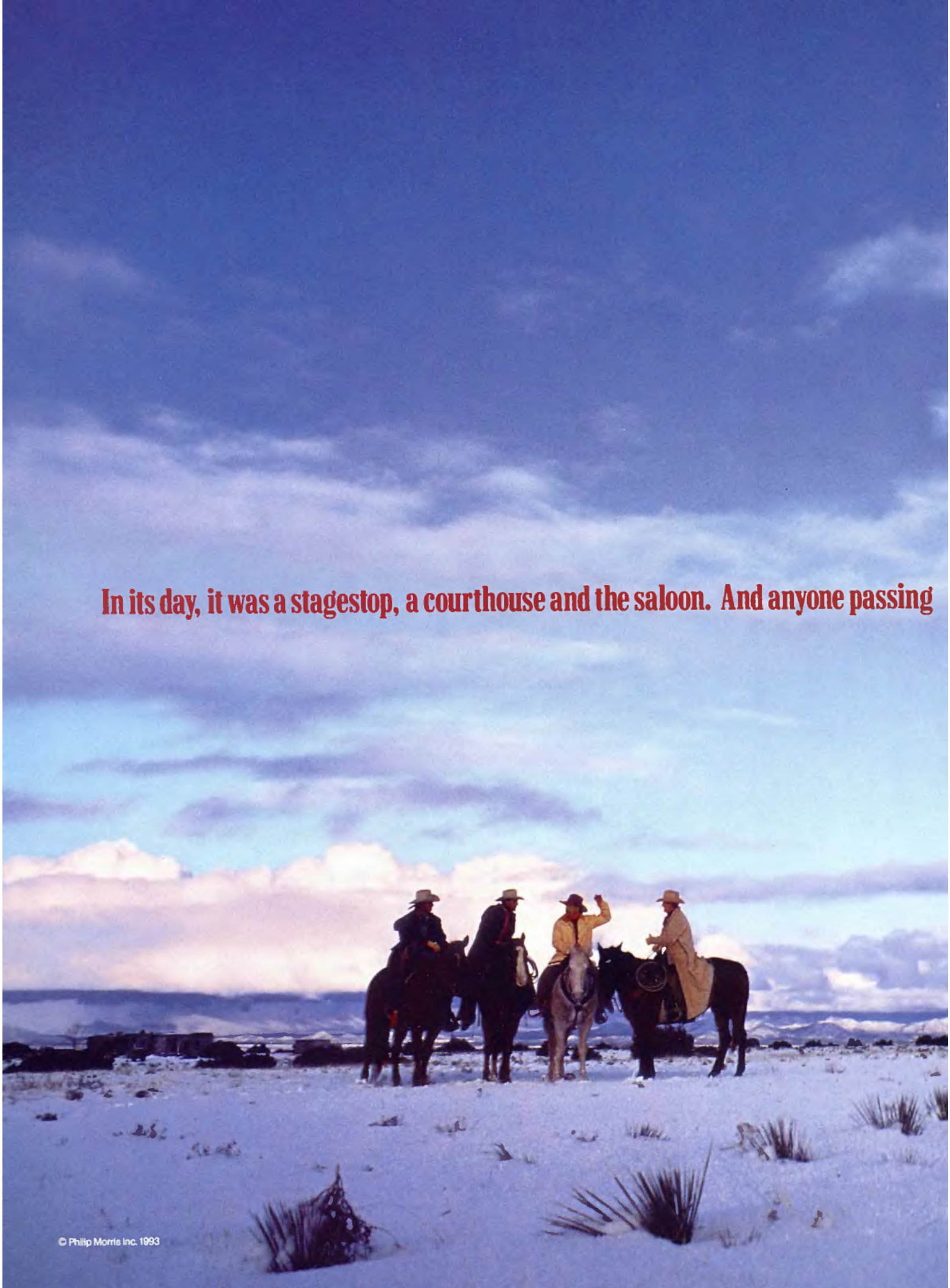

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by, still pays his respects. Come to Marlboro Country.
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FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Garth Brooks *In Pieces*	8	5	8	3	3
Mariah Carey *Music Box*	4	7	6	6	6
George Clintan *Hey Man, Smell My Finger*	7	6	6	10	9
Aaron Hall *The Truth*	4	6	7	8	7
Mighty Sparrow *Volume One*	10	7	9	8	9

THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME DEPARTMENT: According to German researchers who tested 160 audiophiles, only one in 40 could distinguish between CD and vinyl sound sources. Two music psychologists at the Hannover Conservatory alternately played identical classical and jazz recordings from a CD player and a record player. The test group included sales staff from record stores, audio-component designers, music students, professional musicians, music lovers who frequently attend concerts and people with no special interest in music. Even the price of the equipment didn't seem to make much difference. So buy a boxed set, or dust off your old LPs—just listen up.

REELING AND ROCKING: While **Poison** gets ready to record its sixth LP, **Bret Michaels** has landed a role in **Aaron Spelling's** update of the TV series *Burke's Law*. Michaels plays a rock star—what else? . . . **Tone-Loc** screen credits continue to mount. After *Posse*, *Poetic Justice* and *Surf Ninjas*, you'll find him in *Blank Check* playing an ex-con. He's also working on a TV series and an animated show. . . . There just might be a sequel soundtrack LP called *More Songs for Sleepless Nights* from the movie *Sleepless in Seattle*. . . . **Patty Smyth** has written and recorded a song for **Luke Perry's** movie about a champion bull rider, *The Lane Frost Story*. Other artists on the album include **Vince Gill** and **George Strait.**

NEWSBREAKS: P.M. Dawn is producing tracks for supermodel **Naomi Campbell's** debut LP. . . . **Grace Slick** has taken up public speaking. At a seminar in San Francisco devoted to biomedical research on animals, Slick said, "I read about **Tina Turner** going on a 50-city tour, and I think, Oh, my God, she must be crazy, but I might sing again. I will never say never.". . . **Bob Dylan** likes a rap version of *Like a Rolling Stone* and will OK the release of dance and house versions of the track by the **Mystery Tramps.** . . . This past summer at the University of Colorado, you could have received credit for *Madonna 101*. Really called *Studies of Gender and Performance: Madonna Undressed* and taught by an assistant professor of journalism, the course was designed to get students to "apply critical means of analysis to areas that are contemporary in society.". . . **95 South** and **Tag Team** are feuding over their hit songs, *Whoot, There It Is* and *Whoomp! (There It Is)*. They each claim they are losing sales to the other, and they are arguing about who was first. Both songs have gone platinum, so there it is. . . . Look for **Aaron Neville's** *Soulful Christmas* LP. . . . Rock comic books featuring **Metallica, Lita Ford** and **Ozzy Osbourne** had successful debuts last fall. Now get ready for **Black Sabbath,** P.M. Dawn and a **Doors** series. Some of the books will come with bonus CDs. . . . **Aretha Franklin** is recording a duet with **Lou Rawls,** as are **Anita Baker, Patti LaBelle, Chaka Khan** and **Gladys Knight.** Look for *Lou Rawls and His Lady Loves*. . . . Up to his ears in studio and live LPs, **Roger Daltrey** has also found time to record an album for kids, *The Man in the Moon Takes a Night Off*. . . . Soul stars and country artists are teaming up for an LP of duets. Pairings include **Lyle Lovett** and **Al Green** and Gladys Knight and **Vince Gill**. . . . Finally, yet another **Jim Morrison** item. Will he be our Elvis of the Nineties? His family is trying to keep him out of *Wayne's World II*. A pretty neat trick even if he's dead. The movie wants to use a look-alike in a dream sequence. When you're hot, you're hot. —BARBARA NELLIS

triumph his fans hoped for, but it's good. His voice is still a marvel. It elicits screams from women and envy from men. When singing a ballad such as *You Keep Me Crying* or a jazzy version of *Don't Be Afraid*, Hall shows a real beauty to his vocal runs. In fact, most of the slow songs on side two are pleasurable. But the up-tempo songs on side one are mostly disappointing. After hearing Hall rip through Guy classics like *I Like* and *Groove Me*, none of this collection's dance tracks sounds particularly inspired.

FAST CUTS: Shaquille O'Neal (see *20 Questions*, this issue) is more than the NBA's best young player. Known to his fans as Shaq, he can rap, too. On his debut album, ***Shaq Diesel*** (Jive), the seven-foot b-boy shows that this novelty record should be taken seriously. Shaq kicks rhymes like an all-star.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Slinger Francisco, better known as the Mighty Sparrow, is this hemisphere's most underused musical resource. The king of calypso for almost 40 years, he's recorded more albums than anyone can count, without much notice outside of Brooklyn's Trinidadian community. I doubt I know a tenth of his output, even after adding the three albums on my shelves to the negligible new ***Dancing Shoes*** and four long-overdue compilation CDs (all on Ice, c/o Ras, Box 42517, Washington, D.C. 20015). I don't claim that every track I have heard is a work of timeless genius, but the 13 archival songs on ***Volume One*** come close enough.

Sparrow prides himself on varying his melodies in a genre where stock tunes prevail. He's kept up rhythmically with more grace than most. His voice remains strong, clear and commanding as he approaches 60. But calypso is about lyrics above all, and you don't have to be from Trinidad to appreciate Sparrow's wild wit, sane politics and sophisticated taste in smut. He enunciates his English so royally that you'll rarely need to check with the lyric sheet. But that doesn't mean you won't want to read the sheet for the grade school memory *Dan Is the Man (In the Van)* or *Congo Man*. And reading it won't stop you from wanting to listen with your body in motion.

FAST CUTS: Sparrow's somewhat more lightweight ***Volume Two*** and ***Volume Three*** are for after you're hooked on *Volume One*. ***Sixteen Carnival Hits,*** which he shares with his longtime carnival rival Lord Kitchener, is stronger. But once you're hooked, you might want to try calypso compilations on Rounder: ***Calypso Pioneers,*** which goes all the way back to 1912; ***Calypso Breakaway,*** probably the most classic; and ***Calypso Carnival,*** the weirdest and most highly recommended.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

Ryan, Quaid: moving violations.

England dissed, plus troubles in transit and politics in progress.

ENTERTAINING is hardly the word for ***Naked*** (Fine Line), by British writer-director Mike Leigh, whose newest social slice-of-life turns out to be memorable but about as much fun as a spinal tap. Even Leigh's ironic *High Hopes* of several seasons ago seems happy-go-lucky compared with *Naked*. The opening rape scene in a Manchester alley is our introduction to Johnny, the vitriolic antihero played by David Thewlis, whose stunning performance won him a best actor award at this past year's Cannes Film Festival. Off to London in a stolen car, Johnny does the town as an angry young man with a slash-and-burn view of England. He moves in with a former girlfriend, screws her strung-out roommate, debates a philosophical night watchman, plays malicious sex games with a drunken woman and gets beaten up a couple of times—events all accompanied by his acidulous running commentary on the fucked-up world around him. Lesley Sharp, Katrin Cartlidge and Claire Skinner are perfect as some of the women stung by Johnny's wounding truths, while Greg Cruttwell checks in as a well-heeled misogynist proving that lewd malice is not confined to the lower classes. Like it or simply gape at it and be glad you're somewhere else, *Naked* strips away any notion that modern England is either orderly, just or jolly. ¥¥¥½

•

The near-death experience of a young architect who survives a plane crash sets the stage for ***Fearless*** (Warner), directed by Peter Weir from a novel and screenplay by Rafael Yglesias. As Max, the survivor who decides he must be living a charmed life, Jeff Bridges is terrific in a role that starts well but winds up being a mélange of pure melodrama and spiritualist corn. Rosie Perez shares honors as a young Hispanic mother going to pieces after she loses her baby in the crash. Isabella Rossellini plays Bridges' long-suffering wife, with Tom Hulce as a money-hungry lawyer on the case and John Turturro as a shrink assigned to deal with passenger trauma. Despite a first-rate cast, *Fearless* loses power somewhere between its dramatic takeoff and bumpy final approach. ¥¥½

•

The down side of living vicariously is spelled out in ***The Accompanist*** (Sony Classics), a French-language drama directed by Claude Miller. Set in wartime Paris during the German occupation, the film's pivotal character is Sophie (Romane Bohringer), a shy but gifted young pianist hired to accompany a famous classical singer named Irene Brice (Elena Safonova). When Irene and her unhappy, cuckolded husband (played by Richard Bohringer, Romane's father) escape to London, Sophie goes along. She turns down a nice Jewish boy she meets en route, instead losing herself in the egocentric Irene's passion for music—everything from Beethoven to Mozart to Massenet—as well as in her fervid private passion for a lover named Jacques. Politics in the Nazi era is a minor concern of *The Accompanist*, a graceful, eloquent period piece about people preoccupied with making music, making money or making love. ¥¥¥

•

Card-carrying Republicans and Perot maniacs will take little comfort from ***The War Room*** (October Films), a lively, blunt, unabashedly biased documentary about Bill Clinton's 1992 run for the presidency. From the hectic New Hampshire primary to election night, moviemakers D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus shoot the backstage cursing-and-conniving strategy sessions that paved Clinton's way to the White House. Without question, the star of the piece is James Carville, the campaign mastermind who galvanizes his troops with verbal assaults on rumormongers, naysayers and "George Bush, Georgette Mosbacher and that whole sleazy little cabal." Carville's second banana is George Stephanopoulos, the press aide whose boyish enthusiasm helps their Mutt and Jeff act to lighten up. Some bits of the film are familiar from the TV news, but *War Room* (that's what Washington insiders called Clinton's command center) wins big as a candid and perceptive close-up of American history behind the hustings. ¥¥¥

•

Harold Pinter, whose plays are loaded with understated menace and psychological trauma, is probably the ideal man to adapt ***The Trial*** (Angelika Films). In 1963 Franz Kafka's classic novel was made into a movie by Orson Welles, with Tony Perkins as the beleaguered Josef K charged with unspecified offenses. Kyle MacLachlan, who stars in the new version directed by David Jones, holds his own in a smashing ensemble of performers that includes Anthony Hopkins, Jason Robards and Polly Walker. Pinter and Jones have modernized Kafka's bleak psychodrama. Viewers may still come away asking what it's all about—*The Trial*'s maze of words and images makes the confusion interesting but not exactly a big night out at the movies. ¥¥

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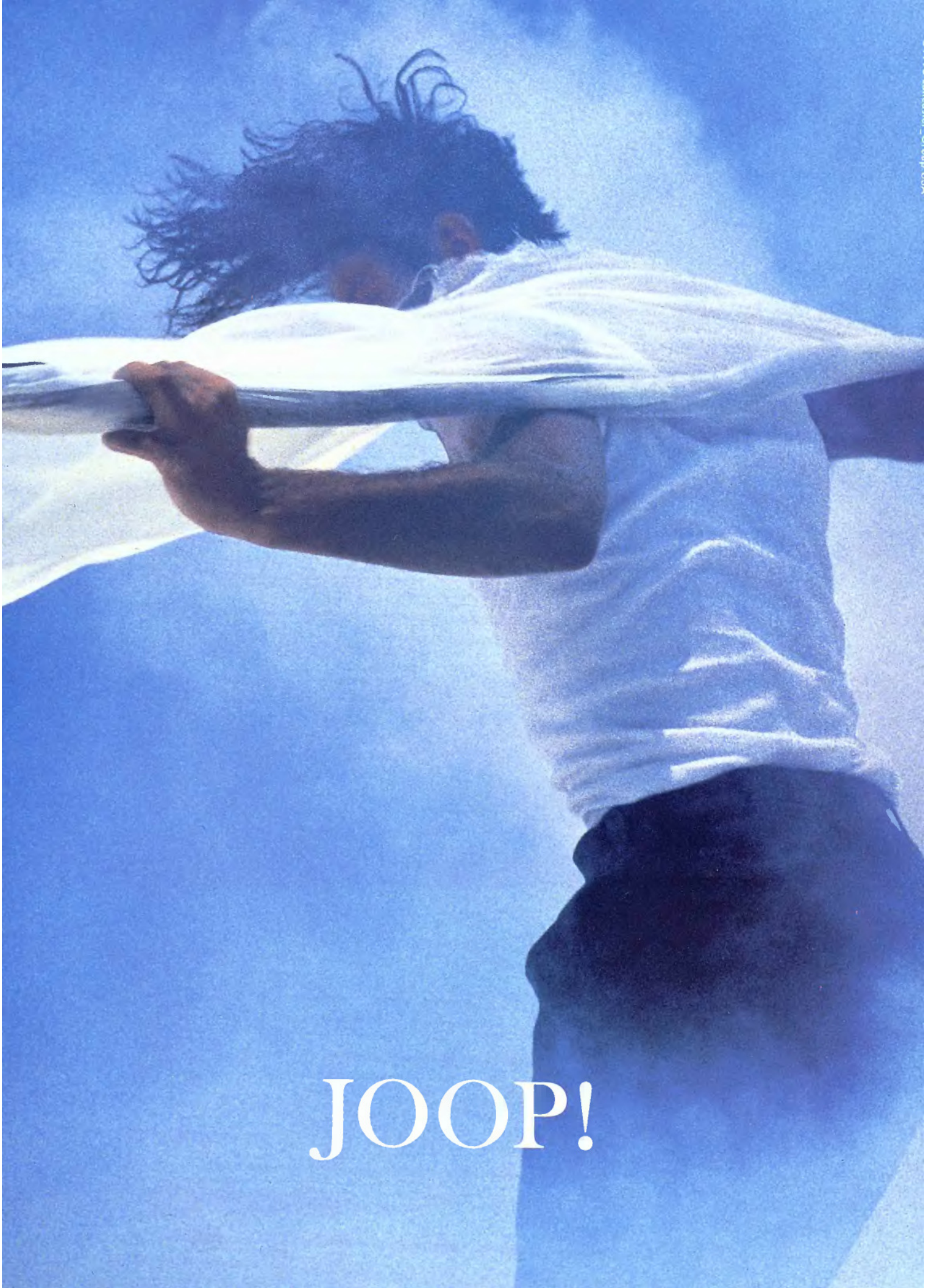
Love and murder are precariously mixed in an earthy melodrama called ***Flesh and Bone*** (Paramount). Writer-director Steve Kloves, whose underrated first feature was *The Fabulous Baker Boys*, comes back with a first-class cast headed by Meg Ryan and Dennis Quaid. She's an abused wife on the run, hired for a bachelor party at which she pops out of a cake drunk. Quaid plays an itinerant vending machine supplier who rescues Ryan in his travels around west Texas, only to meet his feral father (played with a cutting edge by James Caan), a con man who reeks of danger. Even in this fast company, Gwyneth Paltrow (daughter of Blythe Danner) commands close attention as a hitchhiking bimbo who robs corpses for ready cash. Paltrow is obviously going places as an actress, with a head start in this compelling—though downbeat—road movie. ¥¥¥

•

Either its time has passed or writer-director Gus Van Sant has screwed up, but Tom Robbins' satirical novel ***Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*** (Fine Line) ranks pretty low as a movie version of the book that seemed to press the right buttons back in the Seventies. Uma Thurman is Sissy Hankshaw, the screwball road-running philosopher whose enormous thumbs make her a world-class hitchhiker. Her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Boyle: buttons and beaus.

OFF CAMERA

Back in her hometown of Chicago to star in a John Hughes comedy called *Baby's Day Out*, **Lara Flynn Boyle,** at 23, was up to her neck in family values. "I play a new mother, and someone kidnaps my nine-month-old baby." She's learned just what people mean about scene-stealing infants on camera. "Babies tend to get tired and spit up or throw up."

Scene-stealing is old hat for Boyle, as she proved with her breakthrough role as Donna, one of the nicer girls in TV's *Twin Peaks*. She has since appeared in *Wayne's World* and *Equinox*, played a street urchin in *Where the Day Takes You* ("that was fun, like moviemaking as guerrilla warfare") and an evil vamp in *The Temp*. Coming up is *Past Tense* (a murder mystery for Showtime), and her favorite role so far, in "a love triangle called *Threesome*—with Stephen Baldwin and Josh Charles—that's definitely a romance, and I'm tremendously proud of it."

Her love scenes in *Threesome* were "necessary," notes Boyle, and a welcome change. "I've appeared nude in movies, but most love scenes are a pain in the ass, about as much fun as scrubbing toilets. Usually, I look at it as a matter of zippers and buttons, which has nothing to do with whether your partner is attractive."

In the world according to Boyle, "good-looking people only stay interesting on-screen for about ten minutes unless they have something more." A beauty who has "more" aplenty, Lara lives with her mother-manager and loves it. Her father is a nowhere man. "We're out of touch, to put it mildly." As for romance, she says, "I enjoy relationships but don't usually go out with actors. My mother told me: Never date a man who wears more jewelry—or worries more about his wardrobe—than you."

high-camp odyssey takes her from Manhattan to the Rubber Rose Ranch out West, a luxury beauty spa run by a drag-queen countess (John Hurt) and a flashy bitch (Angie Dickinson). Unfortunately, Van Sant seems to confuse high camp with high comedy. *Cowgirls* just horses around, stampeding most of the fun out of comic cameos by Sean Young, Buck Henry, Ken Kesey and Roseanne Arnold. ¥½

•

Men are treated as second-class citizens in ***The Summer House*** (Samuel Goldwyn), an amiable English import directed by Waris Hussein. The tone is set by Joan Plowright, who says: "I find it quite pleasant being widowed." Her son (David Threlfall) is an obnoxious oaf engaged to marry a lovely young woman named Margaret (Lena Headey), who would rather be a nun. How to keep the wedding bells from ringing is the whole show—done to a turn by Julie Walters as the bride-to-be's mother and Jeanne Moreau as a flamboyant, half-Egyptian family friend. Moreau and Plowright really prop up *Summer House* in a drunk scene that lets two veteran ham actresses have a high old time. ¥¥½

•

Elisabeth Shue, Linda Hunt, Christopher Lloyd and singer Gladys Knight take the money and run through ***Twenty Bucks*** (Triton Pictures). It's a hand-me-down story concept; this time the unifying inanimate object is a $20 bill. After the wind blows the bill away from a cash machine, it is snatched up by a homeless woman (Hunt) and passed along to a rich man whose future son-in-law (Brendan Fraser) accepts it as a measly gift and tucks it into a topless entertainer's G-string at his bachelor party. That's only the start of a breezy comedy directed by Keva Rosenfeld. Shue has the key role as a young would-be writer whose father belittles her aspirations. Some vignettes work better than others, but *Twenty Bucks* earns its way as a humane, lively essay on how a robbery, a loan, a win or a windfall can change one's life without warning. ¥¥¥

•

The aptly titled ***Three Colors: Blue*** (Miramax) won the Venice Film Festival's best actress award for Juliette Binoche for her subjective, somber performance as the grieving Julie, a young widow whose husband and child are killed in a traffic accident. Her mourning period doesn't end until she is shocked to learn that her late husband, a famous composer, has left behind not only an unfinished concerto but also a pregnant mistress. Binoche glows with pure inner clarity despite the general air of gloom. ¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films by bruce williamson

The Accompanist (See review) Music lovers leave Vichy France. ¥¥¥

The Age of Innocence (Reviewed 11/93) Wharton's novel made elegant if bookish by Martin Scorsese. ¥¥¥½

Bopha! (10/93) Ace turns by Woodard and Glover in South Africa. ¥¥¥

Bound and Gagged (12/93) Kinky characters come unglued in transit. ¥¥½

A Dangerous Woman (12/93) Debra Winger plays it dumb, well. ¥¥

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues (See review) Quite a lot to be blue about. ¥½

Farewell My Concubine (12/93) Highly colorful drama about a man-to-man amour in the Peking Opera. ¥¥¥¥

Fatal Instinct (11/93) Carl Reiner's send-up of all that erotica. ¥¥½

Fearless (See review) Bridges wings it with style after a plane crash. ¥¥½

Flesh and Bone (See review) Quaid, Ryan and Caan on a collision course. ¥¥¥

For Love or Money (11/93) Michael J. Fox is the hustler who wants both. ¥¥

Gettysburg (12/93) Meticulous re-creation of the Civil War conflict. ¥¥¥

Household Saints (12/93) Devout young lady loses it in religious rapture. ¥¥

Jamón Jamón (11/93) Ham and hot loins liven up a village in Spain. ¥¥¥

Malice (Listed only) Nicole Kidman, Alec Baldwin and Bill Pullman up to their ears in sex and surgery. ¥¥¥

Naked (See review) British society is stripped bare by Mike Leigh. ¥¥¥½

The Piano (12/93) Sex in high key—with Holly Hunter as the mute bride who craves more than music. ¥¥¥¥

The Remains of the Day (12/93) Another Merchant-Ivory hit stars Oscar winners Thompson and Hopkins. ¥¥¥¥

Romeo Is Bleeding (12/93) Oldman and Olin rev up the joy of violence. ¥¥¥

Ruby in Paradise (12/93) The jewel on display here is Ashley Judd. ¥¥¥

Short Cuts (11/93) From Raymond Carver's stories, Robert Altman takes a hard look at Los Angeles. ¥¥¥¥

The Snapper (11/93) She has a bun in the oven, but an unmarried colleen refuses to say whose. ¥¥¥

The Summer House (See review) English ladies sabotage a wedding. ¥¥½

Three Colors: Blue (See review) Bows for Binoche as a grieving widow. ¥¥

The Trial (See review) Kafkaesque and well-acted—but grueling. ¥¥

Twenty Bucks (See review) All hands get the bill in an episodic comedy. ¥¥¥

The War Room (See review) Inside Clinton's 1992 campaign. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

"You have about two hours?" asks songbird and screen wonder **Julie Andrews** when asked to name her favorites on tape. "I really love the older, stylish, black-and-white films, like *It's a Wonderful Life*, *The Thin Man* and *On the Waterfront*." Other fare that tickles the perennial pixie: Elia Kazan's *Viva Zapata!*, *The Bishop's Wife*, starring Cary Grant, and—natch—*Singin' in the Rain*. "I can love just one small piece of a film, and if it's moving, I feel I've gotten my money's worth. Sheer talent makes me excited. It turns me on." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO TRENCH COAT

Three heroes of TV journalism—one riveting interviewer, one wandering storyteller and one of the biggest grouches in America—come to life in three collections from CBS Video:

Good Night and Good Luck: The Edward R. Murrow Television Collection: Before Dave and Jay, Oprah and Phil, Arsenio and Barbara, Murrow ruled. In *Best of "Person to Person,"* Murrow finds out what's what with America's who's who in at-home chats with JFK and Jackie, Liz and hubby number three (Mike Todd), Bogey and Bacall, Sinatra, Monroe and Brando. The set also includes *The McCarthy Years*, Murrow's fearless chronicle of the Fifties commie witch-hunts; *Harvest of Shame*, an exposé on the plight of the migrant farm worker; and *The Best of "See It Now,"* visits with GIs in Korea, civil rights leaders in the South and Grandma Moses in her living room. (Series hosted by Connie Chung, Mike Wallace, Walter Cronkite and Dan Rather.)

The Best of "On the Road with Charles Kuralt": King of the road Kuralt checks in on *The American Heritage*, from cowboy life out West to a small-town meeting in Vermont. In *Unforgettable People*, Kuralt finds eccentrics, tinkerers and success stories—among them an 80-year-old female stunt pilot—while *Seasons of America* spotlights natural wonders nationwide, including winter in Wyoming and a Midwestern Fourth of July.

The Andy Rooney Television Collection: In *His Best Minutes* from *60 Minutes*, the curmudgeon's curmudgeon skewers the absurd curiosities of daily life—including automobiles, packaging, answering machines, town dumps, sports announcers and shopping carts. Bonus: Rooney takes to the skies in a *Bird's-Eye View of America*, a helicopter tour of the country featuring bridges, barns and byways. An entertaining, if cranky, geography lesson. —JULIE BESONEN

VIDEO VERDICTS

Few films are as arresting as the courtroom drama—witness *A Few Good Men*, *Presumed Innocent* and now *Philadelphia*. Others that appeal:

Twelve Angry Men (1957): Henry Fonda and old-boys ensemble deliberate the death penalty in granddaddy of the jury-room genre. Sidney Lumet directs.

To Kill a Mockingbird (1962): Gregory Peck copped Best Actor Oscar as an attorney in the Thirties South defending a black man accused of raping a white woman. Features Robert Duvall—with hair.

Class Action (1991): Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio squares off against Gene Hackman in a $100 million lawsuit against Big Auto. The catch: Hackman is her dad.

Witness for the Prosecution (1957): Barrister Charles Laughton defends Tyrone Power, on trial for the murder of a wealthy widow. Suspenseful plot-twister, courtesy of Billy Wilder.

The Verdict (1982): Paul Newman is a boozing ambulance chaser who's handed a malpractice case he's supposed to lose. That sobers him up good. Written by David Mamet.

Absence of Malice (1981): Newman again, this time as the maligned plaintiff in a libel case. Sally Field is the rabid reporter.

Inherit the Wind (1960): Spencer Tracy and Fredric March monkey around with the theory of evolution in Stanley Kramer's film dramatization of the 1925 Scopes trial. With Gene Kelly.

The Caine Mutiny (1954): Van Johnson faces military boot for taking over boat from batty captain Bogart. José Ferrer is brilliant for the defense—a classic.

—BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

Anime, the sexy (but violent) high-tech cartoons from Japan, have made it to laser. Central Park Media has released six best-selling episodes, including *Roots Search*, in which the sultry and psychic Moira is the only babe who can fend off an alien intruder, and *The Ultimate Teacher*, starring a half-cockroach, half-human who strives to become his high school's baddest bad boy. . . . Those longing for good old Yankee animation needn't worry. Lumivision, in association with Cinémathèque Québécoise, has released ***Felix!***, a two-part package honoring America's favorite feline—from his nameless debut in 1919 to his surreal antics of the Thirties. Call 800-776-LUMI. . . . The Voyager Company is making sure the good old stuff never goes away. Recent old-gold releases include England's ***Evergreen,*** the 1934 backstage musical from Rodgers and Hart starring Jessie Matthews—a.k.a. the British Ginger Rogers; and ***The Emperor Jones,*** the 1933 screen adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's fiery rebuke of segregation. Paul Robeson soars. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
WEIRD ROMANCE	***Sliver*** (Stone suspects high-rise murderer is either the smug writer or her voyeur beau; empty—but slick ond sexy), ***Three of Hearts*** (Billy Boldwin is gigolo pawn in Fenn-Lynch lesbian love quarrel; slick and sexy—but empty).
DRAMA	***What's Love Got to Do With It*** (rich turns by Fishburne and Bassett as Ike and Tina Turner; nice—and rough), ***Menace II Society*** (devastating portrayal of rage among L.A. hameys; wild first pic by brathers Allen and Albert Hughes).
COMEDY	***Made in America*** (Galdberg's sperm-bank baby learns Danson supplied the seed; story fires blanks—though their real-life chemistry paid off), ***Man Bites Dog*** (TV camera crew an killer's trail gets caught up in the bloadbath; dark laughs).
ACTION	***Last Action Hero*** (Schwarzenegger's movie-within-a-movie didn't thrill us, but lackluster box affice guarantees cult life on tape), ***Posse*** (Mario Van Peebles leads cawpokes in a clichéd but OK African-American Western; worth a laok).
FOREIGN	***Xica*** (18th century slave woman uses sexual skills ta rise ta power in Brazil; 1976 tickler fram Carlos Diegues), ***Utamaro and His Five Women*** (Mizaguchi's 1946 portrait af famed Japanese artist: booze, brathels and plenty of passian).

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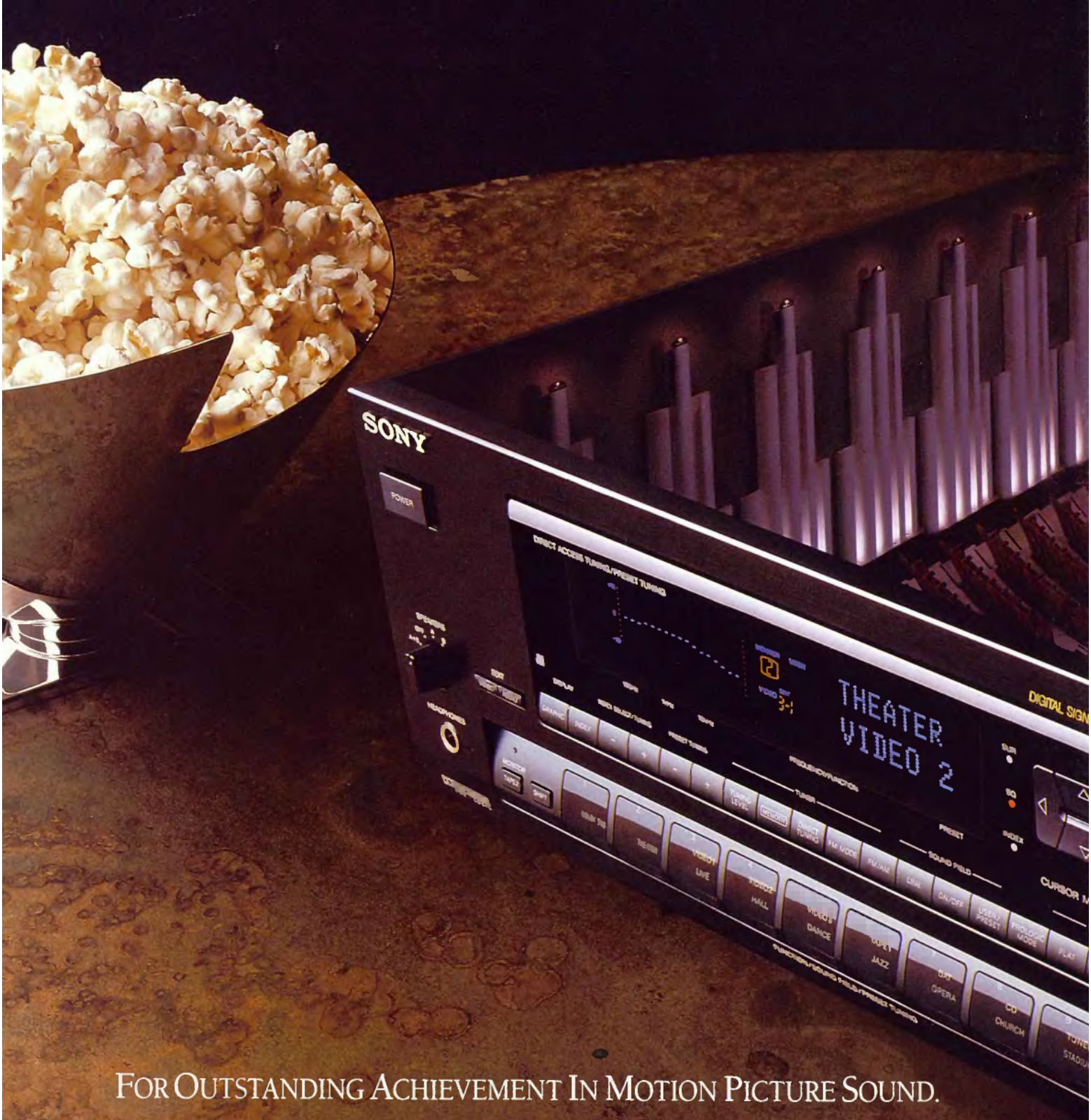

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ELECTRONIC MUSIC TO OUR EARS

In this innovative technological age, many musicians are plugging into instruments with unique electronic twists. Not a few of our favorites come from Yamaha. Its APX acoustic-electric guitars offer the best of both worlds: You get to strum the traditional warm, vibrant tones *and* amplify them through your stereo system without distortion. There is also

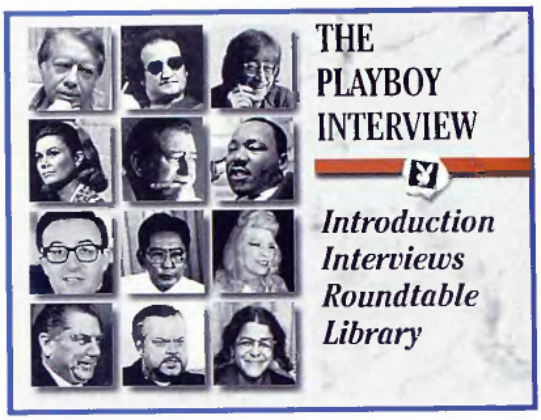
Yamaha's WX-11 Wind Controller, an instrument that's modeled after a saxophone yet it can be programmed, via an internal computer and separate synthesizer, to produce almost any sound imaginable, from a jazz trombone to a helicopter to a tropical storm. The most impressive instrument in the company's electronic lineup, however, is the Disklavier Piano. It's essentially a computerized acoustic piano: You can play the Disklavier or let it play itself using a 3.5-inch floppy disk recording. More than 200 disks are now available. In the future, you'll even be able to connect your Disklavier to your television during concerts—the piano portion will play live in your living room.

PLUGGED IN THE BLACKSBURG WAY

A city, a university and a phone company have joined forces to give us a glimpse of the future. In an experiment dubbed the Electronic Village, officials of Blacksburg, Virginia, Virginia Polytechnic Institute and the C&P Telephone company are offering residents the opportunity to be linked to local government offices, teachers, health-care providers and other businesses by way of computer. Forty-two miles of fiber-optic cable were laid to get the first 1000 participants on-line late in 1993. Now users can send electronic-mail messages around town, access a data base of more than 1 million documents and view a town directory of services and meeting calendars. Future options will include banking and bill paying by computer, medical communications with local doctors, class registration and more. Developers of Blacksburg's Electronic Village see it as a worldwide model for 21st century communications. A somewhat similar experimental city is underway in Telluride, Colorado.

PLAYBOY DOES CD-ROM

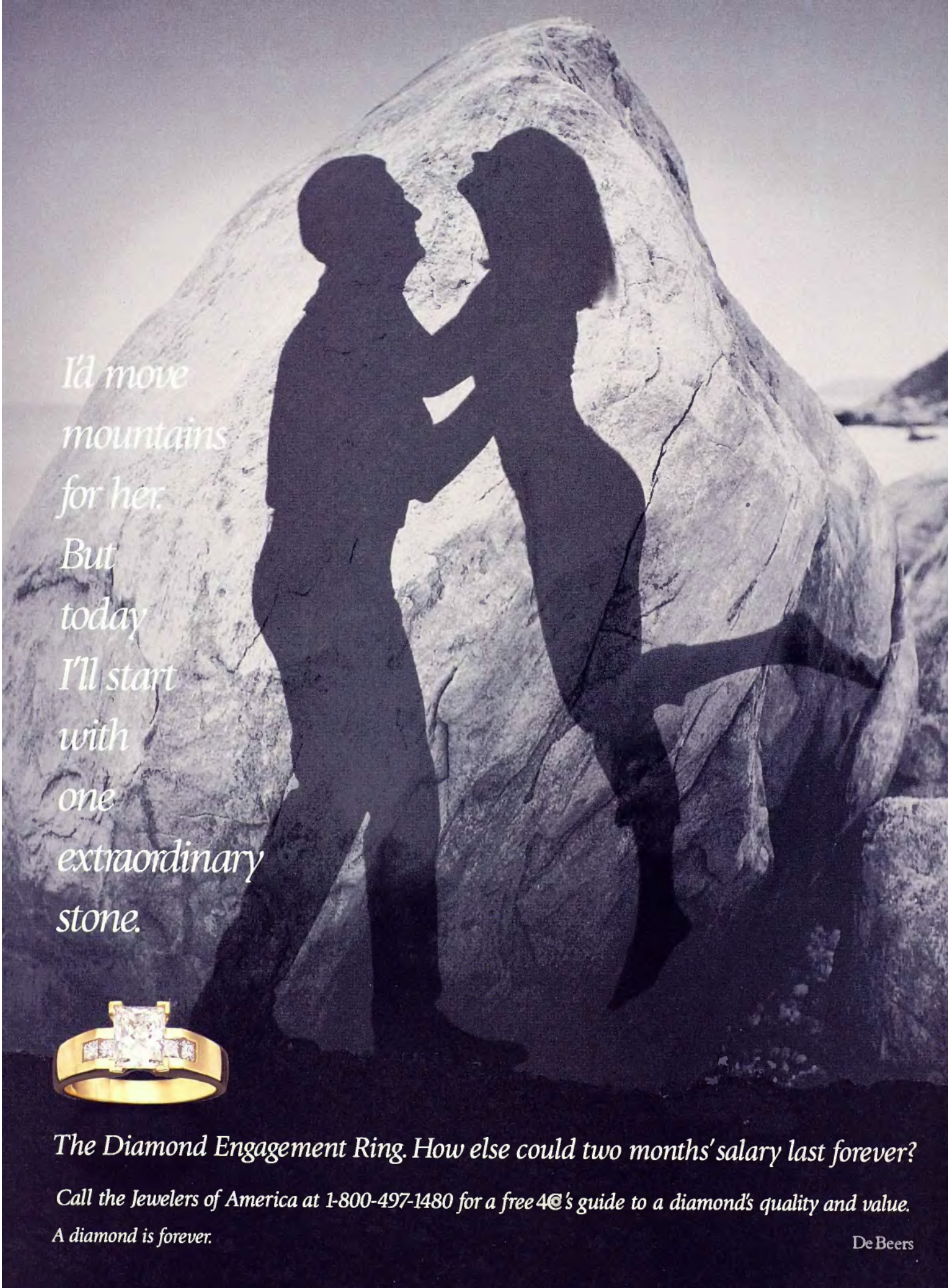
When the first *Playboy Interview*, with Miles Davis, appeared in our September 1962 issue, the idea of storing entertainment on a spinning disk was something out of an H. G. Wells novel. Now, however, CD-ROM is the medium of the moment, and PLAYBOY, in partnership with IBM, is offering 30 years' worth of its acclaimed interviews on a CD for Windows titled *The Playboy Interview: 1962–1992*. Available in computer stores, it includes the full text from interviews with 352 of the world's most notable personalities, from Malcolm X to Martin Luther King. Also featured are more than 1000 photos and video clips from our celebrity-studded 30th anniversary interview party and sound bites from the actual interview tapes. Want to hear President Jimmy Carter speak of lusting in his heart? It'll cost you $69.95.



WILD THINGS

Sony's latest entry in the 8mm camcorder arena is the ultracompact CCD-SC5 Handycam Snap. Weighing less than two pounds, this $1200 palm-size machine features a built-in dual lens system that lets you change perspectives instantly, as well as a three-inch color liquid crystal display on the back that can be used for viewing footage as it's shot or for playback. • At about half the cost of its competition, the $750 MCI VideoPhone has a three-inch flip-up color screen with a self-viewing picture-in-picture function that lets you watch yourself during a video conversation. • The pocket-size TRS Auto Ledger is an electronic-organizer device for your car that tracks mileage, lease payments and operating expenses. It doubles as a car security system and can be hooked up to a computer to print out all your records at tax time. The price: about $600, plus installation.

Where & How to Buy on page 259.



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NIGHTLIFE

By GLENN O'BRIEN

PEOPLE USED TO come to New York looking for action. Once upon a time it was celebrated as "the city that never sleeps." Big clubs, little clubs, there was a place for every preference, including some you have probably never thought of. People came from all over the world to live that scene, if only for a few nights. To rub some strange elbows, to take a walk on the wild side.

But the golden age of nightlife could not last forever. By the late Eighties the crowds weren't there anymore. The club recession was inevitable: People had to make a living, get some sleep or dry out. There were clubs still operating, but that wild scene seemed gone for good. The incredible mix of people who once made history at such clubs as Studio 54 and the Mudd Club was history.

Blacks, whites and Hispanics each went their own way. Gays, lesbians and heteros hung out at their own clubs or their own 12-step programs, if at all. Suddenly New York's nightlife, once the world's most diverse, seemed Balkanized and, dare I say, dead. Why would anyone leave New Jersey on a Friday night anymore?

But wait a second. Check out this dumpy bar in New York's grungy meat district, with a neon sign that says BAR. Look who's getting out of cabs. European millionaire swingers, major models, tattooed lesbians, drag queens the size of New York Knicks, famous hetero sex symbols, Latino dreamboats, babes in black leather. What's going on here?

Step inside, where the dance music throbs and the floor is packed. Onstage are some righteous-babe go-go dancers. They're dressed in black leather, including their pasties. One of them seems to have a large black dildo stuck down her pantyhose and another uses a whip to keep the boys at a distance. On a TV over the bar plays a video of something beyond the valley of the dolls, and an MC raps over the music, announcing who's in the house. Girls dance with guys, girls dance with girls, guys dance with guys, people dance in groups and some narcissist dances by himself. Hey, here comes a cop. A handsome cop. Wait a minute. Do cops wear black vinyl trousers? Well, maybe on Tuesday, when the place turns into Jackie 60, the club where anything goes. Its mission seems to be to reestablish New York's twilight zone nightlife.

Jackie 60 is the invention of veteran club DJ Johnny Dynell and his impresario wife, Chi Chi Valenti. After a few years of organizing nights at various clubs, they opened Jackie 60 in collaboration with a friend named Kitty Boots,

Chic to cheek: the club as art.

Jackie 60:
New York's
wildlife preserve.

headmistress of the House of Domination, the world's first S&M go-go troupe.

The statuesque, fierce blonde titaness Chi Chi recalls: "In late 1990, incredibly bored with New York nightlife, Johnny, Kitty Boots and I decided just to make a party that we would like to go to. One night in the middle of an ice storm, Johnny and I went to the Clit Club. And even before we got out of the cab we knew it was the right spot for us. As one of our genius regulars put it, 'What you need is an element of danger.'"

Jackie 60 shares the generic-looking bar with two other clubs, the Clit Club (for women on Fridays) and Meat (for men on Saturdays). It is a wild neighborhood filled with cruising hookers (both biologically and ideologically female), and traditionally the area has boasted the town's wilder nightspots, including the Mineshaft, the Hellfire Club, the Anvil and the Toilet.

The time is as important as the place: Tuesday nights, very late. A work night, a school night, for serious night crawlers only. Chi Chi explains: "The best club nights are always Monday and Tuesday. A lot of people who work in clubs are off those nights, and they're a great crowd."

Jackie 60 has the usual nightclub elements, including great dance music. But each night at Jackie 60 is different. There is always a theme, with varied performances on that theme. Sometimes it's poetry reading, a series appropriately titled Verbal Abuse, which recently spun off its own poetry magazine by the same name. Sometimes it's performances by the startling go-go girls of the House of Domination. Sometimes it's a gender-bending performance from a variety of the regulars.

Sometimes nights are all about the invitation. Jackie's Diaries was an eight-page invitation satirizing Andy Warhol's diaries. On Mermaids Night, videos of fish were projected on the walls, the club was lit with blue lights, and mirrored balls and fish hung from the ceiling. Fear of a Blonde Pussy was a lesbian night. Chi Chi's favorite, Jackie the Ripper, featured a one-hour rendition of the Jack the Ripper story with the House of Domination girls as the tart victims.

"Our worst theme was our Performance Art Night," says Johnny. "We were trying to make fun of performance art and how pretentious it is. We planned a whole evening of bad conceptual art, but when people came in they hated it. It was too realistic."

The pangenderism of Jackie 60 is, at this late date, remarkable. In the Sixties and Seventies New York clubs were sexually integrated. Today they are specialized. Jackie's eclectic mix is something its owners are proud of.

"Most clubs in New York are sexually compartmentalized or ghettoized in some way," says Chi Chi. "At Jackie 60 we have offered a hard-core lesbian theme one week, an S&M theme the week after and a gay men's theme or a tits-and-ass theme after that. People never know what to expect. You might walk in and think it's a male gay bar or a lesbian bar or a straight go-go bar.

"It's very confusing. There are certain people, especially some gay men and most gay women, who don't like to mix,

(concluded on page 274)

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

RICHARD AVEDON'S ***An Autobiography*** (Random House) is the most stunning gift book of the season. For this volume, he has drawn from almost 50 years of images, ranging from the South in the Sixties to Vietnam and including the great artists and celebrities of our time. This book is Avedon's bid for a place in the history of photography.

Avedon's retrospective tops an impressive stack of oversize books designed for holiday gift-giving. Your friends certainly would not be disappointed to unwrap Marc Riboud's ***Angkor: The Serenity of Buddhism*** (Thames and Hudson), with its haunting images of the 1000-year-old jungle-choked ruins in Cambodia. In a different vein, David Hockney provides a thoughtful, intimate text to accompany a colorful survey of his paintings, drawings, stage designs, photo collages and fax art in ***That's the Way I See It*** (Chronicle).

A fine example of contemporary moviemaking is captured in ***The Age of Innocence: A Portrait of the Film Based on the Novel by Edith Wharton*** (Newmarket), by Martin Scorsese and Jay Cocks. The legendary Swedish director Ingmar Bergman takes a look back on his own oeuvre in ***Images: My Life in Film*** (Arcade); in ***Stephen Sondheim*** (Abrams), Martin Gottfried unravels the puzzles of the master's Broadway musicals, including *Follies*, *Sweeney Todd* and *Assassins*. For the truly classy side of showbiz, however, you can't beat ***La Scala Encyclopedia of the Opera*** (Simon & Schuster), by Giorgio Bagnoli, with more than 500 illustrations.

The most beautifully designed (by David Larkin) and photographed (primarily by Paul Rocheleau and Michael Freeman) tribute to America's architectural genius is ***Frank Lloyd Wright: The Masterworks*** (Rizzoli), by Bruce Brooks Pfeiffer, a director of the Wright archives. Ideally, this should be packaged with ***The Frank Lloyd Wright Companion*** (University of Chicago), by William Allin Storrer, which contains 701 architectural plans and 1000 photographs of Wright's work. Many of the architect's buildings are also included in ***Chicago Architecture and Design*** (Abrams), George A. Larson and Jay Pridmore's fascinating analysis of Chicago's architectural traditions. In terms of sheer razzle-dazzle, however, nothing can compare with the colorful art deco fireworks displays in ***Miami*** (Rizzoli), with photographs by Santi Visalli.

If your yearnings are more rural than urban, you will be moved by both ***The Legacy of Wilderness: The Photographs of Robert Glenn Ketchum*** (Aperture), with a preface by Robert Redford, and ***Galen Rowell's Vision: The Art of Adventure Photography*** (Sierra Club). The host of the syndicated TV show *Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom* tours 11 of the world's most remote wilderness areas in ***Jim Fowler's Wildest Places on Earth*** (Time-Life). ***By Nature's Design*** (Chronicle), by Pat Murphy, is a book filled with a sense of wonder and mystery about such matters as the geometry of mountain peaks and the leaf patterns of plants.

CHRISTOPHER TUSCAN

'Tis the season for gift books.

Holiday cheer: remarkable photo treats on sports, showbiz, wildlife and Elvis.

Of course, the real stars of nature are wild animals. We couldn't resist ***Bears: Monarchs of the Northern Wilderness*** (Mountaineers), with text by Wayne Lynch, or the white-on-white purity of ***Polar Bear*** (Chronicle), by Downs Matthews. Big-cat fanciers, on the other hand, will be astonished by the intimacy of the photographs in ***Wild Cats: Lynx, Bobcats and Mountain Lions*** (Sierra Club). These loners are captured in all their wild power by Candace Savage. And the extraordinary, brooding black-and-white portraits of African wildlife by French fashion photographer Nicolas Bruant in ***Wild Beasts*** (Chronicle) complement John Hemingway's essay about a continent at risk.

Sports fans will be surprised by Michael Jordan's "photographic autobiography," ***Rare Air: Michael on Michael*** (Collins). The increasingly private former basketball star gave photographer Walter Iooss, Jr., total access to his life for more than four months. Iooss followed him into the locker room, onto the golf course and even into the bathtub with his kids. We meet a thoughtful, fragile human being. Speaking of golf, there is no better dreambook than ***Golf Resorts of the World*** (Abrams), by Brian McCallen, which allows you to drool over 402 full-color pictures of the perfectly manicured greens of some of the greatest golf courses.

Each year, more than 650,000 people travel to Memphis for a sentimental visit to Elvis' former home and burial place. Every detail of this shrine is explored in ***Graceland: The Living Legacy of Elvis Presley*** (Collins), from the collection of guitars to the white jumpsuit covered with eagles. For heartland Americana, however, we'll take ***Pump and Circumstance: Glory Days of the Gas Station*** (Bulfinch), by John Margolies. Does anyone remember actual service and free road maps?

No one has compiled a more remarkable documentary record of Native American life than Edward S. Curtis, and 110 of his elegant sepia portraits are gorgeously reproduced in ***Native Nations*** (Bulfinch). ***The Turquoise Trail: Native American Jewelry and Culture of the Southwest*** (Abrams), by Carol Karasik, illustrates contemporary examples of an Indian art form that has survived through the centuries. The more traditional view is contained in ***Tales of the Wild West*** (Rizzoli), with stories by Louis L'Amour, Zane Grey and O. Henry and classic Western paintings from the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. If you actually want to hear the sound of cowboy music and poetry, you have to get ***Buckaroo: Visions and Voices of the American Cowboy*** (Simon & Schuster), which comes with a CD.

Finally, there are a few noteworthy gift books that defy categorization: Try ***Strange, Amazing and Mysterious Places*** (Collins), with an intro by William Burroughs, for lost cities, spiritual meccas and New Age highlights.

Endangered Peoples (Sierra Club), by Art Davidson, shows us branches of the family of man who still live traditional tribal existences handed down by their ancestors.

Nothing but the Blues (Abbeville), edited by Lawrence Cohn, chronicles the rich musical tradition of blues music from ancient Africa to rock and roll.

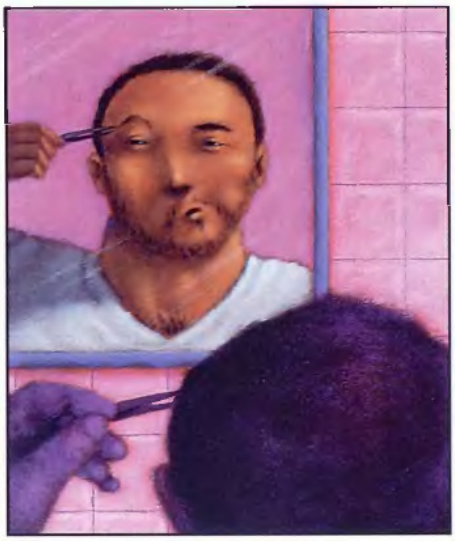
A History of Men's Fashion (Flammarion), by Farid Chenoune, traces 230 years in the relationship between social and political changes and men's clothes.

The African Americans (Viking/Studio), co-edited by David Cohen and Charles Collins, applies Cohen's *A Day in the Life* concept to a moving portrait of everyday black life in America.

The Egyptian Jukebox (Viking), by Nick Bantock, is a picture-cum-puzzle-book in which the clues are beautiful collages from the creator of *Griffin & Sabine*.

MEN

By ASA BABER



THE FUTURE IN A SKIRT

Winston is always nervous before a date, and today is no exception. It is New Year's Day, January 1, 2034, and Winston knows what that means: Melissa will be bringing her girlfriends over to the house for a long day of women's college football games on television.

"Oh, my God," Winston says to himself as he studies his face in the bathroom mirror. "This is unacceptable. I'm getting eyebrows again!"

He rushes to the freezer, takes out a cryonic pack and puts two small pads over the hairs he has found on his face. Then he tears them off.

"There," he says. "We can't have eyebrows, Winston, not at our age. Melissa hates them. And you're no spring chicken anymore."

Tears come to Winston's eyes. He cries easily and often, great sobs that shake his frame and leave him fatigued. "Happy birthday, you big lug," he says to the face in the mirror. He gives his image an affectionate kiss.

New Year's Day happens also to be Winston's birthday. He is turning 40 years old. He wonders if anyone will remember. He wonders, too, if Melissa will finally propose to him.

Winston looks at his diamond engagement ring and sighs. He and Melissa have been dating for 20 years, but she seems afraid of commitment. How long does she expect him to wait?

"Winston, you fucker!" Melissa shouts as she barges through the apartment door without knocking. "Winston, you fucker!" yell Laura and Wendy as they enter behind her.

"Hey, Cheeks!" Melissa laughs as she pounds Winston on the back. "Turn around, OK?" Without warning she raises Winston's skirt. "Hey, ladies, is this a great ass, or what?"

"Cheeks, Cheeks, Cheeks!" the women cheer. But they are not really interested. They have already assaulted the beer keg and opened the potato chips and turned on the TV and they are sprawled on the floor like the slobs Winston knows them to be.

The Rose Bowl is being previewed. There is footage from the undefeated seasons of the University of Miami Feminists and the Colorado State Women's Studies Studettes.

Winston pulls down his skirt. "Stop that, Melissa!" he pouts.

"You cute little piece of fluff!" Melissa smiles as she pinches Winston's chin and gives him a noogie.

"I mean it!" Winston says angrily.

"Oh, are we having a temper tantrum?" Melissa smiles. "Have we had our medication today?"

Winston blushes. "I forgot."

"Let's take our medication," Melissa says. "It's the law, remember? The gender police might show up to test you. So shape up or ship out, Winnie-Poo."

Secretly, Winston is relieved. His irritability has frightened him, and the delay in taking his medication explains it.

Winston hates feeling anger or aggression. He has been taught that those feelings are evil and, even worse, exclusively male. He has been trained to believe that all male feelings are bad feelings.

He also knows that any man who does not take his required medication is subject to life imprisonment. If he fails the saliva test of the gender police—who can test men at any time, in any place—he can be sent away immediately.

Back in the bathroom, Winston swallows a 5000-milligram Nonagress tablet, four Neutertestes capsules and two spoonfuls of Estromix. For safety's sake, he also gives himself an injection of Maleban Castrati solution.

The drugs do strange things to him, but Winston doesn't mind. He feels as if he has entered a warm cocoon made of cotton candy and lamb's wool. He knows that his medication makes him nicer and safer as a man. If only men had been this neutered from the beginning of time, he repeats to himself, there would never have been wars or famine or pestilence.

"I feel pretty," Winston begins to sing as he waltzes into the living room again, "oh, so pretty!"

"Shut the fuck up!" the women yell. The Rose Bowl has begun and the room is equally divided between Miami and Colorado fans.

"I feel pretty and giddy and bright!" Winston warbles.

"Hey, dumbfuck!" Melissa shouts.

"May I get you girls some coffee?" Winston asks, still dancing on his toes the way he learned in mandatory boy's ballet class in school.

"We're not girls!" the group yells in unison. "We're women!"

"But I feel like a girl with my medication," Winston says as he curtsies.

"Cheeks, are you going to let us watch the game, or what?" asks Laura.

Without warning Winston bursts into tears. "I'm sorry," he says.

"What is it now?" Melissa asks. Her voice is bored.

"You didn't forget?" Winston gulps.

"Forget what, Cheeks?"

"That today is my birthday!"

"Oh, shit," Melissa says. "I'm sorry, Cheeks. You want us to order you a pizza? With anchovies and everything? How about one of Wendy's cigars?"

"How old are you?" Laura asks.

"Don't ever ask a man his age, asshole!" Wendy shouts at Laura.

Within seconds the women are kicking and slapping and punching. It is a nonstop, hair-pulling free-for-all.

"Happy birthday to me," Winston sings to himself as the women brawl and he watches TV. In spite of the drugs, he is shamefully aware that the redheaded woman playing quarterback for Miami has a cute face and a cute butt.

"Hey, Cheeks!" he calls to her image on the screen. "I think I love you!" he whispers softly, like a frightened little mouse.

The truth is, you're probably fine just the way you are. Besides, nothing is going to change that. So instead of wishing you were something you're not, maybe you ought to try sending out better signals.

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should play a part in human sexuality.

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NO NINTENDO, NO G-STRINGS

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

ROBERT PASSANTINO

It was a brouhaha of major proportions. "Flowers!" ranted Cleo. "He sent me flowers for my birthday, goddamn it! You get flowers from your agent, not your boyfriend. It's bad enough he's always out of town."

"Oh, well, you know, he's a guy," said Susan.

"I gave him plenty of notice," said Cleo. "Two weeks ago I started saying, 'I want you to get me something special for my birthday. It's really important to me.' I guess I'm unrealistic, but when I opened the front door this morning I expected to see a pony."

We were in a high-toned restaurant. Cleo was surrounded by presents.

"He says he's really busy," she said, "but he spent an entire month shopping for the perfect running shoes. I left him a message on his machine telling him what a dickhead he is."

Meanwhile, back at my house, my son Brodie was on the phone with Brendan, Cleo's boyfriend.

"Did they say where they were going?" Brendan asked.

"I think it begins with a P," said Brodie.

"Go get the Yellow Pages. Look under Restaurants Where Broads Go on Their Birthdays."

While Cleo was ranting, Brendan was calling every "P" restaurant in the phone book. He never found us.

Cleo unwrapped a clock with a Labrador's face on it and hugged it. "See, we know how to buy presents for one another."

"At least he's a good boyfriend in other ways," said Teri.

"I hate you all for sticking up for him," said Cleo.

"I didn't stick up for you," I told Brendan later.

"You're right," he said, "I'm an asshole. All men are assholes."

"I hate when men say 'All men are assholes,' like that's a perfectly valid excuse for bad behavior."

"Shit," he said, "that one worked for years. OK, tell me what to do."

"Just get her something she'll like."

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

There was raw panic in the man's voice. It was as if I'd asked him to compute the trajectory for a space probe. This prompted me to do a survey.

"One year Howard bought me a dress that I swear to God was a size six," said size 12 Susan. "I wore it as a blouse. Guys don't even know what a dress is. They call everything a woman wears a dress."

"He keeps buying me G-strings and cameras," said Nora. "In other words, presents for him."

"I got a Super Nintendo last year for Christmas," said Maddie. "You can't tell me there's a woman alive who gives a fuck about a Nintendo game."

One year, long ago, my husband handed me a carefully wrapped present. "You've been wanting one of these for so long," he said, beaming.

It was a shower cap.

I am drawn to the conclusion that most men, as present-givers, suck. Not all men, of course. Two-timing, womanizing rat-bastards are always giving extravagant jewelry and perfect, tasteful bibelots, usually the moment before they shred a woman's heart to pieces. But that's a whole different column. Let's focus on your basic nice guy, like Brendan.

"We live in a materialistic society," Brendan said. "We have everything that we need."

"Cut the shit, Brendan. We're not talking about things we need, we're talking about symbolic tokens of affection."

"Exactly! Something you need is at least *something*. We know how to get you *something*. But speculating on an emotional thing? How do we know that a certain kind of earring isn't going to make you kill yourself? You broads have spent your entire lives contemplating earrings. A guy who's thought about earrings a lot has spent an hour, tops."

"That is such a rationalization," said Susan. "You know men's problem? They're hunters. We're gatherers. We browse, they run in and buy the first thing they see. What they really want to do is walk in with a big bloody buck on their shoulders, plop it at our feet and say 'Merry Christmas.'"

"We just don't approve of the whole gift-giving thing in the first place," said Brodie. "We don't understand it, it's always a chore. It's much easier to get gifts for guy friends. You just get what you want for yourself and they like it, too."

"Aha!" I said. "I've just realized the root of the problem. Men, as a rule, are not empathetic. To be a good present-giver you have to turn yourself into the other person."

"Forever?" asked the smartass.

Yes, I told him, at least while you're in a present-buying mode. Social mores have trained women to be empathetic, to put ourselves in the other guy's shoes and care more about his feelings than our own. This is why we have boundary problems and shrink bills.

Whereas too many guys are afraid to root around in their psyches to find some empathy, in case they stumble on something scary, such as their dreaded sensitive (a.k.a. feminine) sides. But empathy is so useful at Christmas.

When buying presents, I put myself into a little trance. I'm Brodie, I say to myself. I'm kind of jockish, a blue-eyed, left-wing kind of guy. Yo, what about that cool blue-gray shirt? Is that me, or what?

Or maybe I'm Cleo. I'm whimsical, funny. The most beloved thing in my life is my old dog. Hey, look at that clock over there!

"What I really want," said Cleo, "is for him to buy me something that acknowledges who I am. Or, of course, something from Tiffany's. The best present I ever got from Brendan was a trash can with Labrador retrievers all over it."

Actually, that shower cap wasn't so bad, either.

you play it over and
over until you know
every word. you really
do get goose BUMPS.
the song ends, but
it KEEPS playing in
your head. you get
into it. so do we.
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ingle ells,

ingle ells.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I have a wonderful, imaginative sex life. He loves to watch me masturbate, and he'll try anything I ask. I need to know if it is normal to ask him to use a vibrator on me during oral sex. I have the most erotic fantasy of him using a vibrator and biting my nipples at the moment I start to come. It's just that I'm afraid to ask.—C. F., Edmonds, Washington.

Your husband has already proved that he enjoys watching you respond to him. Buy a vibrator. Once in bed, give it to him with a note detailing your fantasy. Wait two minutes. Come.

I've had my eye on a beautiful blonde at my college. In my opinion, she is the most beautiful woman on the campus, hands down. I can truly say that I am not obsessed with her, nor am I interested only in getting laid. I just want to get to know her. I've tried different approaches. I've said hi to her many times and even introduced myself in a restaurant. All to no avail. Finally, I left a message on her answering machine saying I thought she was beautiful, that I had introduced myself to her and wished I could get to know her. Now I haven't seen her in two weeks. I'm concerned that my message has put a wall between us. Is she avoiding me?—J. J., Seattle, Washington.

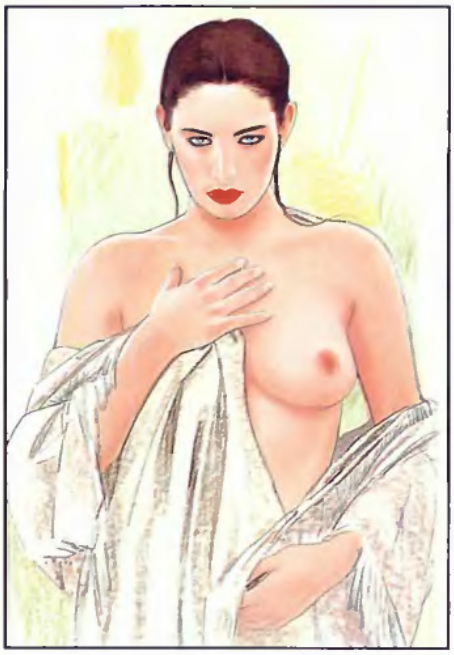
Sorry, but we think you're obsessed. Back off. Leaving messages on a stranger's answering machine can be a little off-putting. Worse, it can be downright frightening. The approach is about as successful as cold-call salesmanship. There are subtler ways of getting acquainted. Stop campaigning. Find an activity you enjoy. Do it. Maybe there'll be a fortuitous encounter and she will notice you. Maybe not. Maybe you'll find someone else.

Have you ever heard of a sexual position called "the 20"? The old 69 I can figure out, but this one has me stumped.—G. H., New York, New York.

Same idea, only the participants suck toes instead of genitals. Ten plus ten equals 20.

My girlfriend and I have a great sexual relationship. We like to experiment with different positions and techniques. We also masturbate each other. Once, she was giving me a hand job, and as I neared orgasm, she pressed her index and middle fingers between my balls and my anus. I had a great orgasm, but there was no ejaculation except for a few drops after she eased pressure. What happened?—J. H., Los Angeles, California.

The French call it postillionage. That they have a name for it says a lot about the French. Applying pressure to the prostate gland—either externally or internally (some people don latex gloves and do a doctor's exam during sex)—can precipitate a powerful orgasm. In some cases you experience a retrograde emission—the semen is absorbed by the body without harm.



I have a rather unusual problem: My erections get too hard. It's almost like having a bone between my legs. I can't control it so that it's more flexible. My wife is very patient, but she says it feels better when it's a little softer. What should I do?—P. L., Arlington, Virginia.

This is a problem? If your wife expresses discomfort, the problem may be that you are rushing penetration. Indulge in plenty of foreplay to make sure she is lubricated, or use some oil. Try using just the head of your penis to stimulate her clitoris. Softly rub it back and forth. Ask her to guide your penis—that will ensure a soft landing.

A friend told me to buy a surge protector for my new home-theater system. She said my gear could go up in smoke during a thunderstorm. She lost a computer to one such bolt. I figure a surge protector is just one more gimmick that the dealer tries to load on for a little extra profit. What do you say?—E. O., Springfield, Illinois.

Gone are the days of copper wire. Now most home electronics have an integrated circuit or microprocessor. Buy a surge protector and place it between the power line and your most valued equipment.

Someone recently told me that women who regularly swallow semen during fellatio have a lower rate of breast cancer than spitters. Is he pulling my leg? I'm thinking of using this as a new pickup line if it's true.—G. M., Columbus, Ohio.

Swallowing semen prevents cancer. Not.

My first cousin and I have been having an affair for nearly a year. This is positively the best sex I've ever had. But it's also emotional and comforting, and it feels right. Is there something wrong with us?—C. C., Columbia, Missouri.

First-cousin marriages are legal in some states. You have nothing to be ashamed of. For centuries, cousins have dated and married all over the world. Enjoy the chemistry you share. If you decide to get married, consult a lawyer to see if your union will be legal in your state. Consult a doctor about risks involved if you decide to have children.

I've heard about new run-flat tires that eliminate the need for a spare tire. Do they really work, and are they standard or optional on any new cars?—W. R., Dallas, Texas.

If you have the bucks, run-flat tires are standard equipment on the new Callaway Super Natural Corvette. Testers have driven run-flat-equipped Corvettes at speeds of 55 miles per hour with a fully deflated tire. Several tire companies in Europe sell run-flats as optional equipment. Today's cost is about $5000 for four wheels and tires. It's expected that the price will come down when run-flat systems are in general use—likely toward the end of the decade.

The Catholic Church used to argue that masturbation was wrong since it did not lead to procreation. I've heard doctors say the same thing—arguing that couples who are trying to get pregnant shouldn't let any seed spill on the ground. Does masturbation decrease the chances of pregnancy? If so, wouldn't masturbation be a form of birth control?—W. S., Tyler, Texas.

Once again, the Church doesn't know anything about sex. The issue of masturbation has stymied scientists for decades. If everything in nature has a purpose (viz., the survival of the species), then how do you explain the role of masturbation—which does not lead to procreation and yet is clearly popular? In a recent issue of "New Scientist," Stephen Young answered this question. Reporting on the research of Robin Baker and Mark Bellis, he wrote: "Suppose a man masturbates and then makes love a day or two later. When he makes love he releases fewer sperm than he would have done had he not masturbated, but those sperm seem particularly competitive. His partner retains just as many sperm as usual, even though there were fewer sperm in the ejaculate—hinting that his sperm are in some sense more tenacious than usual." What's the explanation,

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

you ask? "Sperm have a limited shelf life inside a man's body. Any ejaculation, be it during lovemaking or masturbation, removes aging sperm from the store, allowing the next ejaculate to contain a particularly youthful, high-quality stock. Putting in sperm that are younger means that they are going to be inside the woman—and be more competitive—for longer." Tenacious sperm? Sounds like the Church may want to rethink this one.

Out of concern for my health, I've acquired a taste for bottled water. It's been years since I've drunk anything that comes out of the faucet. Now one of my friends tells me that tap water is as clean as bottled water. What's the story?—P. P., Chicago, Illinois.

Approximately 25 percent of bottled waters comes out of the tap. Some companies filter it to improve the flavor. Now the Food and Drug Administration requires that such recycled city water be labeled "municipal water," as opposed to mineral water. As for quality control, the FDA standards for bottled water are essentially the same as the Environmental Protection Agency's standards for tap water. If you are concerned about what comes out of your tap, have it analyzed and buy an appropriate filter.

My wife of 20 years is having an affair. When I found out, I was upset and asked her to stop. She says she loves me and wants to stay married but "needs" this affair. I love her too much to divorce her, but I feel like a wimp. Strangely, since I found out, our sex life has improved. Sometimes we make love after she has been with him, and the sex is exciting. I get turned on by the thought of her with her lover. Why?—B. D., Rochester, New York.

Intensity comes from many sources—not all of them healthy. You have discovered the dark side of sex. Not only romance leads to amazing passion. Jealousy, anger, hurt pride and revenge can also fuel sexual encounters. We've heard of relationships like this going on for years, and we've heard of them blowing up. Most people who disclose affairs aren't being honest: They use confession as a way of easing their guilt, or as a way of telling their spouse it's time to redefine the relationship. And possibly end it. Be clear about her motives—and your own. You've heard her side; let her hear yours.

The AM radio station that carries the games of my favorite team claims to broadcast in stereo. I think it would be a hoot to hear the games in stereo. However, I'm striking out when it comes to finding an AM stereo radio. How can there be stereo stations without stereo radios?—L. D., Los Angeles, California.

Welcome to free-market capitalism. Rather than choose a single AM stereo system back in the early Eighties, the government let competing systems fight it out. There was no clear-cut winner; most systems staggered away from the ring. After a decade the main ones left standing are Motorola (about 800 stations) and Kahn (about 200 stations). Because of the confusion and lack of public interest, radio manufacturers ignored AM stereo. Lately, it has made a small comeback, with most new car radios able to receive AM stereo. However, to our knowledge not a single table radio, boom box or headphone stereo is AM stereo. In the world of audio components, only two tuners out of hundreds of models offer AM stereo, and these cost more than $300. For that amount you can buy season tickets and hear the games in surround-sound.

Twice I have made love to women in a very physical, heated manner, only to have them black out when they reached orgasm. After several minutes they came to. I asked them what happened, but neither woman had anything to say. Can you tell me what happened?—J. M., Reno, Nevada.

Blackouts during or immediately after intense sexual excitement are not uncommon. Many people don't breathe normally or deeply enough when aroused. The oxygen imbalance can enhance orgasm—it can also lead to dizziness or blacking out. Perhaps these women simply didn't remember passing out or were too embarrassed to discuss the matter.

A couple of my friends were talking about adventure travel—stuff like rafting and helicopter skiing. They mentioned that on most trips they had to sign waivers that acknowledged bad things might happen to them, but that the guide would not be responsible. I always thought waivers were bullshit. Do they hold up in court?—E. D., Denver, Colorado.

Yes, since many of them were written by lawyers who themselves love to raft, heli-ski or race motorcycles. Think of the waiver as a wake-up call. You should ask for some kind of safety lecture—how to handle potentially dangerous situations. If bad things happen through negligence, you could still win in court. But the point of adventure travel is that you assume the risk, the responsibility—and, needless to say, the reward.

I wear size 34 pants and size 44 sports jackets. When I try on suits, I find that the pants are much too large. The man at the clothing store told me that there is a six-inch difference between jacket size and pants size. Is this true?—S. H., Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

Used to be a guy with a 40-inch chest had a 34-inch waist, and vice versa. (The difference, by the way, was called the drop.) Then God invented the gym. Now, a guy with a 34-inch waist can have a 42-inch chest, as well as biceps the size of his grandfather's thighs. The fashion industry now offers suits with an "athletic fit"—a drop of 8 inches. Keep shopping.

I'm in a confusing situation. I live with two women—my girlfriend and her girlfriend. When the two started making love to each other, I didn't have any problem with it. A couple of weekends ago, my girlfriend invited the other girl for a threesome, and I didn't have any problem with that since I had always dreamed of having sex with two women. I never had intercourse with the other girl. We performed oral sex on her, they performed oral sex on me, I had intercourse with my girlfriend. One night I asked her what she thought about my fucking our mutual friend. She exploded, saying, "No way!" This strikes me as unfair. Since then, no more threesomes. No more sex, for that matter. I sleep on the couch. Now the other girl says she and I should find our own place. What should I do?—D. S., San Francisco, California.

Find a place of your own. If your name is on the lease, ask your girlfriend to find a place of her own. Then see whomever you like. A woman who treats your penis as her property and sets limits on sex (penetration being out of bounds) is playing games. Admittedly, the games can be fun, but isn't it time to stop playing Mother May I?

The only problem I find with oral sex is that my mouth makes promises it can't keep. I'd love to pleasure my partner all night, but eventually my tongue gives out. I know this sounds stupid, but are there any tongue exercises I can do?—O. L., Kansas City, Kansas.

Pick up a copy of "The Clitoral Kiss," by Kenneth Ray Stubbs and Chyrelle D. Chasen (available from Secret Garden, Larkspur, California). The authors suggest a series of entertaining oral aerobics:

"Repeat L words such as lust, lewd, lascivious. Suck a licorice string. Practice touching your nose with your tongue. Lick lots of lollipops. Dial your telephone with your tongue. Suck and tongue the jelly out of a donut. Tie cherry stems with your tongue. Remove your lover's clothes with just your mouth." In addition, they describe an ancient Chinese technique: "Hang an orange on a string and practice martial arts with your tongue. Jab the orange. Lift it up with an upward sliding motion. Slap it from side to side. After a few weeks graduate to a grapefruit. And to prepare for the Olympics, practice with a jar filled with weights."

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

AMERIGO THE SEXUAL

how a nondescript navigator sold the new world

It is time to face a fact central to the American character: Our country was named after a pornographer.

Forget what you thought you knew about Amerigo Vespucci, the navigator whose name mysteriously made its way to the earliest map of the New World. Amerigo was first and foremost a writer of bawdy letters, and he sent these wild tales of the continent he helped discover to his boss, Lorenzo de Medici, and to Florentine godfather Piero Soderini. Interoffice memos haven't been the same since.

Amerigo's reports of the exploration of the New World became best-selling reading for men of his day: There were a mere 22 editions of Columbus' letters and 60 editions of Vespucci's steamy celebrations published within 35 years of Columbus' first voyage to America.

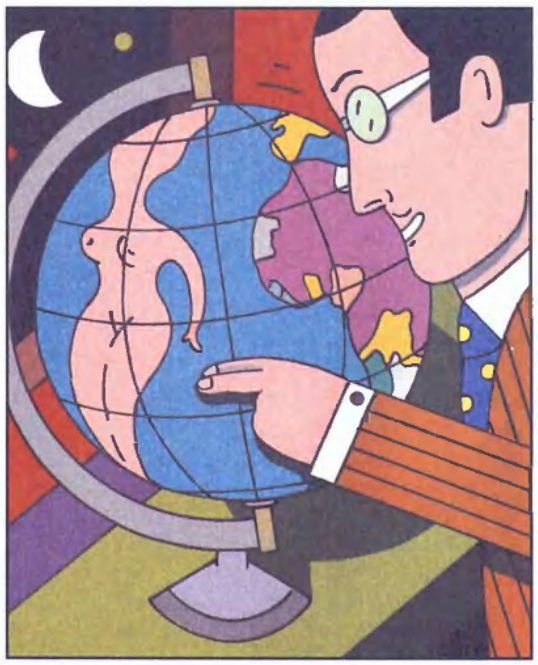
A cartographer in Germany came across the delicious documents and, in gratitude, put Amerigo's name on a map he was preparing for his *Cosmographia*. Thus, our country became the namesake of Amerigo Vespucci, pornographer to literate Europe. The Old World's first glimpse of the New World was not of amber waves of grain or purple mountains' majesty; it was a vision of a new sexual territory. A new frontier to explore.

Some of Amerigo's descriptions: "First, then, the people. Everyone of both sexes goes about naked, covering no part of the body, and just as they issued from their mothers' wombs so they go about until their dying day. They have big, solid, well-formed and well-proportioned bodies, and their complexions tend toward red, which happens, I suppose, because in going about naked they are colored by the sun.

"They live together without a king and without authorities, each man his own master. They take as many wives as they wish. They dissolve marriage as often as they please, observing no order in any of these matters."

Got your attention? Then read on.

"Their women, as I said, although they go naked and are exceedingly lustful, still have rather shapely and clean bodies. It seemed remarkable to us that none of them appeared to have sagging breasts, and also, those who had borne children could not be distinguished from the virgins by the shape or tautness of their wombs, and this was true too of other parts of their bodies, which decency bids me pass over. When they were able to copulate with Christians, they were driven by their excessive lust to corrupt and prostitute all their modesty.



These people live to be 150 years old.

"Each man takes as many women as he wants, and when he wishes to repudiate them, he does so without it being deemed an injustice to him or a disgrace to the woman, for in this matter the woman has as much liberty as the man. They are not very jealous, and are inordinately lustful, the women much more than the men, though decency bids us pass over the wiles they employ to satisfy their inordinate lust."

Amerigo also celebrated the Native American woman's fitness: "A woman thinks nothing of running a league or two, for many times we saw them do just that, and in this they have a very great advantage over us Christians. They swim unbelievably and the women are better than the men, for many times we encountered and saw them swimming about two leagues out to sea without any support."

No wonder, then, that Vespucci was able to confess: "We were received with so many and such barbarous ceremonies that the pen can but fail to describe them; these included dances and songs and laments mixed with mirth and many foods. And there we spent the night, where they offered us their women, and we were unable to fend them off."

At one point Amerigo does provide, decency notwithstanding, an idea of those insatiable women's wiles: "They have another custom that is appalling and passes belief. Their women, being very lustful, make their husbands' members swell to such thickness that they look ugly and misshapen; this they accomplish with a certain device they have and by bites from certain poisonous animals."

Vespucci's letters launched a thousand ships. The history of America has been that of a constant struggle between an Old World order (patriarchal families, decency and all that) and a human desire to explore the sexual frontier.

We sometimes forget the power of sex to change the direction of a man's attention. Sex fueled the exploration of the New World. It also provided fodder for a wildly popular new technology—the printing press. Now, whenever we hear a parent go bonkers over telephone sex or computer bulletin-board sex or bawdy CDs, we recall that this is not the first time sex launched a new technology or made a new land tempting.

And now, whenever a woman passes us on the jogging path, or swims two leagues along the nearest beach, we can't help but wonder if she has also learned the thing that will make our members swell.

GO LUST,

the role of the sexual frontier

In 1893, historian Frederick Jackson Turner declared the American frontier dead. Turner meant that there was no more wilderness—that no matter where you went you'd find somebody else. But his essay argued that the frontier, the original promise of land and opportunity, had indelibly defined the American character, both morally and materially.

There was truth in Turner's thesis. Frontier is as essentially American a word as castle is European. Whatever the facts of westward expansion, the truth of Turner's thesis is borne out by American mythology. Various historians, filmmakers and novelists have celebrated the traits that were initially developed in confronting the frontier: Practicality. Inventiveness. Mobility. Restlessness. Optimism. Adaptability. Materialism.

The idea still motivates Americans. Columnist George Will fingers the rosary: "The frontier shaped our democratic values of egalitarianism, individualism, pleasure in physical mobility, confidence in social mobility and faith in the possibility of rebirth through a fresh start out yonder, over the next mountain. In short, optimism."

The geographic frontier closed, but the impulse to explore remains. On the 100th anniversary of Turner's essay, historian Robert Kyff noted that "political figures as diverse as John F. Kennedy and Ronald Reagan deployed frontier metaphors and rhetoric to inspire everything from self-sacrifice to rugged individualism. More recently, in the post–Cold War era, Americans have channeled their expansionist impulses into the new frontiers of international cooperation, scientific research, space exploration, global environmentalism and innovative capitalism."

Kyff left out sex.

If one stops to look at the past half century in American history, one realizes that what occurred was not a sexual revolution but the opening of a sexual frontier. It was not a conflict between puritan values and a permissive culture so much as a leaving behind of constricting Old World values—such as sex in marriage only for the sake of procreation—in favor of exploration and settlement of a new and more promising world.

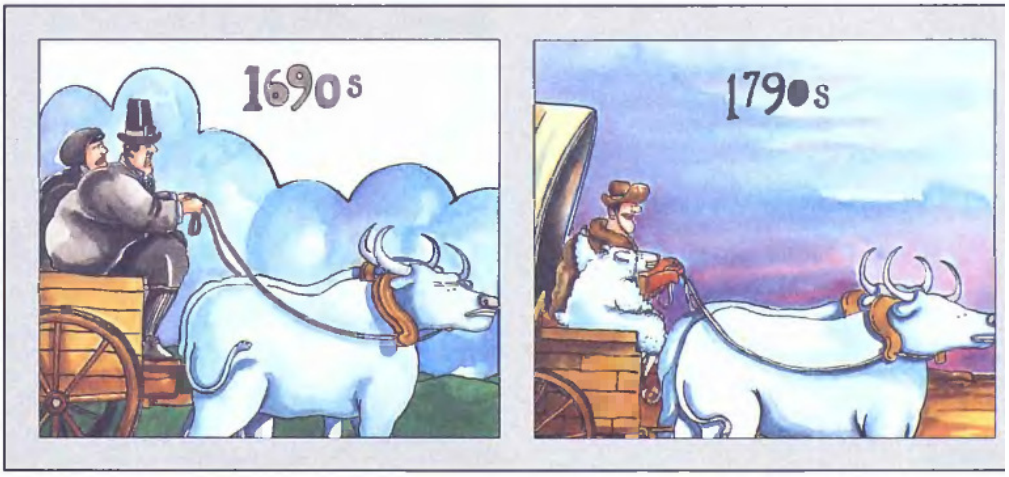
Turner's essay was prescient: "The American energy will continually demand a wider field for its exercise. . . . The inherited ways of doing things are also there; and yet, in spite of environment and in spite of custom, each frontier did indeed furnish a new field of opportunity, a gate of escape from the past. . . . [The] scorn of older society, impatience of its restraints and its ideas and indifference to its lessons have accompanied the frontier."

Whoever coined the phrase sexual revolution was no friend of change. The choice limited the debate. We read about survivors of the sexual revolution, fallout from the sexual revolution or the walking wounded of the sexual revolution. Such language allows conservatives to cloak themselves in the sheepskin of a conscientious objector. In a letter to the editor of *Newsday*, a citizen complained: "From a public health and medical perspective, the sexual revolution has been a grim disaster. Isn't it time we faced the truth and recognized that for the sake of our children, risk elimination is far better than risk reduction? We must start serious promotion of premarital abstinence and marital fidelity as the optimum health message for our young people and society. This is, in fact, a message consistent with traditional standards of morality."

Would an American pioneer have discussed a frontier in terms of risk reduction? For that matter, would America exist if the founding fathers had thought in terms of the safety of moral inertia?

When Hugh Hefner started PLAYBOY, he took on the hypocrisy of a society that preached puritan values but practiced a far wilder sexuality. He also attacked the relics—sodomy statutes, blue laws, the Comstock obscenity laws that outlawed birth control.

Alfred Kinsey had pointed the way with a map of the new territory, including routes to pleasure that only the adventurous had undertaken before. He called them orgasm outlets, but a better word might have been outposts. They were points of light on a dark horizon, redoubts in the wilderness.



Frederick Turner argued that the founding of Plymouth Colony (and its easily identifiable moral heritage) was not the defining moment in American history, but that the tumultuous westward expansion, the quest for variety and opportunity, was the heart of the new country.

The American tradition was clearly exemplified by English adventurer Thomas Morton, who simply moved to the suburbs of Plymouth. In 1625 he started Merry Mount, the first American counterculture. According to John D'Emilio and Estelle Freedman, authors of *Intimate Matters: A History of*

YOUNG MAN

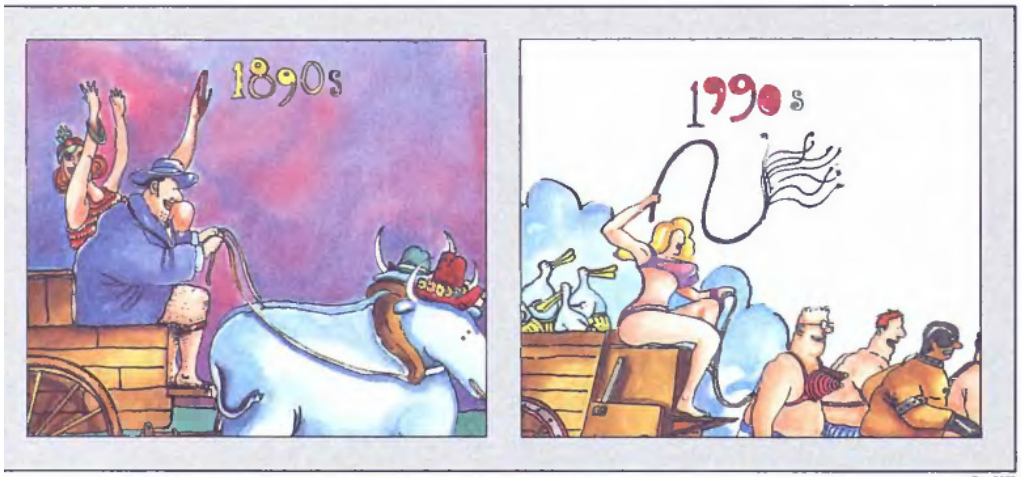
in america By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Sexuality in America: "The men and women who joined Thomas Morton at Merry Mount engaged in 'profane and dissolute living,' including sexual relations outside of marriage. In addition, while most European settlers expressed shock at the sexual habits of the native tribes and tried to convert them to what they believed to be a superior Christian morality, Morton and his followers welcomed Indians to Merry Mount and openly had sexual relations with them. In a further affront to Pilgrim values, Morton revived the pagan May Day festivities, complete with the erotically charged maypole. Merry Mount proved so threatening to the Pilgrims' vision of social order that in 1628 they deported Morton back to England. Libertinism, paganism and sexual relations with the Indians clearly had no place within the Puritan scheme, based as it was upon reestablishing the Christian family in the wilderness."

Stand at the Cumberland Gap, Turner wrote, and you could watch a progression of pioneers—the fur trader and hunter, the cattle raiser and, finally, the pioneer farmer. Stand at South Pass in the Rockies a century later and you would see the same parade. Each movement discarded cultural baggage and reinvented itself in the wild.

A modern observer could stand at Times Square and see a similar variety of people off on a quest: unmarried lovers, interracial lovers, older men with younger women, younger men with older women, lesbian lovers, gay comrades, prostitutes and johns, transvestites, male and female strippers, porn aficionados. A stream of people who, when the sexual frontier opened, began exploring their own sexual destinies. In America every individual has the right to grow up and be a guest on *Oprah*.

For men and women coming of age in the Sixties, the opposite sex represented opportunity, a rough equality free of class, free of the prison of convention. Yes, it was a me decade, but what other label fits the uncommon individualism of a man or woman who uprooted a safe life to go to the gold mines or land-rush territories?



The people who settled the frontier did not abandon ties to the old order; they made demands on it, while the blue bloods whimpered and whined about the rough, uncultured Westerners. But a younger America believed in politics and collaboration: The government built the roads and canals, and provided the railroads land grants that connected the restless with the established. It paid for armies to protect the westward expansion.

Today conservatives bemoan the social costs of the permissive society with miserly self-interest. Perhaps America will remember its past, perhaps Washington's power elite will reach out to the most isolated sexual groups—the teen mothers and AIDS victims who got more than their share of trouble on the frontier. Turner said that Americans on the frontier found something "which liberated man from pettiness."

A good fuck will do that.

In pop culture, frontiers are far more seductive than revolutions. How many Hollywood films have there been about the Declaration of Independence or the founding fathers? Few. How many films have there been about the westward expansion? Innumerable. While the Sixties and early Seventies—whether you choose to label them sexual revolution or frontier opening—allowed for certain macho posturing, when people made love they were not defying parents or Puritans, they were discovering someone else.

Where is the sexual frontier? One writer said simply, "Wherever there is an open mind, there is a frontier."

PLAYBOY has been using the term sexual frontier since the Seventies. Occasionally a writer would take an assignment to stroll along the sexual frontier, explore a topless or bottomless bar, a massage parlor, public sex club, orgy or S&M parlor. But as one reporter concluded, the frontier wasn't along the fringe—it was back at home, or anywhere there were two people (or fewer) in a square bed.

A playwright speaking of his latest work declared, "Since the sexual frontier is our newest horizon, I have made the characters sexual as well as cultural outlaws."

A movie reviewer hinted at a map of the new territory: "Every so often, a new movie comes along that is supposed to push back cinema's sexual frontier."

In a newspaper article, Connie Zweig, an editor for a Los Angeles publisher, Jeremy Tarcher, which has several books about human sexual frontiers in print or in the works, said that sexuality has "very much been linked to fear and control and the very deep problems between the genders. That's one of the reasons we're publishing these books that have a spiritual or transpersonal slant—because sexuality is full of promise."

That is what this land is all about.

TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

Peter McWilliams' "Ain't Nobody's Business" (*The Playboy Forum*, September) targets the blatantly unconstitutional invasion of the right to privacy. The foundation of his argument appears to be a brief but critically important (and often overlooked) reference to the secular nature of America's founding documents—and the convictions of those who wrote and signed them. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are based on the principle that man is his own boss, beholden to no one. This conviction effectively reverses the Christian theory of the downward flow of power from God to popes, kings and those acting in their names. The American ideal radically repudiates all Christian theology, Catholic and Protestant alike. It is a supreme irony that the proclamation that gave Christians—both the tyrannical Protestant and the dictatorial Catholic—a haven in which to worship freely is now the one they try to destroy for everybody else.

James L. Lucas
Chicago, Illinois

Congratulations, Peter McWilliams. You hit the nail on the head with your assertion that the imposition of others' morals on individuals is unconstitutional. Our forefathers tried to establish a system to protect the individual and to preserve what they saw as inalienable rights. But somehow between then and now the system has gotten out of alignment. For example, rights that are supposed to be undeniable, irrevocable and permanently possessed are revoked from anyone on parole or probation under the Fourth Amendment Waiver. A person on parole or probation has no protection against illegal search and seizure—and no Second Amendment or voting rights. This means that "victimless" criminals are punished twice for their crimes.

Kyle Adams
San Diego, California

Peter McWilliams' article should be required reading in Congress. McWilliams tunes in perfectly to the problems of our democracy. He presents the erosion of individual freedom and choice in a manner that should make every American ill.

Kevin Baxter
West Chicago, Illinois

Cheers for Peter McWilliams. It's hard to witness our government's treatment of consensual crime and with the same eyes see America as a free country. All our problems can be linked to Big Brother thumb-screwing us. Free enterprise, liberty and the pursuit of happiness have gone to hell. Unless the government lets us grow a little smoke and screw the way we want, the country will go to hell. Whether you are straight, gay, right or left, Republican or Democrat, you should fight against this type of repression.

Greg Milani
Griffin, Georgia

FOR THE RECORD

WALKING PAPERS

"I don't pay them to come over, I pay them to leave." —A CELEBRITY CLIENT OF HEIDI FLEISS' ON WHY HE LIKED PROSTITUTES

NUMERICAL ORDER

Over the past few months I've seen headlines and news stories that claim AIDS is increasing dramatically among heterosexuals. How does *The Playboy Forum* interpret such numbers?

James Johnson
Hershey, Pennsylvania

Here are the latest figures from the CDC: In America in 1989 there were 19,652 cases of AIDS among gays, 10,108 cases among IV-drug users and 1954 cases among heterosexuals. The 1992 numbers showed 23,936 AIDS cases diagnosed among gays (an increase of 22 percent) and 13,854 cases among IV-drug users (a 37 percent increase). While these groups still recorded the largest number of cases, they showed only modest increases in new cases diagnosed. However, AIDS among heterosexual men jumped from 782 in 1989 to 1677 in 1992 (a 114 percent increase), with infection among heterosexual women going from 1172 in 1989 to 2437 in 1992 (a 108 percent increase). While the actual number of cases is small (considering the total number of heterosexuals in America), the statistical twitch is dramatic. Those numbers suggest that heterosexuals have not gotten the message that they should practice safe sex.

SEX FOR THE AGES

In the December issue, "The Playboy Forum" invited a group of eminent specialists in sociology and sexuality to express their opinions about sex in the new millennium. Here, two pundits weigh in:

America has the Western world's worst record on AIDS, rape, premarital pregnancy and most every other sexual problem, and so it ought to be obvious that we need serious and major changes in the way we handle sexuality. Thinking about the future of sex brought to mind the year I spent in Sweden. I was struck by the open way in which Swedes accept sexuality as a natural part of life and prepare young people for safe and rewarding sexual relationships. And their rates of sexually transmitted disease, rape and unwanted pregnancy are only a fraction of ours.

In America there is a much stronger emphasis on prevention of sex as the only right way—especially for those in their teens or for any nonheterosexual behavior. We don't seem to realize the risks we are exposing our young

RESPONSE

people to. Vows of abstinence break far more easily than do condoms. Most important, despite the almost universal practice of premarital intercourse, Americans haven't developed a clear mandate for a new sexual ethic to replace compulsory abstinence. Many parents are frightened by the task of raising young people to be sexual because they haven't worked out their own sexual ethics. Trying to get everyone to wait until they are married or in love doesn't tell you how to behave sexually; rather, it is a delaying tactic. Our sexual ineptness is supported by gender and other inequalities spread throughout our society. How can we negotiate a sexual relationship with concern for our partners if we don't see each other as equals?

We need a new sexual ethic, one that replaces the absolutism of abstinence with the pluralism of acceptable choices. We all want to avoid force and manipulation, and to do this we must demand that all sexual relationships be negotiated in an honest, equal and responsible fashion. This HER pluralism should become our new sexual ethic. It includes sexuality between people of the same or opposite gender, and teenagers if they are capable of HER relationships. Abstinence is still a legitimate choice, but would have no moral priority over other choices. The HER sexual ethic applies to those who only kiss as well as to those who frequently copulate. This is the sexual change that America most dearly needs.

Ira L. Reiss, author, *An End to Shame: Shaping Our Next Sexual Revolution*

As we approach the 21st century, a new world order of human sexuality is required if sexual love is to replace the sexual violence pandemic to the world. Central to this quest is the understanding of how moral values drive the forces of good and evil, of pain and pleasure. These are all interconnected, but it is the relative moral values we give pain and pleasure that define and determine the nature and future of our humanity and our sexuality. There is probably no more perverse theory of moral behavior created than the moral dualism that condemns women as evil and as morally and socially inferior to men. This philosophical and theological fiat has made the human body and its pleasures alien to our humanity. We now know from abundant scientific research that the deprivation of physical, affectional pleasure in human relationships and its failure to be integrated into higher brain processes are the primary causes of violence. It is also responsible for the continuing sexual and social inequality of women and men. We also know that sexual pleasure that is mutually shared in a loving relationship neutralizes power and inequality in those relationships, and that sexual love—not sexual puritanism—is the true path for growth and communion. We must affirm that physical pleasure is not only moral but morally necessary if we are to become enlightened persons, and that the human spirituality of our sexuality must be developed.

James W. Prescott
Institute of Humanistic Science
San Diego, California

We want to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939.*

FREE HEIDI

Every day on the streets of Los Angeles, gunfire rings out. Gangs wage war. There is robbery and rape on a scale that would horrify most Europeans; murder and mayhem pass virtually unremarked. Now we learn that, confronted with this cavalcade of crime, the Los Angeles Police Department has chosen to spend countless dollars and manhours to hunt down a 27-year-old pediatrician's daughter named Heidi. No doubt the battle-scarred people of South Central are sleeping more soundly.

Yet the absurdity of the case of Heidi Fleiss (a.k.a. "madam to the stars") is not the way it distracts the police from more serious crimes but that, in the cradle of the permissive society and home of free-market capitalism, she should be accused of a crime at all. Ms. Fleiss was nothing more than a pleasure broker. For a fee, she would arrange for rich men to have the chance to, as Angelenos put it, chase after girls who run slow. Indeed, the very name of Fleiss' alleged crime shows how ludicrous it is: not prostitution, but pandering.

Pandering to what, you might well ask, other than legitimate, indeed wholly natural, human needs and desires? In fact, Fleiss was simply supplying lubricatory information in a market creaking from its lack. Hollywood's harried high rollers have no time to engage in idle (and potentially fruitless) chat-ups. They are occupied with commanding the film business, which is after all one of the world's great industrial triumphs. Fleiss enhanced their efficiency; there was not a victim in sight.

Her persecution is a perversion of the free market in another sense. The swirl of publicity around the case has made Fleiss a hot property: She is shopping a name-naming book for $1 million. Were it not for her arrest, Fleiss would be nothing more than an obscure market-maker. Now she is known worldwide. Is this not misguided use of taxpayers' money—a massive celebrity subsidy?

Some will argue that what Fleiss is said to have done was not victimless at all, but part of the corrosive degeneracy eating away at Hollywood and, through it, infecting mass culture. This misunderstands the place and its products. Hollywood is getting ever more button-down and boring: If community policing were practiced there, it would typically involve officers shouting "Stop! Those shoes don't go with those trousers."

Yet as the town got duller, sex and violence in films soared. Could there be a connection? Perhaps Ms. Fleiss is all that stands between us and a world in which even the most wholesome movies are littered with corpses and copulation.

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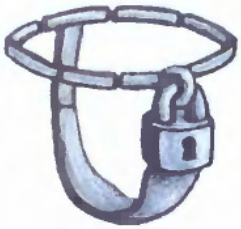
BACK TO BASICS



CHASTITY BELT

LINEN CONDOM

LEMON HALF
(EARLY BARRIER METHOD)

RUBBER CONDOM

DIAPHRAGM

THE PILL

IUD

LATEX CONDOM

FEMALE CONDOM

ABSTINENCE ED

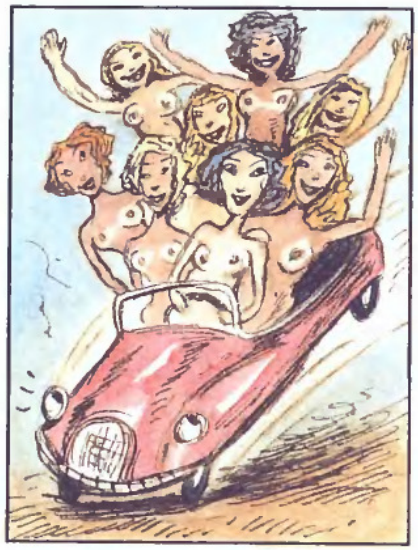
AMY CREMORE

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

HOLY ROAD TRIP

VINTON, LOUISIANA—*Police arrested 20 naked Pentecostals on a pilgrimage to Florida after a car crash ended a brief*



chase. The judge—and the police—never quite got to the bottom of why the Pentecostals were nude and riding in one car. At their hearing the judge said, "I'm relying on the statement [that] you were told to do so by some higher being." City prosecutors agreed to dismiss criminal charges if the pilgrims would pay $975 to fix a damaged fence and telephone pole.

GAY FUNDING

MARIETTA, GEORGIA—*After declaring homosexuality incompatible with community standards, the county commission unanimously voted to eliminate $110,000 in arts funding that it thinks is helping a "gay agenda" creep into Cobb County. The action followed the local production of an acclaimed off-Broadway play about AIDS, "Lips Together, Teeth Apart."*

NEW YORK CITY—*The American Civil Liberties Union managed to beat back an attempt to deny funding to three gay and lesbian film festivals. The National Endowment for the Arts, seemingly reflecting an antihomosexual bias, initially denied funding for the festivals. The ACLU lawsuit charging censorship forced the arts group to "recognize its past errors" and change its position.*

BUBBLING CRUDE

HOLLYWOOD—*Jesse Dupree, the lead singer of the rock band Jackyl, is accusing director Penelope Spheeris of sex discrimination for dropping him from the soundtrack of the film "Beverly Hillbillies"—allegedly because he posed nude for "Playgirl" magazine. Dupree pointed out that the female lead of "Hillbillies," Erika Eleniak, appeared in* PLAYBOY*—which wasn't a problem. "You could argue that Erika was more naked than me because* PLAYBOY *has a much bigger circulation," he said. "And at least I'm wearing boots and socks in my photos."*

WHAT, NO BARNEY?

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS—*A 30-year-old Rockford mother received a 45-day jail sentence, a $200 fine and lost custody of her child after hiring a stripper for her 12-year-old son's birthday party. The woman pleaded guilty to misdemeanor sexual abuse of a child for allowing the boy to lick whipped cream off the breast of the exotic dancer, who had stripped to a G-string and halter top.*

UNDRESS NOT OPTIONAL

PARIS—*France's premiere nudist colony, at Cap d'Agde, has organized patrols to make sure clothed visitors—called "les textiles"—disrobe. More and more tourists, it seems, were flouting the town council's trilingual signs warning* NUDITY OBLIGATORY. *They were "treating our beach like an ordinary beach and simply refusing to get undressed," Cap d'Agde's mayor complained. "This sort of behavior is understandably very offensive to genuine nudists." The patrols' only official garment is a white cap.*

STAND BY YOUR MAN

ARNHEM, NETHERLANDS—*The Arnhem town council has politely but firmly declined a church's request to move or remove a life-size statue of a nude man sporting a conspicuous erection. The church is offended that the sculpture stands across from its recreation area and that the statue regularly spews red fluid from its ears, nose, nipples and penis. The town council wrote in declining the church's appeal, "The positive reaction that we have received shows that many people, young and old, appreciate the work and find it amusing."*

THE FIRST SIN

MOBILE, ALABAMA—*The Roman Catholic Church issued a "recant or resign" ultimatum to the Reverend David Trosch, a supposedly pro-life priest who created a newspaper advertisement condoning the murder of abortion doctors. "The Mobile Register" refused the ad, captioned "Justifiable Homicide," which showed a man pointing a gun at a doctor holding a knife and standing over a pregnant woman. In an interview Trosch declared, "If 100 doctors need to die to save more than 1 million babies a year, I see it as a fair trade." The Church found Trosch's personal theology at odds with Catholic theology. Reverend Trosch has agreed to cease and desist.*

CRUMPETS, ANYONE?

PERTH, AUSTRALIA—*City health officials have ordered a restaurant to stop using the navels of its topless waitresses as fruit plates. A local ordinance prohibits topless*

women from serving food or drink, but the owners of the restaurant argued that the statute didn't specifically rule out the use of the waitresses' belly buttons as dessert cups for fruit salad.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

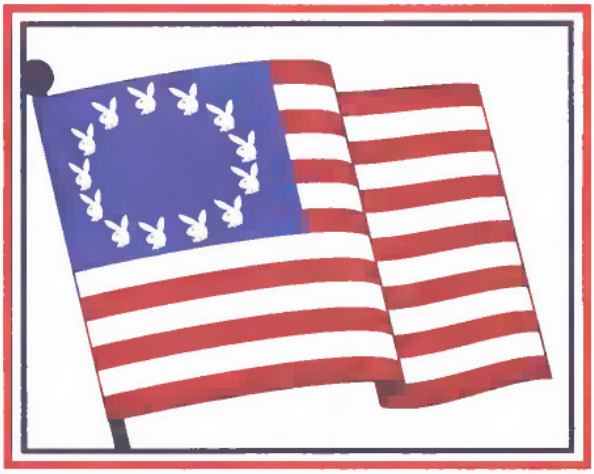
KNOWN BY OUR ENEMIES

a look at the playboy foundation's record

The conservative Capital Research Center published a book by Cliff Kincaid titled *The Playboy Foundation: A Mirror of the Culture?* We were flattered by the attention. Then we had a look. Willa Ann Johnson had gathered a group of researchers and scholars under the rubric of the CRC and had given them a mission to challenge "the progressive ideology of the public-interest culture." In the past, other CRC targets have included General Mills, American Express and AT&T.

Kincaid's book is clearly an attempt to hide a broadside against PLAYBOY behind the skirts of a supposed scholarly analysis of the Playboy Foundation's contributions.

It came as no surprise when the Reverend Donald Wildmon latched on to the book as "proof" of his standard anti-PLAYBOY diatribe. PLAYBOY FUNDS PRO-DRUG, PRO-ABORTION CAUSES, screamed the headline in his June 1993 *Journal of the American Family Association*. This was followed in short order by "For years rumors have fluttered: PLAYBOY not only sells abortion, it pays for it, too. . . . Much of the bunny money went to pro-abortion organizations, the American Civil Liberties Union and homosexual rights groups."



ABBIE SEMMETT

Predictably, conservatives like the Reverend Wildmon and Kincaid were gleeful that they could finally point to some hard facts proving that their archenemy PLAYBOY, through the Playboy Foundation, funded such un-American and anti-family organizations as the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, the National Abortion Rights Action League, the Women's Action Alliance, Emily's List (a women's campaign support group) and Voters for Choice.

Is the ACLU un-American or anti-family? Only if you believe that the founding fathers—the guys who wrote the Bill of Rights—aren't a part of every American's family tree.

NORML? Yup, we believe that marijuana should be treated in the same manner as drinking and smoking, not subjected to today's draconian laws.

NARAL? Sure. We believe that freedom means nothing unless you have control over your own body.

And it should surprise no one that Christie Hefner helps out Emily's List, since women have the same right to self-determination as men. At PLAYBOY we put our money where our mouths are and support the organizations that we believe in.

Kincaid waves around our donations list like McCarthy waved his list of Communists. As we read through *Mirror* we were pleasantly reminded of a lot of good friends, and why we've helped them:

- American Library Association's Freedom to Read Foundation because all Americans should have access to books.
- Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights because we respect free thinking even in organized religion.
- Children of the Night because it helps get children out of prostitution and off drugs.
- National Gay Task Force because freedom of sexual orientation should be an inalienable right.
- T. Mack Brabham, attorney in a Mississippi sodomy case, whose fees we paid because sexuality is natural and privacy is not the domain of heterosexuals alone.
- Planned Parenthood Federation of America because everybody should have access to information about birth control.

The list goes on and on. Yes, we gave, and we'd do it again.

Some of Kincaid's wild accusations border on cruel. He blames us for Magic Johnson's being HIV-positive. "When [Magic] announced that he had contracted the virus that causes acquired immunodeficiency syndrome, one sportswriter mentioned what the rest of the media just whispered: promiscuity. The tragedy . . . added dreadful meaning to an August 27, 1987, *Detroit Free Press* cartoon that showed the letters AIDS scrawled directly over PLAYBOY's bunny logo." Yes, it's a tragedy for all Americans. But rather than preach or take cheap shots, the Foundation raised more than $300,000 for AIDS research. Can the CRC say the same?

In one Flying Wallendas leap of logic, Kincaid tries to make PLAYBOY the accomplice of an infamous mass murderer: "Some of [serial killer Ted] Bundy's victims might be alive today had they been armed; PLAYBOY supports gun control. On the other hand, if the magazine had its way, Bundy would be the one still alive; PLAYBOY opposes the death penalty." We abhor violence—whether it's committed by the insane or by the state. We'd certainly like to think our contributions (both financial and editorial) to organizations that better American life have such a far-reaching impact. And in some cases we feel the conservatives' fear of our power is justified. We helped establish the principle in *Roe vs. Wade* that guarantees a woman's right to abortion. We have helped rewrite antisodomy laws in several states. In many areas across the nation we have helped disseminate information on sex education. We have fought censorship and defended the public's right to know.

Ironically, the title of Kincaid's book comes from Thomas Weyr's *Reaching for Paradise: The Playboy Vision of America*. Weyr wrote: "No intelligent reader can do without it and pretend to any serious understanding about the United States. PLAYBOY is a mirror of the culture."

We hope so.

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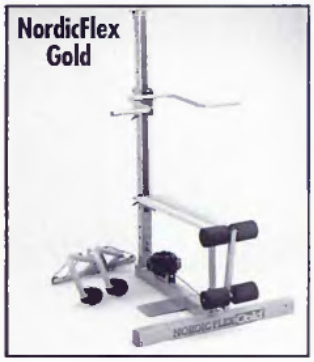

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3 Leg Extension Unit included	☑ YES Permits both leg extensions and lying leg curls.	☒ NO Costs $200 extra.	☑ YES, **BUT...**Leg unit included doesn't permit lying leg curls.
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6 Comfortable bench	☑ YES Padded bench is a full 47" long, 12" wide, and a comfortable 20" high.	☒ NO Padded bench is only 40½" long, making some lying down exercises awkward.	☒ NO Padded 40" bench is short, narrow (only 9" wide), and too high (24") off the ground.
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END THE VIETNAM WAR

our vendetta is bad for business—
and a sad disservice to those who died for peace

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

In September 1993 the U.S. government buried the tooth of an American soldier. The tooth, along with a set of dog tags, was all that turned up after a search of the Laotian hill where the soldier's helicopter crashed decades ago.

The lone tooth was enough for the Pentagon, weary after 18 years of pursuing the living dead of the Vietnam-era MIAs, to provide a burial with full honors at Arlington National Cemetery. Needless to say, the family of the soldier was disappointed. First, the family disputed that the tooth belonged to its missing son. When the family dentist confirmed the identity, the family argued that the soldier could still be held captive in some forlorn Southeast Asian village.

Call it hope eternal or deep denial, but, as in the aftermath of no other war, the hunt for MIAs continues unabated. The National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, goaded by politicians and fund-raisers who play on its members' ever-more desperate sense of loss, will not permit closure.

As a result, the U.S. spends $100 million a year looking for the remains or possible whereabouts of American soldiers still listed as MIA. The money is spent, even though the Pentagon and congressional committees that investigated the subject report that fewer than 100 of the more than 2000 officially listed MIAs are, in any realistic sense, unaccounted for. While it's reasonable to continue to pursue all leads that might give the families hope, it is not reasonable to indulge the denial of those same families, as Ross Perot and others have done, using reported sightings and dubious Soviet documents to play on the hopes that some MIAs may be alive.

Equally cynical and self-defeating is to hold American trade policy hostage to such fantasy, as President Clinton has done, by using the issue to prevent full normalization of relations with Vietnam. Five days after signing the Paris peace accords on February 1, 1973, Henry Kissinger handed a secret letter to the North Vietnamese prime minister committing the U.S. to aid Vietnam financially in "healing the wounds of war and postreconstruction."

Instead, we strangled Vietnam with a worldwide economic embargo. There is no precedent for the unrelenting hostility toward Vietnam. The U.S. quickly rebuilt Japan and Germany, the two most vicious adversaries in this nation's—and the world's—history, despite the 80,000 Americans who remain unaccounted for from World War Two.

Not only do we have normal relations with the People's Republic of China, but last May, Clinton, like every president since Richard Nixon, also extended most-favored-nation trade status to the country that bloodied us badly in the Korean War.

There's no end to the allowances we make for those former adversaries. We indulge in horribly lopsided trade imbalances with Japan and China, even though both exclude our products from their domestic markets. It was only after the Chinese were caught selling to Pakistan M-11 missiles capable of carrying nuclear warheads and striking India that the Clinton administration limited sales of high-tech equipment.

Amazingly, we have been the most forgiving toward China, the one communist country that was originally thought to represent the gravest threat to American security. As Lyndon Johnson told us repeatedly, we went to war in Vietnam only to stop the Red Chinese horde.

That's what I was told by strategists in Saigon in 1964 and 1965 when I questioned why we were sending a half million troops to do battle with a country that didn't have indoor plumbing, let alone the ability to invade the U.S. The only justification for the Vietnam war ever believed by serious policymakers is that Vietnam was a surrogate for its immense communist neighbor, China. Yet six years after we "lost" Vietnam, the Chinese communists went to war against the Vietnamese communists, reviving a 1000-year history of enmity.

We get along with China, despite the egregious human rights violations of Tiananmen Square, as we did earlier with Germany and Japan, because it is big and powerful and we are opportunistic. We continue to isolate Cuba and Vietnam, despite the collapse of the Soviet Union and the Cold War, because they are small and are deemed to have been impudent toward us.

Thousands of American companies do business with China, but representatives of many of those companies are in a holding pattern, unable to obtain permission to compete with the Japanese, French, Dutch and Taiwanese companies that are swarming over Vietnam, locking up its potential oil reserves and otherwise cutting deals with the country that is expected to be the next tiger of Asian economic development.

Vietnam has embraced the free market as fully as China or the old Russia, but while both its former communist sponsors enjoy most-favored-nation status, Vietnam is still being punished.

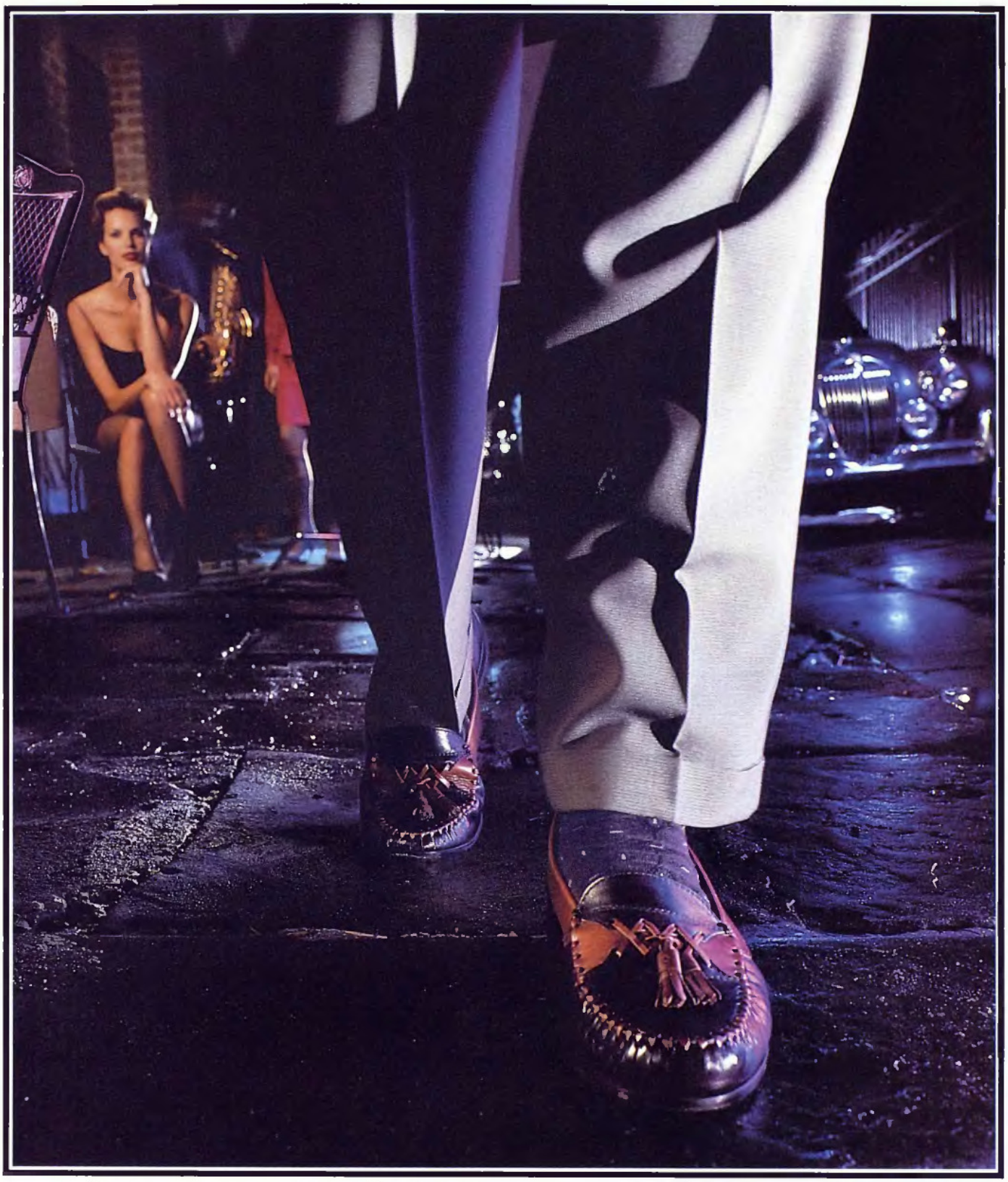
To continue the war with Vietnam in this fashion is not a reflection of sound policy but rather a dredging of the bitter remains of a sad obsession. We can't let go that self-righteous anger over the fact that this small nation of peasants beat us in war.

How long will this madness continue? How long will we stir the ashes looking for revenge, if not victory, for a war that our current president opposed, as did a majority of our citizens by the war's end?

We all know that Clinton, who avoided service in Vietnam, is afraid of leading on this issue. But as *The New York Times* editorialized, "Sooner or later, some American president will find the courage to end Washington's now-pointless vendetta against communist Vietnam."

How could opening Vietnam fully to American commerce possibly inhibit the search for Americans in that country? With engineers and businessmen from this country pushing their wares in the hamlets of Vietnam, isn't it likely that we will learn more about what happened to the men who allegedly died there? The experience in our relations with each of the world's nations, no matter their social system, is that the more open they are to outside business, the more difficult it is for them to keep secrets.

The greatest disservice to those who died in Vietnam would be to fail to learn the lessons of peace. As the old Israeli soldier Yitzhak Rabin said prior to shaking hands with Yasir Arafat, the man he most despised: "You make peace with your enemy, not your friends."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: DAVID LETTERMAN

a candid conversation with the new king of late-night tv about jay and conan, beavis and butt-head, cars and women and how paul newman snubbed him

In the last decade of the 20th century, there came upon the land the dread and terrible Late-Night Wars. Network was pitted against network, band against band, comic against comic. The wars aren't over yet, but the probable victor has emerged from the unholy stench of battle: David Letterman, new lord of late night and heir apparent to the title of National Comedian.

Revenge is still the best revenge, and for Letterman, it has to be especially sweet. As host of "Late Show with David Letterman," he is succeeding beyond the expectations of many industry savants in the time slot NBC refused to give him. And he's doing it at CBS, which has never before been a player in late night. Since 1980, if not earlier, Letterman had been spoken of as the logical man to succeed Johnny Carson behind the "Tonight Show" desk. But in 1991, when Carson announced his plans to leave, NBC gave the gig to Jay Leno, the stand-up comic with the Buick jaw who grew to national popularity largely through his appearances on Letterman's show.

Letterman won't say bad things about Leno, and Leno won't say bad things about Letterman, but a bitter rivalry had been set up. Dave's dissatisfaction with NBC may have started much earlier, however. When General Electric took over NBC in 1986, Letterman strolled to GE headquarters—with a fruit basket and a camera crew—to make a gag welcome-wagon visit, only to be met in the lobby by a hired goon who, putting his hand over the camera lens, ordered him to leave. It was a seminal moment. Also quite funny.

When the time came to renegotiate his contract, Letterman was wooed by both ABC and Fox before jumping ship. But it was CBS Broadcast Group president Howard Stringer who waged the most elaborate courtship, replete with flowers, bonbons and a custom-made videotape starring Letterman pal Connie Chung. Stringer likened landing Letterman to CBS's signing of Jack Benny 45 years ago.

CBS had lost millions on its disastrous deal with major-league baseball, and there was talk that a big-bucks Letterman grab could turn out to be another embarrassing fiasco. Letterman hired Hollywood monster-agent Michael Ovitz to engineer a deal that included a reported $14 million salary (a figure Letterman disputes), ownership of the program through Letterman's Worldwide Pants company, the right to produce the show that follows Letterman's and the lavish gift of the Ed Sullivan Theater, which CBS renovated at a cost in the neighborhood of $10 million. The network got some financial help from the city of New York, which had granted the theater landmark status and, as Letterman would say, ponied up some of the dough as part of a herculean effort to keep him from moving to Los Angeles.

Right out of the gate, Letterman looked like a hit. Even though only 70 percent of the CBS affiliates were carrying the show at 11:35 P.M. (compared with 99 percent of the NBC affiliates who were taking Leno), Letterman delivered a 6 rating to Leno's 4. CBS executives had quietly said they would make money on the deal even if Letterman delivered only a 3.5.

"It's a better show than I ever thought it would be," exults Stringer, who has hailed Letterman as a genius.

Not only were the viewers tuning in, not only was the show getting more publicity than most of the new prime-time programs, but also, early in the run, CBS stock took a big jump, a rise that many people, not including Letterman, attribute to his show's success.

Beyond the ratings, the profits and all the other measurements of success in television, Letterman and "Late Show" instantly boasted one element that can't be faked or manipulated: People talk about it the next day. They talk about Dave running out of the theater to buy tickets for "Miss Saigon" for the folks in the standby line who couldn't get into his show; they talk about Debra Winger ripping off her dress to reveal her old

"Every time I turned on MTV, there were Beavis and Butt-Head. And they make me howl. These guys are the purest form of idiots we've been able to isolate. I think they represent a significant portion of America."

"I used to be on Johnny's show. I saw how he did it. I saw the reaction the audience had for him. This is not false modesty. This guy could get a bigger laugh by raising an eyebrow than I could get telling eight jokes."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANOY O'ROURKE

"Please don't make me look like a dweeb in this. I can tell from your line of questioning and your tone of voice that you're making me out to be a total fucking dweeb. You're not exactly dealing with a chimp here."

Wonder Girl outfit from the Seventies; they talk about Al Gore bringing his own top-ten list with him for Letterman's delectation; they talk about Paul Newman standing up in the audience on premiere night to ask, "Where the hell are the singing cats?"; they talk about Dave driving around New York in a rented Stealth and making crank calls from his new car phone.

They talk about Letterman the next day the way people used to discuss some outrageous shenanigan by Jack Paar, or some wickedly withering ad-lib by Johnny Carson. Letterman's program isn't just a talk show but a talked-about show, and that makes the crucial difference. "The Late Show" seems more scrubbed and polished and much less ragged than "Late Night" was, but it's still the show on which something entertainingly unpredictable is most likely to happen.

Even at the age of 46—ten years older than Carson was when he took over "The Tonight Show"—the lanky, pranky and sometimes cranky Letterman remains TV's most reliable upstart, troublemaker and professional hooligan.

It was back in a high school speech class in Indianapolis that Letterman first dreamed of hosting a TV talk show. He had been something of a geeky kid—his dad, who died in 1974, was a florist; his mom was a church secretary—but he began to come into his own when he entered Ball State University in 1965 as a radio-TV major. He joined a fraternity, married his girlfriend and managed to work two summers as a replacement announcer on channel 13, the ABC affiliate in Indianapolis.

After graduation, channel 13 hired him full-time. He hosted a Saturday morning kids' show and the late-night movie and served as news anchor. But it was his stint as a weatherman that gave viewers a glimpse of Letterman's true talent. He once reported that the city was being pelted with hail "the size of canned hams" and enthusiastically congratulated a tropical storm when it was upgraded to hurricane status.

By May 1975, Letterman decided he was ready for big-time show business, and he and his wife moved to Los Angeles. The Comedy Store liked his stuff and made him a regular, with buddy Leno, and word got out that a new funnyman was in town. Jimmie "J. J." Walker, Bob Hope and Paul Lynde all hired him to write jokes, and Mary Tyler Moore hired him as a cast member on her ill-fated variety show.

As his career took off, his marriage fizzled. He became romantically involved with comedy writer Merrill Markoe and found success as a "Tonight Show" guest—in fact, he was so successful that he quickly became a substitute host. NBC, realizing it had a talk-show talent on its hands, gave him a morning show. Both he and Markoe won Emmys for it, but no one was watching and the show was canceled. Still, NBC was not about to let him go—it paid him to sit around until a new show came along.

"Late Night with David Letterman" debuted on February 1, 1982, and from the beginning was a hit for NBC. Markoe, who had been a creative juggernaut behind the show, returned to Los Angeles in 1986, but "Late Night" continued to thrive. For 11 years it was the hippest hour on TV—so hip, in fact, that NBC feared the "Tonight Show" audience would find Letterman too hip and tune out. He proved NBC wrong when he moved to CBS.

To see how Letterman is dealing with the unusual success of his new show, PLAYBOY *sent* **Tom Shales,** *syndicated TV critic for "The Washington Post," to the Ed Sullivan Theater to capture the elusive comedian. Shales reports:*

"For our first interview session, I took a rickety elevator to the 12th floor of the Ed Sullivan Theater building and was ushered into Dave's office, where I was met, if not exactly greeted, by the figure of Dave seated at his desk, wearing sweatpants, large Adidas sneakers and a Nigel Mansell T-shirt. He was glowering at me as if I had arrived to do proctoscopic surgery. After a few minutes of chat and of staff members' running in and out of the room, I asked Dave if I'd gotten the right impression. 'Yes, I was glowering at you,' he said. 'I'll just let you worry about it for a while. You just roll that around in your head for a bit, Tom.'

"He never explained the glowering, but I didn't take it personally. Even though he had agreed to do the interview, when the moment arrived, he probably had a sinking feeling and wished he could back out.

"At the end of the first session, Dave fixed his glower on my tape recorder and began shouting, 'For Christ's sake, this whole thing has been tape-recorded! You are really sneaky! Dear God!'

"The only thing Dave seems not to like about his new office is that from one window, looking down Broadway, he has a clear view of a billboard of Jay Leno's face and the words AMERICA IS STANDING UP FOR JAY. *Did NBC put that there on purpose? Dave grumbled something unintelligible and looked away.*

"His must be the least ostentatious star's office in the world. The room has bare white walls, few pieces of furniture, a cheap-looking stereo and a large bottle of cologne on a cabinet behind the desk. Stacks of 20-dollar bills sit around, for some strange reason, and at one point, a young woman brought in a large bottle of hot sauce and a few plastic spoons. Nothing to eat it with, or on—just the bottle. 'I loves the hot sauce,' Dave said by way of explanation."

"Here was a guy who was taking a job I really had wanted badly. It was one of the hardest days of my professional life."

PLAYBOY: This office doesn't seem much nicer than your old one.

LETTERMAN: I don't know. Every day I come in here I think I'm the luckiest man alive. It's a brand-new office. To me it's huge. I look down on Broadway. You know, I used to have a paper route. I don't know how this happened.

PLAYBOY: Have you thought of decorating it, or at least putting up a picture?

LETTERMAN: We may not be here that long.

PLAYBOY: Maybe you subscribe to a different ratings service. From what we see, you'll be around for a while.

LETTERMAN: I still want to be able to get out. I don't want to be encumbered by knickknacks.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you starting to feel confident?

LETTERMAN: No. I'm starting to feel sleepy.

PLAYBOY: Do you at least feel you've hit your stride?

LETTERMAN: No. Not really. [Associate producer] Barbara Gaines has to take me to the theater every day for rehearsal and walk me back because I tend to get lost. I don't feel that I have an actual schedule. Every day it's, "OK, now what do we do?" It's not like we learn much about how to do it from one day to the next. But that just may be me.

PLAYBOY: You obviously want to be number one in late night. Do you wish some of the other shows would just go away?

LETTERMAN: No. The more the better.

PLAYBOY: Really?

LETTERMAN: [*Laughs*] Yeah. I got so tired of being the new boy there for about two weeks. I was so happy when Chevy Chase came on. Let's get more shows. I want more shows. Everybody should have one.

PLAYBOY: Should they all have a band and a monolog and should they all have——

LETTERMAN: Yes. They should all be identical. That's fine with me.

PLAYBOY: Old friendships aside, you do want to clobber *The Tonight Show*, don't you?

LETTERMAN: Nothing would be more satisfying than to prevail. But at this point I think it's too early to draw any conclusions, so we're still running scared as fast as we can.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel comfortable talking about your competitors?

LETTERMAN: I'll talk about them as best I can, anything you would like to talk about. It's your gig.

PLAYBOY: OK. Have you watched them? Have you watched Leno?

LETTERMAN: I don't see much of *The Tonight Show*.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any opinion about what you've seen of it?

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LETTERMAN: I think Jay does a really nice job.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you're going to say about everybody?

LETTERMAN: I haven't really seen anybody. I've seen Arsenio Hall and I admire his enthusiasm and his energy. I look at it sometimes and think, Well, maybe that's the way it's supposed to be. But I know I couldn't do the kind of show he does.

PLAYBOY: How about Chevy Chase? His show didn't last too long.

LETTERMAN: I didn't see it. I saw 20 minutes of his first Friday-night show. I didn't think it was as bad as people had led me to believe. It looked like a new show and it looked like they were finding their way. But it certainly wasn't the nightmare that people seemed to think the first show was.

PLAYBOY: How do you like Conan O'Brien's show?

LETTERMAN: I haven't seen the show. I must admit that there is a little emotional bubble there for me. I don't know that I'm quite prepared to tune in to NBC at 12:30 and see a new guy succeed or fail.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem like the emotional type.

LETTERMAN: The truth is, that last month at NBC was awfully emotional for me. I can remember when Jay came on as a guest on our show early in May, before he was to take over *The Tonight Show*. And not because it was Jay, but it was difficult. Here was a guy who was taking a job I really had wanted badly. It was one of the hardest days of my professional life. I knew what I had to say and what I had to do, and I did it. I hope I did it well because I'd be embarrassed if I didn't. But it was tough, you know, sitting there congratulating Jay on getting *The Tonight Show* and wishing him well. He deserved it—the congratulations and the good wishes. But, God, it was—maybe I'm too much of a ninny about it—it was difficult.

PLAYBOY: What about Conan's visit on your old show?

LETTERMAN: It was the same to a lesser extent when Conan came on the show. I just felt, geez, I've been here for 11 years. Now here's the guy who is going to be here. I guess maybe the structure of it made me more emotional than the subject did.

PLAYBOY: Do people on the staff, thinking you want to hear it, say, "Oh, Chevy bombed with his premiere. Oh, Conan was terrible the other night"?

LETTERMAN: Obviously, it's what we're doing for a living, so we talk. I think after the first night of Chevy, there was a lot of discussion about it being very strange, very peculiar. Then when Conan came on the air, the discussion here was mostly positive.

PLAYBOY: Did he ever write for you?

LETTERMAN: Oddly enough, he wanted to write for us, and I believe we turned him down. It was a mistake on my part, though it certainly hasn't hurt him.

PLAYBOY: People complain that there are no women hosting these talk shows.

LETTERMAN: Well, good heavens, the most successful person in television is Oprah Winfrey.

PLAYBOY: They're talking about late night.

LETTERMAN: Well, what about the vaunted Whoopi Goldberg?

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about competition from Rush Limbaugh?

LETTERMAN: I think, politics notwithstanding, this guy is very entertaining. I've listened to his radio show. He's very calculated. He says and does things to create an impression, to get a reaction. I listen to him. I don't agree with much of what he says, but I find the guy entertaining. I find him first and foremost a showman. His television show is just him sitting at a desk, telling you what he thinks. And for that to be entertaining for half an hour, whether you agree with him or not, is no small accomplishment.

PLAYBOY: Do you vote?

LETTERMAN: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Do you vote all the time?

LETTERMAN: I usually limit it to election years. I'm tired of being turned away from the high school in an off year. "Can I vote today?" "No, Dave, come back in November."

PLAYBOY: We think of you as a maverick, a kind of rebel, a guy who doesn't take any shit. Does making $14 million a year make it harder to be a maverick?

LETTERMAN: Well, first of all, I'm not making $14 million a year. My salary comes out of a lump production fee that CBS pays us. To do the kind of show we want to do, far more money goes into getting this thing on the air every day than would allow me to take $14 million out of it. One of the problems—if it is a problem—is that we have people who have been with us for 12 years who have risen on the financial scale to such levels that we had to increase their compensation. Whereas, if we were starting from scratch, like Conan, everybody would expect to be paid far less money because they're just beginning. For personnel alone, our payroll is much higher than even *The Tonight Show*'s. So, in no way am I taking home close to $14 million.

PLAYBOY: More than $10 million?

LETTERMAN: It's none of your business. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: But for a while it was everybody's business. First it was $16 million, then $14 million. Did you fume every time you read that?

LETTERMAN: No, I didn't fume. Clearly, I'm not worth that kind of money, and I'm not making that kind of money, and the kind of money I'm making, I'm not worth, either. I can remember Bobby Bonilla's first year with the Mets, when one of the headlines on the back of the *Post* or the *Daily News* was FORTY MILLION,

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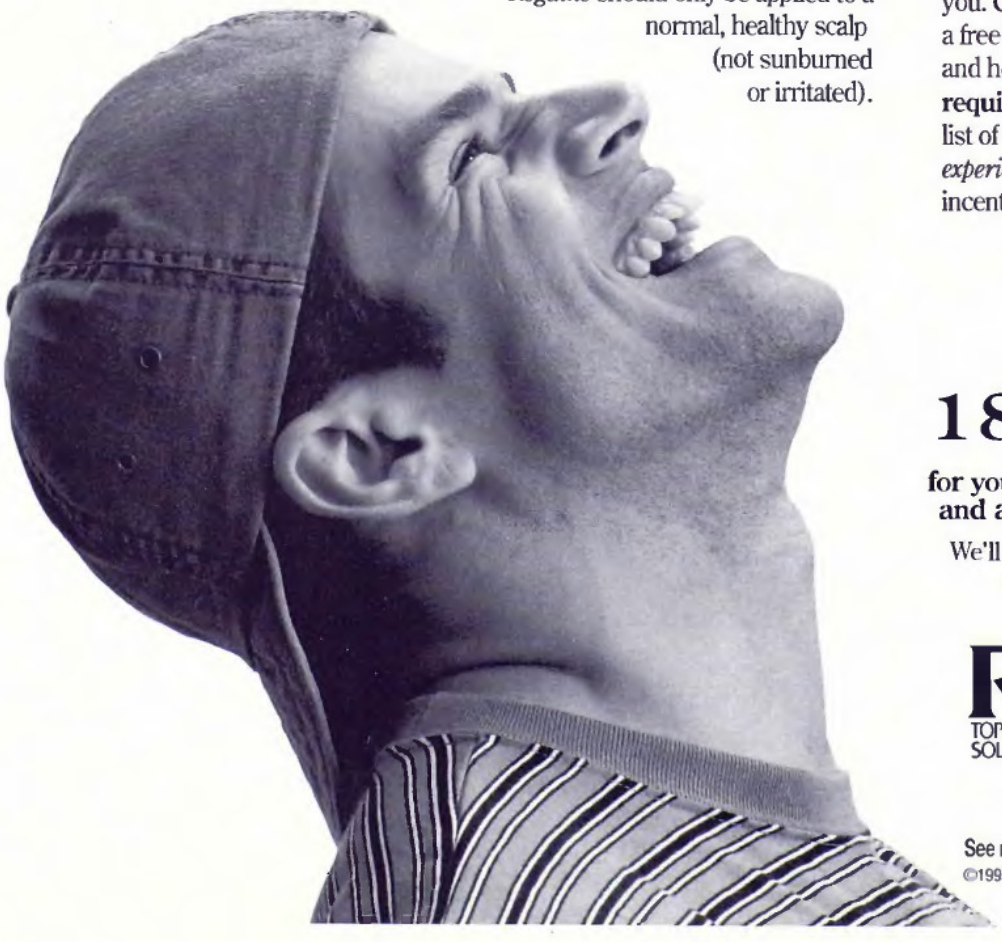

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How effective is ROGAINE?
In men: Clinical studies with ROGAINE of over 2,300 men with male pattern baldness involving the top (vertex) of the head were conducted by physicians in 27 US medical centers. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth at the end of 4 months, 26% of the patients using ROGAINE had moderate to dense hair regrowth compared with 11% who used a placebo treatment (no active ingredient). No regrowth was reported by 41% of those using ROGAINE and 58% of those using a placebo. By the end of 1 year, 48% of those who continued to use ROGAINE rated their hair growth as moderate or better.
In women: Clinical studies with ROGAINE were conducted by physicians in 11 US and 10 European medical centers involving over 600 women with hair loss. Based on patient evaluations of regrowth after 32 weeks (8 months), 23% of the women using ROGAINE had at least moderate regrowth compared with 9% of those using a placebo. No regrowth was reported by 43% of the group using ROGAINE and 60% of the group using placebo.

How soon can I expect results from using ROGAINE?
Studies show that the response time to ROGAINE may differ greatly from one person to another. Some people using ROGAINE may see results faster than others; others may respond with a slower rate of hair regrowth. You should not expect visible regrowth in less than 4 months.

How long do I need to use ROGAINE?
ROGAINE is a hair-loss treatment, not a cure. If you have new hair growth, you will need to continue using ROGAINE to keep or increase hair regrowth. If you do not begin to show new hair growth with ROGAINE after a reasonable period of time (at least 4 months), your doctor may advise you to discontinue using ROGAINE.

What happens if I stop using ROGAINE? Will I keep the new hair?
Probably not. People have reported that new hair growth was shed after they stopped using ROGAINE.

How much ROGAINE should I use?
You should apply a 1-mL dose of ROGAINE twice a day to your clean dry scalp, once in the morning and once at night before bedtime. Wash your hands after use if your fingers are used to apply ROGAINE. ROGAINE must remain on the scalp for at least 4 hours to ensure penetration into the scalp. Do not wash your hair for at least 4 hours after applying it. If you wash your hair before applying ROGAINE, be sure your scalp and hair are dry when you apply it. *Please refer to the Instructions for Use* in the package.

What if I miss a dose or forget to use ROGAINE?
Do not try to make up for missed applications of ROGAINE. You should restart your twice-daily doses and return to your usual schedule.

What are the most common side effects reported in clinical studies with ROGAINE?
Itching and other skin irritations of the treated scalp area were the most common side effects directly linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. About 7 of every 100 people who used ROGAINE (7%) had these complaints.
Other side effects, including light-headedness, dizziness, and headaches, were reported both by people using ROGAINE and by those using the placebo solution with no minoxidil. You should ask your doctor to discuss side effects of ROGAINE with you.
People who are extra sensitive or allergic to minoxidil, propylene glycol, or ethanol should not use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE Topical Solution contains alcohol, which could cause burning or irritation of the eyes or sensitive skin areas. If ROGAINE accidentally gets into these areas, rinse the area with large amounts of cool tap water. Contact your doctor if the irritation does not go away.

What are some of the side effects people have reported?
ROGAINE was used by 3,857 patients (347 females) in placebo-controlled clinical trials. Except for dermatologic events (involving the skin), no individual reaction or reactions grouped by body systems appeared to be more common in the minoxidil-treated patients than in placebo-treated patients.
Dermatologic: irritant or allergic contact dermatitis—7.36%; **Respiratory:** bronchitis, upper respiratory infection, sinusitis—7.16%; **Gastrointestinal:** diarrhea, nausea, vomiting—4.33%; **Neurologic:** headache, dizziness, faintness, light-headedness—3.42%; **Musculoskeletal:** fractures, back pain, tendinitis, aches and pains—2.59%; **Cardiovascular:** edema, chest pain, blood pressure increases/decreases, palpitations, pulse rate increases/decreases—1.53%; **Allergic:** nonspecific allergic reactions, hives, allergic rhinitis, facial swelling, and sensitivity—1.27%; **Metabolic-Nutritional:** edema, weight gain—1.24%; **Special Senses:** conjunctivitis, ear infections, vertigo—1.17%; **Genital Tract:** prostatitis, epididymitis, vaginitis, vulvitis, vaginal discharge/itching—0.91%; **Urinary Tract:** urinary tract infections, renal calculi, urethritis—0.93%; **Endocrine:** menstrual changes, breast symptoms—0.47%; **Psychiatric:** anxiety, depression, fatigue—0.36%; **Hematologic:** lymphadenopathy, thrombocytopenia, anemia—0.31%.
ROGAINE use has been monitored for up to 5 years, and there has been no change in incidence or severity of reported adverse reactions. Additional adverse events have been reported since marketing ROGAINE and include eczema; hypertrichosis (excessive hair growth); local erythema (redness); pruritus (itching); dry skin/scalp flaking; sexual dysfunction; visual disturbances, including decreased visual acuity (clarity); increase in hair loss; and alopecia (hair loss).

What are the possible side effects that could affect the heart and circulation when using ROGAINE?
Serious side effects have not been linked to ROGAINE in clinical studies. However, it is possible that they could occur if more than the recommended dose of ROGAINE were applied, because the active ingredient in ROGAINE is the same as that in minoxidil tablets. These effects appear to be dose related; that is, more effects are seen with higher doses.
Because very small amounts of minoxidil reach the blood when the recommended dose of ROGAINE is applied to the scalp, you should know about certain effects that may occur when the tablet form of minoxidil is used to treat high blood pressure. Minoxidil tablets lower blood pressure by relaxing the arteries, an effect called vasodilation. Vasodilation leads to fluid retention and faster heart rate. The following effects have occurred in some patients taking minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure:
Increased heart rate: some patients have reported that their resting heart rate increased by more than 20 beats per minute.
Salt and water retention: weight gain of more than 5 pounds in a short period of time or swelling of the face, hands, ankles, or stomach area.
Problems breathing: especially when lying down; a result of a buildup of body fluids or fluid around the heart.
Worsening or new attack of angina pectoris: brief, sudden chest pain.
When you apply ROGAINE to normal skin, very little minoxidil is absorbed. You probably will not have the possible effects caused by minoxidil tablets when you use ROGAINE. If, however, you experience any of the possible side effects listed above, stop using ROGAINE and consult your doctor. Any such effects would be most likely if ROGAINE was used on damaged or inflamed skin or in greater than recommended amounts.
In animal studies, minoxidil, in much larger amounts than would be absorbed from topical use (on skin) in people, has caused important heart-structure damage. This kind of damage has not been seen in humans given minoxidil tablets for high blood pressure at effective doses.

What factors may increase the risk of serious side effects with ROGAINE?
People with a known or suspected heart condition or a tendency for heart failure would be at particular risk if increased heart rate or fluid retention were to occur. People with these kinds of heart problems should discuss the possible risks of treatment with their doctor if they choose to use ROGAINE.
ROGAINE should be used only on the balding scalp. Using ROGAINE on other parts of the body may increase minoxidil absorption, which may increase the chances of having side effects. You should not use ROGAINE if your scalp is irritated or sunburned, and you should not use it if you are using other skin treatments on your scalp.

Can people with high blood pressure use ROGAINE?
Most people with high blood pressure, including those taking high blood pressure medicine, can use ROGAINE but should be monitored closely by their doctor. Patients taking a blood pressure medicine called guanethidine should not use ROGAINE.

Should any precautions be followed?
People who use ROGAINE should see their doctor 1 month after starting ROGAINE and at least every 6 months thereafter. Stop using ROGAINE if any of the following occur: salt and water retention, problems breathing, faster heart rate, or chest pains.
Do not use ROGAINE if you are using other drugs applied to the scalp such as corticosteroids, retinoids, petrolatum, or agents that might increase absorption through the skin. ROGAINE is for use on the scalp only. Each 1 mL of solution contains 20 mg minoxidil, and accidental ingestion could cause unwanted effects.

Are there special precautions for women?
Pregnant women and nursing mothers should not use ROGAINE. Also, its effects on women during labor and delivery are not known. Efficacy in postmenopausal women has not been studied. Studies show the use of ROGAINE will not affect menstrual cycle length, amount of flow, or duration of the menstrual period. Discontinue using ROGAINE and consult your doctor as soon as possible if your menstrual period does not occur at the expected time.

Can ROGAINE be used by children?
No, the safety and effectiveness of ROGAINE has not been tested in people under age 18.

Caution: Federal law prohibits dispensing without a prescription. You must see a doctor to receive a prescription.

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or FIFTY MILLION, whatever it was, FOR THIS? And there was a picture of Bobby Bonilla striking out, and I thought, Oh, boy, here we go.

I don't know where the figure came from. I think CBS was interested in demonstrating that "We're showing our importance and our belief in this project and backing it up with dollar figures." My greatest fear was that somebody would say, "Jesus—CBS just pissed away a lot of money." I am overpaid, but it's not $14 million.

PLAYBOY: At the end of your first week on the air, CBS stock shot up. Is the rise traceable to the show's success?

LETTERMAN: It had nothing to do with it. But it was one of the funniest, silliest, dumbest things I've experienced in my life. And we had nothing to do with it.

PLAYBOY: Someone said that CBS chairman Laurence Tisch might have made in three days more than you made all year, just on that stock rise.

LETTERMAN: There will come a day of balancing.

PLAYBOY: Has Tisch been over here?

LETTERMAN: A week before we went on the air I got a call from [CBS president] Howard Stringer, and he said, "I have to ask you a question. Say no if you want to. I'll understand." He said, "Larry Tisch would like to be in the audience the first night." And I swallowed very hard and said, "You know, not one of us up here believes our first night will be our best show. The last thing I need to do when a crane tips over and kills a guy onstage is to look out and see Larry Tisch in the third row." I said, "No offense, but no, thank you." And he said, "OK, not a problem." So I thought that was as good as it gets.

At the old place we had a very small audience and they would just load them up. Ed from Sales would bring in 18 people from Duluth, and because they didn't want to be there, they would just look at me like, "Who are you?" It was tough. So we have kind of a prohibition on VIP tickets. There are none. And it's worked out well. Even with the size house we have now, which is about 400, you don't want a batch of Larry Tisch's friends in there who are just waiting for cocktails. I've always felt that the ultimate responsibility is to produce the very best show we can do from 5:30 to 6:30, and if the audience is loaded up with stiffs, it's not going to be a very good show.

PLAYBOY: Stiffs would be?

LETTERMAN: Larry Tisch's buddies waiting for cocktails.

PLAYBOY: You're talking about your boss, the man who was there at your welcoming press conference, beaming with happiness and joy.

LETTERMAN: Yeah. Beaming, I think, would be against his will. I think someone told him to beam.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think these guys

want you to rib them and pick on them the way you picked on General Electric?

LETTERMAN: Sure. It's just like GE. Like I said for years: There's nothing we can say or do that will hurt them in any fashion. Imagined or real. It just can't be done. And the same is true with CBS. [GE Chairman] Jack Welch came in at some NBC anniversary party and actually said to me, "Keep calling us pinheads," and he was laughing wildly.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that dismay you somewhat?

LETTERMAN: Yeah, it does. But it's all posing. None of it's real. It's just like, "GE is so cheap and their light bulbs suck." So what? Their stock is going to drop? I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: But it had symbolism. You were really mad at them and that translated into——

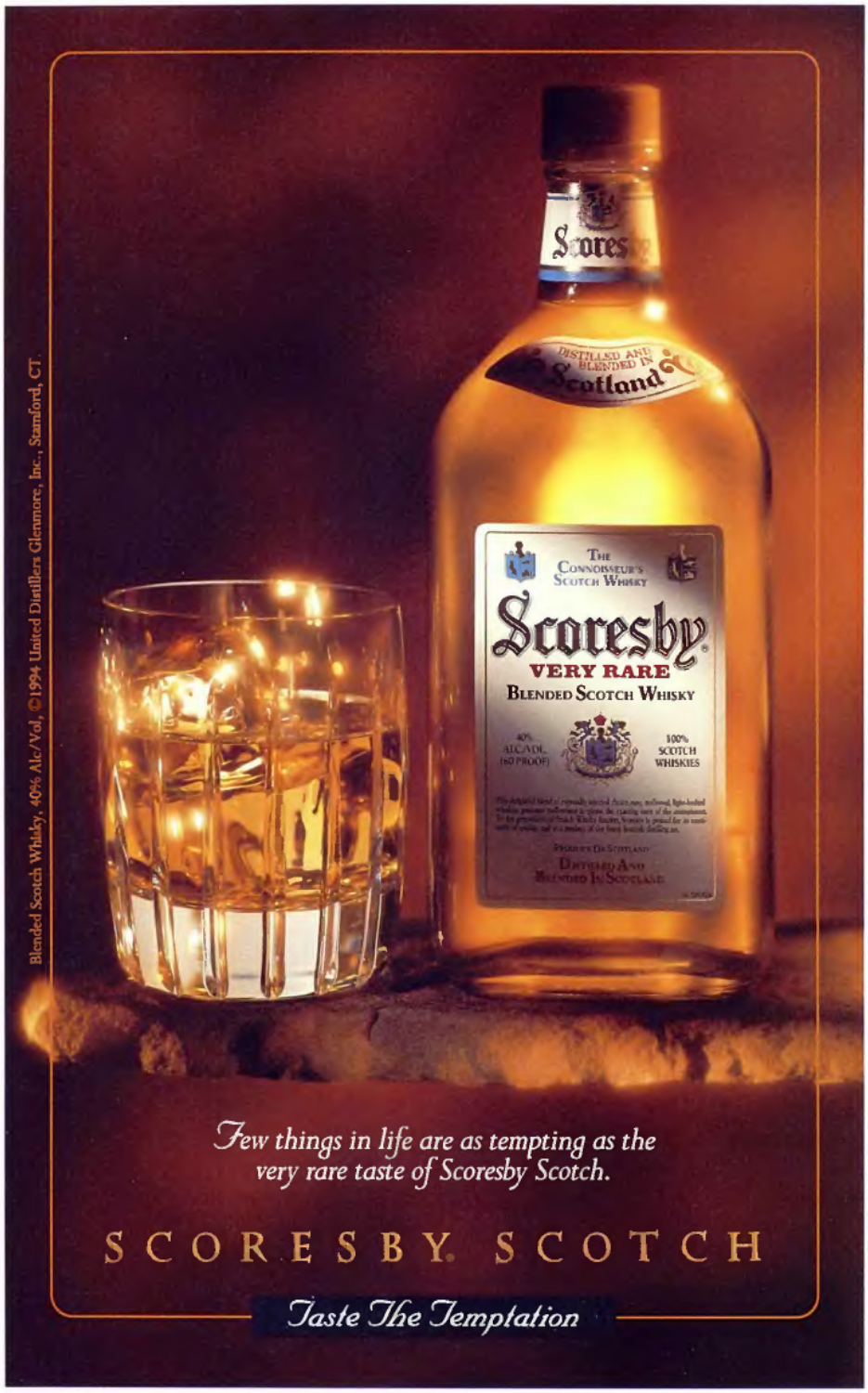
LETTERMAN: Yeah, but in the beginning I wasn't mad at them. And even before GE took over NBC, we were making fun of executives. We had a guy who was a unit manager pretending to be [former NBC chief] Grant Tinker. There is no more gracious, lovely man on the planet than Grant Tinker. And we had this guy playing a half-witted, bumbling stooge, pretending to be him. We had nothing against Grant Tinker. So it's a mechanism you fall into.

PLAYBOY: The show is more formal now, isn't it?

LETTERMAN: There's a formality to it that we didn't have in the past, yes.

PLAYBOY: We don't see stagehands as much, and a great deal has been made about the fact that you're wearing a coat that matches your pants. When did you come to this decision to wear suits like a grown-up?

LETTERMAN: We felt like everybody was driving us nuts, saying, "Well, what are you going to do? It's 11:30, not 12:30." We didn't pay much attention to it, but the truth of it was, I didn't really know. We did know that CBS spent a lot of money on the show. It was going to be 11:30. We were going to have a larger audience. We had to at least make it look like they were getting their money's worth from it.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Also, from a practical side, I got so tired of, "Do these pants go with this jacket? Does this tie?" And now you pretty much know the jacket and pants are going to go together. That's kind of a given. So it limited the decision-making ordeal.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about Johnny Carson. We've always wanted to ask you a specific question about that *Rolling Stone* cover of you and Johnny——

LETTERMAN: Yes. I'm much taller than Carson. They had him on a box, goddamn it. And now I can say that. Now that he's off the public airwaves the truth comes out. He was on a box.

PLAYBOY: You were always so respectful of him and praised him a great deal and held him up as an icon, sort of an unreachable goal. Now it could be argued that you are the new Johnny.

LETTERMAN: [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You're puffing and——

LETTERMAN: Gagging.

PLAYBOY: Seriously, there's an argument to be made that you've inherited Johnny's mantle. This must be somewhat satisfying to you.

LETTERMAN: It's ludicrous. In my wildest dreams I would like to think that I could do that, but I know that I'm not going to do that. I know I can't do that.

There's never going to be another Walter Cronkite. Who is Walter Cronkite today? Peter Jennings? Tom Brokaw? Dan Rather? They're all good, you know. But you won't find Walter Cronkite. And the same is true of Carson. I don't think you can underestimate that the guy did this for 30 years. It's inconceivable. So if I were drunk—if I still drank—and I were full of vodka someplace, yeah, I might allow myself that fantasy. But it's just not going to happen. If we can stay on for a reasonable period of time and have modest success, that's fine with me. I'll be more than happy with that.

There was a time when I was a kid when all I wanted to be was Johnny Carson. But now that I've been doing it, I

know every shortcoming I have that he never had. And this is not false modesty. I'm realistic. I used to be on his show. I saw how he did it. I watched what he did. I saw the reaction the audience had to him. This guy could get a bigger laugh by raising an eyebrow than I could get telling eight jokes.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wish you had moved the show to Los Angeles rather than stay in New York?

LETTERMAN: No. When I went out to L.A. to look at the studios, I thought they were beautiful. They're huge and brand-new and there are two of them that are identical and massive, and we could have walked in then and just done a show. But then you leave the studio and there's Fairfax and there's Beverly or Third or whatever the intersection is and it just looks like—it doesn't look bad but, compared to the ambience we have here. . . . It would have been depressing to me knowing that every day at 5:30 we were one of five talk shows in production.

It was also a huge decision for me to go to CBS. I just thought, OK, that's my one giant decision for the Nineties. I'm not making another giant decision.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you miss about the old place?

LETTERMAN: There are a handful of people we worked with and got very close to. I thought I would miss the physical place, because there is no greater complex in New York City than Rockefeller Center. Man, it's just a killer. It's beautiful. It's exciting. But I don't miss it. Early on I fell in love with this place [the Ed Sullivan Theater]. It's just great. There's no part of the theater, nice or cruddy, that isn't kind of satisfying. The first time I saw that marquee—I'd been avoiding the marquee because I thought, ehh, just Broadway and my stupid name there. Then this past Friday I drove by at night and thought, Oh, my God. This is a wonder. It's just like—I can't believe how lucky I am and how lucky we are. It's stunning to me. And the theater is just beautiful.

PLAYBOY: How much do you think they spent on it?

LETTERMAN: Oh, this set them back—I heard somebody say the whole thing, top to bottom, cost about $85,000.

PLAYBOY: Gosh. Do you think you're worth that much?

LETTERMAN: No. I don't. [*Laughs*] Absolutely not.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel haunted by the ghost of Ed Sullivan?

LETTERMAN: No. I think in the beginning we felt a responsibility to address the history of the building and Ed himself. And as we get farther down the line each day, I think there will still be more said about it. But it's not a specter that looms.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Ed would be proud?

LETTERMAN: No. Ed wouldn't want any part of my ass.

PLAYBOY: Did you watch Ed when you were a kid?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. Sunday nights. Every Sunday night at my house we'd have dinner early, and my father would usually make soup that we wished Mom had made. You know, it was that kind of soup. "Oh, thanks, Dad." And then we finished dinner and watched *The Ed Sullivan Show*. Whether we wanted to or not. Whether we enjoyed it or not.

That was my first lesson in show business. I don't think anybody in the house particularly enjoyed it. We just watched it. Maybe that's the purpose of television. You just turn it on and watch it whether you want to or not.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think people get a lot of pleasure from your program?

LETTERMAN: No. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You always say things like that: It's only television, it's pro wrestling, that sort of stuff.

LETTERMAN: Well, it is.

PLAYBOY: But you take it very seriously.

LETTERMAN: I take it way too seriously, yet I think I recognize what we're talking about. You want to get something to light up on that screen and—I don't know. I wish I didn't take it quite so seriously.

PLAYBOY: Are you hard to work for?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. I'm a terror. I have—

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what do you call them?—psychotic mood swings. Psychotic temper tantrums. I'm nefariously moody. I'm a tyrant. I'm incorrigible.

PLAYBOY: Your staff seem rather happy.

LETTERMAN: Those are all actors brought in for your benefit.

PLAYBOY: Let's get serious for a minute. You do have a personality that's somewhat persnickety——

LETTERMAN: Please. Get out of here.

PLAYBOY: A fussbudget——

LETTERMAN: Stop it! Based on what? Show me the documents.

PLAYBOY: There was that *Spy* piece that claimed you're constantly sending back sandwiches. And then a friend of ours saw a taping of the show and said you were constantly sending back cups of coffee. Is this a personality trait?

LETTERMAN: Have you ever sent back a sandwich?

PLAYBOY: Actually, no. We're intimidated by——

LETTERMAN: I knew that the answer would be no.

PLAYBOY: We never met a sandwich we didn't like.

LETTERMAN: First of all, I don't recall the episode about the sandwich. As for the coffee, anything that happens between 5:30 and 6:30 is important because that's how we get the show. The audience has to be good, I have to be good, the guests have to be good. And if the coffee—if it's poison, yeah, I might ask for a different cup. But, Jesus, in the course of doing your job, you know what you want, you know what you need, and if you're going to be criticized for asking for those things, you might just as well hide under the house.

PLAYBOY: Is it perfectly normal behavior?

LETTERMAN: For me it's normal behavior. I could see that others certainly could criticize me endlessly, and they are free to. But I know what it takes for me to get through this day and to get through this show. Everything I do is designed to help me do the best job I can between 5:30 and 6:30.

That silly article in *Spy* made it seem kind of snotty that I have to go swimming every night. I have to swim every night because I busted my neck twice in car accidents. So you're going to criticize me because I'm trying to give myself a physical advantage over this injury. That's cool. And the truth of it is, the *Spy* thing didn't really upset me because I just thought: So what?

PLAYBOY: Were you a basket case being off television during the summer before the new show started?

LETTERMAN: CBS had me on every two seconds anyway. I felt like, This is the best ever. I don't have to go to work, and I'm on television around-the-clock. It was great. There came a point when I realized we were strangling on this. We were being strangled by this bullshit. I couldn't go anywhere. There were people in my yard. We went to the All-Star game. I couldn't get out of the goddamned box to go down to see the game. There were these sweaty people leaning on me. And I was like, How did this happen? It was CBS and their around-the-clock promo campaign. I mean, God bless them. But after a while it was choking.

And the other side of that, of course, is resentment. But I must say that during all of that, people were really gracious. Everybody would say the same thing to me: "Hey, Dave. Good luck with your new job." I mean, they couldn't have been more supportive. And I felt: That's nice. These people must have known they were being manipulated to some extent by these promos. But they seemed genuine when they talked to me.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you and your staff write those promos?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. We did write them. We all wanted an aggressive campaign because we knew we had to afford ourselves every advantage. I don't think any of us thought it would be just knocking you out. Day and night.

PLAYBOY: You also don't particularly like doing interviews or having promotional pictures taken or——

LETTERMAN: I hate having my picture taken because I have a pretty good idea of

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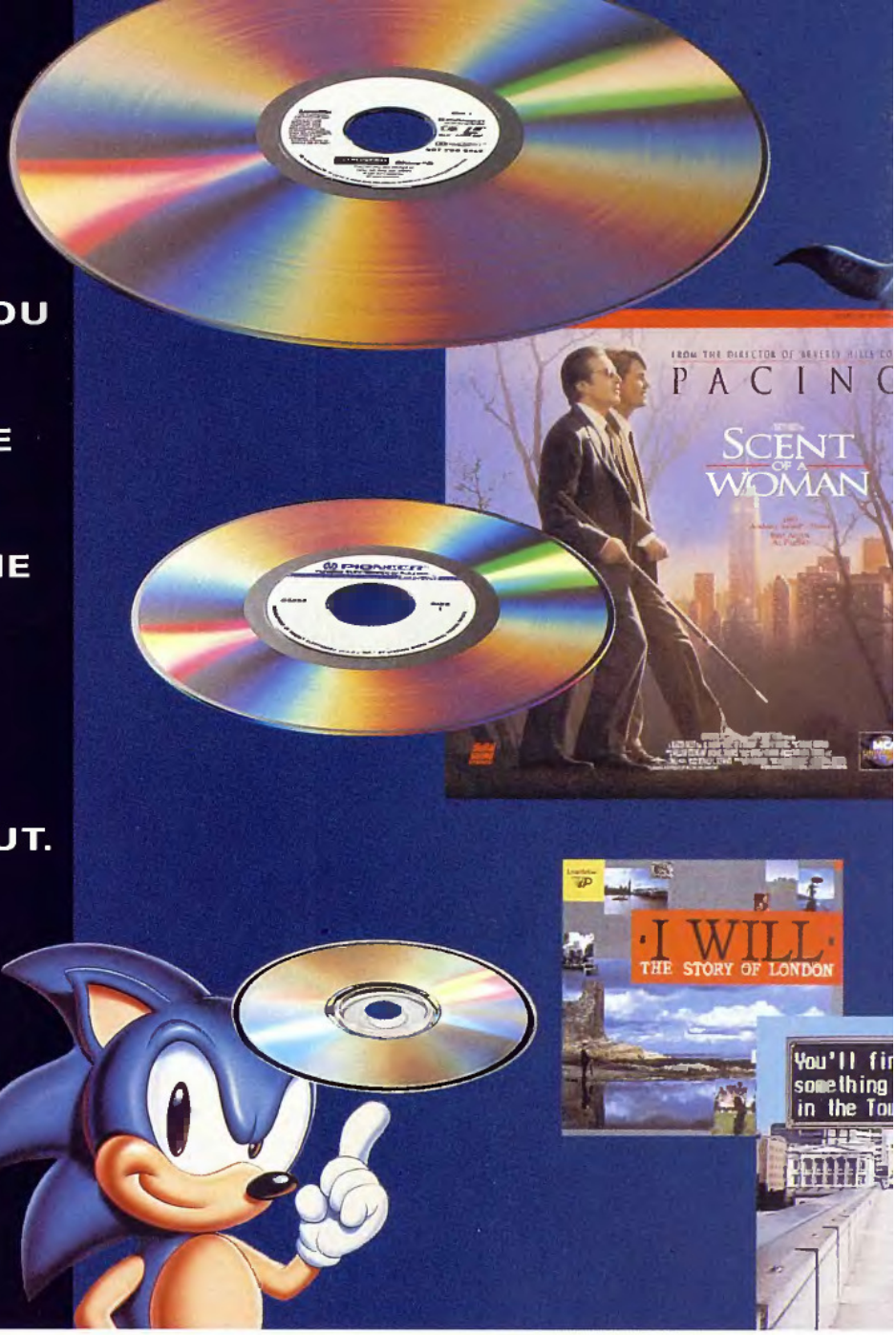

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what I look like and I know it's not pleasant. I'm very self-conscious about that.

PLAYBOY: You've never been overly cooperative about publicity, have you?

LETTERMAN: At the beginning of the old show, I would do anything that anybody asked me to do because I felt every day is the best compromise you can make. I learned a long time ago, if you don't do everything you can to help your lot in life and it fails, you'll just suffer endless regrets.

PLAYBOY: But didn't you even go out and visit some CBS affiliates and sweet-talk them into carrying your show?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. Well, I didn't sweet-talk them. We just showed up. And they were all gracious but said, "I'm sorry, we have an eight-year contract with *Studs*, so there's not much we can do. But nice to see you and here's a cap and a pen. And by the way, enjoy your flight out of St. Louis." It was fun. It was an interesting experience. I think largely futile. But interesting.

PLAYBOY: Since you quit NBC, the *National Enquirer* and *Inside Edition* have been talking to people from your past and digging up old tapes of you doing the weather. Does that bother you?

LETTERMAN: I'm aware of it, but I haven't seen any of it. I'll tell you what bothers me. It's when people come to my house on the weekends and wait in ambush for my girlfriend when she goes out for her run. And follow her with a camera and pester her. That bothers me. It doesn't need to be that way.

PLAYBOY: But this has happened to many other people who have——

LETTERMAN: But it shouldn't happen to anyone. I understand it if you're going out to Spago and they're hanging around at the doors and they want a picture. That I understand. Or at airports. Or even if they want to come to my office and bother me and take pictures here. I understand that, too. But I'm not looking for this. So don't pull your van up in front of my house on the weekends and lie about why you're there.

PLAYBOY: You have other unwanted visitors. What about Margaret Ray, the woman who keeps breaking into your house?

LETTERMAN: There are nothing but misconceptions about this woman. This woman has, in my assessment, been failed by the judicial system, failed by the state psychiatric system—if in fact there is one—failed by her family and failed by her friends. She is a woman who spends her days in deep confusion. She is a woman who knows few moments of lucidity or reality. She is a troubled woman who suffers great free-floating anxiety and is better when she's medicated, but not much. I am frustrated because this last time, when I came home and found a note saying, "I'm camped out on your tennis court," I disregarded it, thinking it was an old note. Later I got to thinking that maybe she was there, and about midnight I called the New Canaan police. They came down there and we found she had been camped on my court for three days and doing her laundry in the swimming pool. At that point, the police advised me to invoke the stalker law, and I said, "It doesn't apply. This woman is no more to me than a nuisance; she's not a threat."

I contacted my attorney and said, "If the state's not going to help her, if the prison system's not going to help her, if hospitalization is not going to help her, let's explore something we can do personally to help her." Those efforts have now, for whatever reason, fallen apart as well. And I'm just befuddled and perplexed. Not because she's doing anything to me, but this woman needs so much help and so much attention and has not received anything.

PLAYBOY: Have you had conversations with her?

LETTERMAN: No. She has written me a letter a day for the past six years. Sometimes three and four letters a day. And you can see, when she's on medication she makes sense. She's an intelligent woman; she just happens to be insane. When she goes off the medication, you get reams of scrawl—literally, scrawl. I feel bad about it, but I don't feel threatened by it—it's no more to me than if the

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neighbor's cat hopped the fence.

PLAYBOY: There was the time you found her in the house and you gave her 15 minutes to get away before you called the cops.

LETTERMAN: Two different episodes. One time I found her on the tennis court and I called the police and she said, "I hope you didn't call the police," and I felt pangs of guilt and said, "Margaret, I did call the police. You better get out of here." And she fled and they picked her up on the road. The other time was a Sunday night about one A.M. My girlfriend and I had just gone to bed, and I sat up because I thought I smelled smoke from the fireplace. As I sat up to sniff the air, my girlfriend said, "Oh, my God, she's there," and at the end of the hallway, silhouetted, was Margaret. She was 30 feet from us. I picked up the phone and called the police, and she ran from the house screaming.

PLAYBOY: Can't you make your house more secure?

LETTERMAN: After the first time she broke in, I called a security company. It created more problems than solutions. Police have been in my home, in my bedroom, at four in the morning, more than my mother has been in my home. A leaf drops on the property or a squirrel crawls into the garage, and the alarm goes off. This last time, I was out of the country for a week and the security system was on and Margaret hopped over the fence and was camped out on my tennis court. The pool guy said Margaret was bumming cigarettes off of him. He said, "Shall we clean the pool?" and she said, "No, Dave and I will clean it later." I once had a contractor at my house running errands for the woman. It's silly, but I'm telling you, the victim here is this woman.

I get a little worked up about it because nobody understands what has gone on. I'm not sure I understand it, and I know I've made it worse by joking about it. But it's one of those things that for some reason—like Johnny Carson being married eight times—became an automatic joke. You knew you were going to get a laugh because a lot of people knew about it. I guess I abused the situation by making light of it, but I feel I still have that right because I didn't force her to break into my house, you know? It's a gray area and perhaps I shouldn't joke about it, but I have.

PLAYBOY: You haven't told too many Margaret Ray jokes lately. You seem to have switched your attention to more harmless subjects, such as Beavis and Butt-Head.

LETTERMAN: I kind of got red-hot over Beavis and Butt-Head during the summer. Every time I turned on MTV, there were Beavis and Butt-Head. And I found that so satisfying because the show is so consistent. Even the really ugly stuff is satisfying because of the purity of it. It's right there. They don't fail you for a second. It's always at that level. And it makes me howl.

I know a lot of it is vulgar and repellent, but I can't help myself. It just makes me—these guys are the purest form of idiots we've been able to isolate. And there's something very satisfying about that. They're just full-ahead, flat-out dumb guys. That's all they'll ever be. And when you see something that true to itself, it can be compelling.

PLAYBOY: Some people think Beavis and Butt-Head are a bit too real.

LETTERMAN: Yeah, part of the satisfaction is that they represent a significant portion of America.

PLAYBOY: Do they watch your show?

LETTERMAN: I hope. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You often speak highly of Ted Koppel. Do you watch *Nightline*?

LETTERMAN: I think it's one of the best shows on television.

PLAYBOY: You don't want to kick his ass? You're on opposite him.

LETTERMAN: Oh, yeah. He's going down.

PLAYBOY: Can you actually turn on the TV set when you're on and not be curious about yourself?

LETTERMAN: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: So you can watch *Nightline*?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: You can?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. Because, good or bad,

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I've lived through it once. If the show goes OK, that's fine. If the show sucks, or if I suck, then I want to watch it and watch it and watch it to see where I suck, to see what I can do differently the next night. But either way, once I leave here, I don't want to see it again.

PLAYBOY: What makes a show suck?

LETTERMAN: I do. It's the truth. If a show sucks, it's me.

PLAYBOY: What might you have done?

LETTERMAN: Mishandled it. Butchered it. Not been prepared. Not asked the right questions. Not thought of something funny to say. Flubbed a joke. Missed a cue. Run a segment too long. It's all me. These people work hard every day assembling the elements of the show, and then it rests completely in my hands.

PLAYBOY: For years you and your former girlfriend, writer Merrill Markoe, never said anything bad about each other. But that seems to have ended. She was quoted recently as saying she wouldn't even talk about working on another late-night show. "I have no interest in helping any other white man in a suit do an inventive show," she said.

LETTERMAN: That doesn't seem bad to me. You'll never get me to say anything bad about Merrill. She's the funniest person I've ever met. And she's so smart it's scary. I mean, she'd walk into a room and you could feel a hum coming out of her brain. She had some of the best pure ideas for TV that I've ever seen. I have nothing but good things to say about Merrill, and she can say anything she wants about me and it won't trouble me.

PLAYBOY: Of course, we did tons of research for this and——

LETTERMAN: Yeah. Made the shit up on the train.

PLAYBOY: Once, you said, "If either Merrill or I get married, it will probably be to each other."

LETTERMAN: Yeah. It would have been. But we were working on that show and then went home, and instead of having a life, we were still working on the show. I know I drove her nuts because I'm—what was the word you used? Persnickety? And so every day at work was a fistfight. Every night at home was a fistfight. Figuratively speaking.

PLAYBOY: How did it end?

LETTERMAN: She was just fed up because she wanted to put some of the energy that she was putting into me and my life and my show and my career—she wanted to do the same for herself. So there came a time when she said, "I just can't." She never wanted to move to New York. She did all of that for me. She said, "I have to go back to California," and when she went back to California, that's when things ended. I mean, they didn't actually end until a couple of years later, but that was the beginning of it.

PLAYBOY: Are you any closer to being married than you were five years ago?

LETTERMAN: I *can't* answer that question.

PLAYBOY: You can't answer it?

LETTERMAN: I can't answer that question.

PLAYBOY: Because?

LETTERMAN: I just can't answer the question. Move on.

PLAYBOY: For all we know, you're about to announce that you're engaged.

LETTERMAN: I don't want to get into that.

PLAYBOY: So you don't like the subject of marriage?

LETTERMAN: Oh, I'll get married again. You see, the thing is, I was married for ten years. So I know the good parts of it and I know the bad parts. If it were up to me, I'd have children out of wedlock. But I know that's not the best way to approach it.

PLAYBOY: With whom?

LETTERMAN: Well, let's see who's waiting downstairs. Now, don't print that, goddamn it! I would like to have children. I wish I had grown kids now.

PLAYBOY: Really?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. It would be great. It would be terrific, and then you wouldn't have to ask me this question.

PLAYBOY: Do you go out with women who are on the show?

LETTERMAN: No.

PLAYBOY: Ever? Is it a rule?

LETTERMAN: It's not a rule. It's just that nobody wants to go out with me.

PLAYBOY: Bonnie Hunt was a guest on your show recently, and you two seemed to get along great. You also served as executive producer on her sitcom, *The Building*.

LETTERMAN: Bonnie's the best. She reminds me of Merrill in many ways. The element of Bonnie that Merrill did not have—not that Merrill was lacking—is that Bonnie's a really good actress. And she's very smart and very funny. And she does it so effortlessly. I think she's the best. There are great things ahead for her. I think she's just too talented not to prevail.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't *The Building* succeed?

LETTERMAN: It started off pretty well. It was so different. Then, after you watch the show, you forget just how different it is. And then you see it again and say, "Geez, this really is different." It has a completely different feel. Maybe it was just the difference in the presentation that people didn't respond to.

It still could have succeeded. I don't know if it ever would have been a massive success, but I think, had they stuck with it—but everybody says that about every show. It's just that when it was funny, it was really funny.

PLAYBOY: Will you be doing other things in prime time? Isn't this building full of people who are developing new shows?

LETTERMAN: You mean will we try to produce something? Yes, I hope so. We've had so many really good people who have come to work with us and then gone on to produce other shows. It's always been a great frustration that we didn't have the mechanism in place to work with them and help them. Although it hasn't happened yet, we keep hoping that it will. It would be nice to not have this be our only focus.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever want to do a sitcom?

LETTERMAN: No. There are so many Daves on CBS. There's *Dave's World*, and then there's *Big Wave Dave*, and then there's me.

PLAYBOY: Somebody once said that being on television is life times ten—everything is magnified and amplified. Is that what it's like for you?

LETTERMAN: I don't know if the equation is exactly right, but just this afternoon we were talking about how quickly the time has gone for us. We have all experienced the same phenomenon, which is, an hour after you've done the show you're talking to somebody on the phone and they say, "Who was on tonight?" For the life of you, you can't remember. It will come to you eventually, but it's not right there. We had the vice president here. Nobody ever meets the vice president. A tiny percentage of people will meet the vice president.

One day, you meet the vice president, and another day it's Glenn Close, and nobody ever meets Glenn Close, either. And it's just boom, boom, boom. And we kind of take it for granted to the point that after it's over, who was it? Oh, yeah, Al Gore. Al Gore was on the show.

PLAYBOY: Did Gore's people write his top-ten list, or did your people write it?

LETTERMAN: It was a combination. They wrote one and they said if we had suggestions, fine. So we hammered out the top-ten accord.

PLAYBOY: Not to keep bringing up Johnny, but he used to say, or it was said of him, that he was really alive only for that one hour a day when he was on TV.

LETTERMAN: Well, I can understand that.

PLAYBOY: Is it the same for you?

LETTERMAN: I don't know. It's certainly the most exciting hour of the day, and it's the only hour of the day I really care about. And if it goes well, you can't wait to do it again because it dumps so much adrenaline into your system. If it's going well, it just lifts you. If it's not going well, it sinks you. It's exhilarating. It's my favorite hour of the day.

PLAYBOY: Better than sex? It lasts longer than sex.

LETTERMAN: Well, speak for yourself. Is it better than sex? I'd say it's certainly comparable. I think if it goes well, the afterglow sustains you more than sex.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a life? It's sometimes said that you don't.

LETTERMAN: Oh, stop it. All right, ask me about my life. I have a life. But I'll tell you something. I'm in my car at 8:30 A.M. going to work, and I get home by 10:30 P.M. And then I have dinner, so I finally go to sleep at 1:30 and then I get up at 8:00. Get in the car at

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8:30. Because of the schedule, my life is the weekend.

PLAYBOY: You're never in *People* magazine at parties.

LETTERMAN: All my life I've never gone to parties. I used to drink heavily. I think I had a drinking problem because I was so uncomfortable unless I was dead drunk. You're comfortable until you wake up the next morning and think, Oh, Jesus. What did I say?

I don't get it. You're in show business. That means you have to go out publicly and make a fool of yourself. Now I can make a fool of myself on TV. So I like staying at home. I have things at the house I like to do. People say, "You're not a real celebrity. You don't go to parties." So what? Who would want to go to a party? I've been invited to the White House and haven't gone.

PLAYBOY: You're not totally antisocial. You've called Tom Snyder on his show.

LETTERMAN: Yeah. On his old radio show mostly. I once called his TV show to wish him a happy birthday. I just think he's solid. Even when he's being a bonehead, which Tom can be, he's endlessly entertaining. When we took over his show, I was worried silly that there would be a huge backlash of people who loved Tom Snyder, wondering, Well, what the hell is this son of a bitch doing on?

And I think there must have been some of that. But it made me sad that he was gone. I'm glad he's back on television, but I wish he were back on network television. He deserves to be a bigger player. He's a huge guy with a huge ego and he's hugely entertaining. There's no reason he shouldn't be on network TV.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned drinking. Did you ever smoke marijuana?

LETTERMAN: I did for a very short period. It lasted only about six months.

PLAYBOY: Six months?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. I remember one night I smoked down a big joint and then went downstairs and ate two pints of Häagen-Dazs ice cream and then went back to bed. An hour later I woke up and thought my heart had stopped. And the next day I went to a cardiologist and he said, "Well, no, it didn't stop. Everything's fine."

And that was the end of my pot experiences. I was awakened by a startling thump in my chest. I didn't mention that I had consumed two pints of Häagen-Dazs ice cream. I just said, "I think my heart stopped last night."

PLAYBOY: What were you like in high school?

LETTERMAN: I think there's something wrong if high school is the greatest experience of your life. It wasn't for me. I spent three years riding around in a 1938 Chevy with four other guys who couldn't get dates, drinking beer and eating cold pizza. That was every Friday and Saturday night.

That's how we spent our weekends. You desperately wanted girls, but you knew you weren't going to get them. And even if you got one, you knew you weren't going to be able to do anything with her.

PLAYBOY: No girlfriends? No dates?

LETTERMAN: Oh, I had dates. I had girlfriends in high school. I fell in love with Susie Frakes when I was in grade school. Lovely girl. She got over me in about a month and it took me four years to get over her.

PLAYBOY: Any others?

LETTERMAN: I was lucky enough, my junior year, to date an exchange student from England. That was a real eye-opener. It was culturally exciting, because it was when the Beatles were coming to this country. And there I was, all of a sudden, with somebody who had lived in England. And then there was a handful of, you know, the occasional dates.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to talk about your sexual history?

LETTERMAN: Well, no, I don't. What is wrong with you?

PLAYBOY: We have to get some sex into this. Do you want to talk about the first time?

LETTERMAN: No, no, I don't.

PLAYBOY: The second time? No one ever talks about the second time.

LETTERMAN: The second time hasn't happened yet.

PLAYBOY: Do people assume you had a provincial upbringing?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. It used to drive me nuts. Merrill's mother used to try to goad me. She was from New York and she would say to me, "Now, Indianapolis, it's not a very big town, is it?" One question would lead to another, and by the end of the conversation she would be claiming that I hated Jews. She would have a couple of martinis and go to work on me. I'd say, "No, there's a sizable Jewish population in the city. I used to go to bar mitzvahs, my friends were Jewish, my classmates were Jewish," on and on. What she wanted to hear was that we were hanging black people and there were tumbleweeds blowing across Main Street.

What there wasn't in Indianapolis when I was there was any kind of Asian population. So when I moved to California it was interesting to be around a substantial number of Asian people.

PLAYBOY: But, of course, you love all people regardless.

LETTERMAN: I'm a people person. And you know it.

PLAYBOY: You grew up with a father who's been described as volcanic. Did he have a big temper?

LETTERMAN: No, no. I wouldn't say volcanic. I wouldn't say combustive or combustible or whatever term applies. He had a big personality. He was loud and liked to goof off and say funny things and silly things and do things to provoke you and get under your skin. He was a big character, and like I've come to say lately, when he walked through the room, the lamps would rattle. He had a lot of energy and he had a lot of ideas and a lot of drive, and he wanted to do things. My mother, by comparison, is the opposite. She couldn't be more taciturn. Very, very quiet. You want to take her pulse every few minutes. But it was a good combination. He was the circus. He was the show. He was the energy. He was the battery to which all the cables were hooked.

PLAYBOY: Did your dad live to see your success?

LETTERMAN: I think that he knew he raised a successful person. I was 27 when he died. And even if I had never gotten a TV show, I think he would have thought I was a success.

PLAYBOY: What were you doing at the age of 27?

LETTERMAN: I was working at a television station in Indianapolis as a weatherman. His death was horrible for me. Just horrible. It was awful.

PLAYBOY: Does your mother understand what you do and how successful you are? Does she watch your show?

LETTERMAN: I don't know if she watches it. We don't talk about show business. I don't like talking about it because, you know, it's from her that I get this very low threshold of embarrassment. So I find it all embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a low boredom threshold, too? Are you easily bored?

LETTERMAN: I'm sorry—I wasn't paying attention. No, I don't think so. I am fascinated by all manner of minutiae and trivia.

PLAYBOY: Can we tell when you're bored on the show?

LETTERMAN: Well, if you can, I've made a terrible mistake. It means I've lost control of myself if I appear bored. But I tell you, I see this in my mother: She is the least demonstrative person I've ever been around. I feel like if you can notice that with her, by virtue of genetics you're going to notice that with me. Her countenance will reveal no interest, no stimuli, no response, nothing. Then you ask her about it and she gets angry because, of course, she is paying rapt attention and is following the conversation.

PLAYBOY: Is this a Midwestern trait?

LETTERMAN: Stoicism? I think it has more to do with heredity than geography.

PLAYBOY: Apparently, one of your hobbies is collecting speeding tickets. What's the fastest you've ever gone in a car?

LETTERMAN: 150 miles an hour.

PLAYBOY: Wow.

LETTERMAN: Thank you.

PLAYBOY: In what car?

LETTERMAN: In a Porsche Carrera Cabriolet. Convertible. Put that in.

PLAYBOY: Was it your car?

LETTERMAN: No. It was a rental car. It was on the autobahn.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone pass you at 150?

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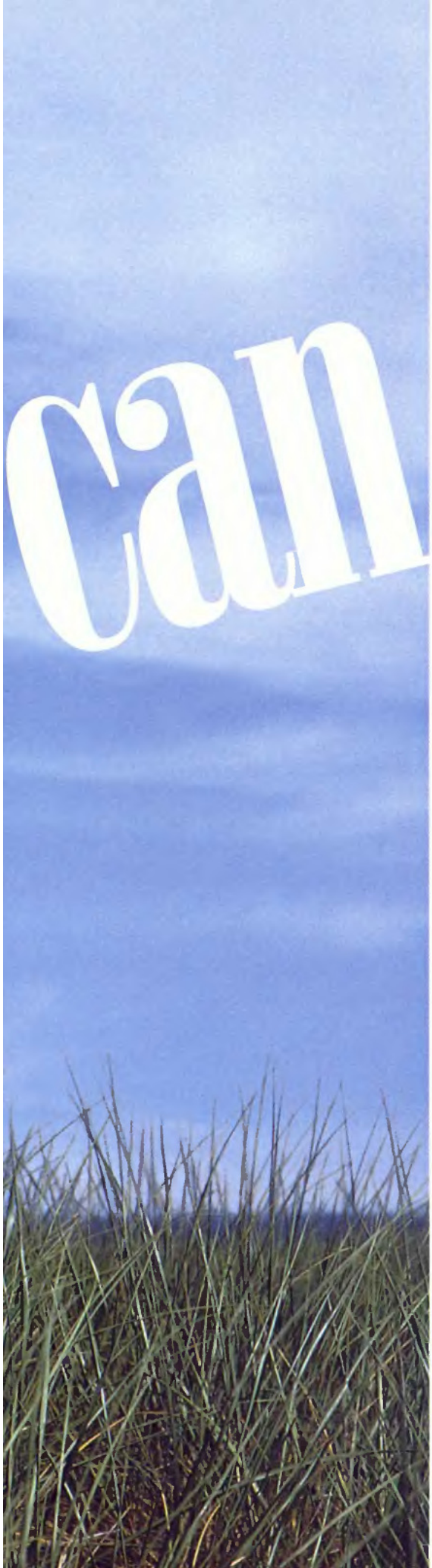

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LETTERMAN: Yes. A family of five in a Mercedes-Benz sedan.

PLAYBOY: Incredible.

LETTERMAN: Yeah. And I can document this. I can get my girlfriend on the phone and she'll verify it. I was on the autobahn. We had been in Europe for the Belgian Grand Prix and were driving back to Frankfurt, and I was in the fast lane. I had this incredible car. In Europe, it's the real deal because they're not de-tuned for emissions. So I was going along at about 120, and a guy with four other people in a steel-gray Mercedes sedan comes up behind me and flashes the lights. I said, Jesus, 120 seems plenty fast to me. This is not kilometers per hour. This is miles per hour.

PLAYBOY: Right.

LETTERMAN: So I think, well, all right, I'll nudge it up to 130. Get up to 130. He's still there. The lights flash again. I finally squeeze it up to 150. I'm in a convertible, they're not airtight. It's like being in an old biplane. I'm screaming along at 150 miles an hour, and the guy drops out of the fast lane and goes around me, and there's just smoke on the horizon.

At that point I pulled off, went to a rest stop and just sat there. We didn't say a thing for a few minutes. And it was—I was just trembling.

PLAYBOY: How long did you go 150?

LETTERMAN: Maybe 30 seconds. I felt like, You can't pass me at 150. Can you? No, you—oh, shit! He did. And that was it. That was my brush with machismo. It was a horrible experience.

PLAYBOY: What's the fastest you've ever gone in this country?

LETTERMAN: I think once they clocked me at 60.

PLAYBOY: They clocked you at 78 just the other day.

LETTERMAN: Well——

PLAYBOY: Everyone knows that.

LETTERMAN: But those things are not accurate, and a lot of that stuff doesn't hold up in court. But I think the fastest I've gone in the United States is maybe like 60, 61, once.

PLAYBOY: How many cars do you have?

LETTERMAN: I have some cars. I don't—honestly, I don't know the number.

PLAYBOY: You have so many cars you don't know how many?

LETTERMAN: It's a little embarrassing. I grew up in Indianapolis. I love auto racing. I love cars. I've been lucky enough to have a small but important collection of German, British and Italian cars.

PLAYBOY: Do you use a radar detector?

LETTERMAN: No. Not at all. Not at all. I lost my license about six years ago for speeding, and since then I've tried to be more prudent about it. More vigilant.

PLAYBOY: Didn't your first meeting with Paul Newman happen at an auto race?

LETTERMAN: Years ago at a race in Phoenix, the wife of a friend was nice enough to introduce me to Paul Newman. He was cordial and genuine and gracious and it was great fun.

We chatted for about 20 minutes, and after that I would see him at every race I would attend. And I was thinking, Oh, well, I've met Paul Newman. I can say hello to him any time I want. So I would try to. But without the catalyst of a third party or a mutual friend, it meant nothing to Paul. I could be this far from him and I'd say, "Paul, Paul!" He had this radar deflection screen up, and the harder I tried to get his attention at these functions, the funnier it got. I can remember a race at the Meadowlands. Paul rolls up on a motor scooter, outside a motor home, a hospitality suite. Joanne Woodward comes out and gets on the back of the motor scooter.

I'm at a table under the tent at the hospitality suite. I can put my hand on Paul Newman's shoulder. I look over and I'm screaming, "Paul! Paul, it's me! Dave!"

Joanne gets on the motor scooter, they drive off. I could have been in China. I would actually take friends to these races and I would say, "Watch this."

I remember one time I was walking down the pit lane somewhere. Paul Newman was coming, and I was like this:

"Paul! Paul! Paul!"

It was just hilarious, and it made me laugh. I had a date at the Indianapolis 500 one year. I was going up into the timing and scoring tower, and I saw Paul Newman coming down.

Same damn thing. We brushed elbows in the stairwell. And it was like he'd been struck mute and deaf. I was so tickled by this dynamic.

The last time it happened was a year ago, a year ago this past week at a race in Ohio. I get on the elevator. My girlfriend gets on the elevator. And in comes Paul Newman, and he's pressing us all up against the elevator wall, because it's very crowded. "Paul, Paul. Hi, it's me, Dave. Paul? Paul?" Nothing.

Now, concurrent to this I would see his partner, Carl Hass, at these races. Carl smokes cigars. He was always very nice to me. I'd be introduced to him and he would always give me a cigar and then I'd mail him a box of cigars. The last time I mailed him a box of cigars, I said, "I don't care how long it takes, but before I die, could you have Paul Newman, just once, once more, say hi to me?"

Two days later the phone rings. It's Paul Newman. I'm talking to Paul Newman. So he said, "I didn't know you liked auto racing." And I said, "Paul, you and I met six years ago in Phoenix. Ever since then, I've been screaming at you whenever I see you."

He was unfazed by it. But again, on the phone, he was as gracious and polite as always.

PLAYBOY: His cameo on your first show was memorable.

LETTERMAN: First of all, when Paul Newman stands up, he looks like a multimillion-dollar movie star. The second he stands up—boom! And then people didn't know if it was a joke, and then they didn't know if he was really there. You can see it on the tape—this recognition and pleasure sweeps through the audience in waves. It was a great moment. His one line, "Where the hell are the singing cats?" completely steals the show, and then he walks out.

He couldn't have been more charming. I mean, it was just great.

PLAYBOY: Did you personally ask him to come on?

LETTERMAN: I'd sent him a letter, but I make no pretense about it. It was Paul's friendship with Michael Ovitz that got him on the show.

PLAYBOY: Mike Ovitz is your agent. He's the most powerful agent in the business. Some people think he's a scary guy.

LETTERMAN: You'll never get me—if I live to be a thousand—to say anything bad about Michael Ovitz.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

LETTERMAN: My experience with Michael Ovitz has been 100 percent solid, exciting, positive. I find the guy endlessly entertaining. I had several different agents when I was in California. I've never seen anybody do what he does. He doesn't say things that he doesn't do.

PLAYBOY: You mean, promises made to you? Or just things generally?

LETTERMAN: Just things generally. Promises. He says, "Here's how this is going to work out. I think this is what is going to be happening." And 98 percent of it has been on the money. It's amazing. I can remember my last real agent before Ovitz. She came to my office in New York City, and I was having trouble finding an apartment. She said, "If it's the last thing I do, I'm going to get you an apartment in this town." And I never heard from her again. Not that she just forgot about the apartment. I never heard from her again, period. I thought, I guess the plane to California must have crashed. I guess she's dead. That's why I had given up on agents. But Ovitz is a goddamn freight train. You have to be careful what you tell him you want, because he'll get it for you. I mean, if it weren't for Michael Ovitz, we wouldn't be here.

PLAYBOY: So far, we've enjoyed a few hours of secondhand smoke coming from your general area. Haven't people tried to get you to quit smoking cigars?

LETTERMAN: I should quit. I'm smoking them like chewing gum. God help me, I love cigars.

PLAYBOY: You quit for a while, didn't you?

LETTERMAN: Yeah. I quit several times. And eventually I'll quit again. But I have too many things in my head now to be worrying about giving up cigars. The other thing is, if I could stop smoking

(concluded on page 249)

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WHAT I KNOW ABOUT WOMEN

ARTICLE BY WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

like liberals, they're a breed apart

IT ISN'T quite right to begin an exploration by urging the reader to feel free to disregard your findings. But prudence beckons, and it beckons with special force when the subject is women and the question posed is, What have we learned about them? Correction, What have I learned about them? Moreover, in discussing women, the inquiry is necessarily comparative: How does the woman differ from the man with respect to—you name it—intelligence, valor, loyalty, tenacity, stoicism? How reliable is her sense of humor, her sexual self-esteem, her capacity to condole, to inspire, to inspirit?

All of the above is strangely irrelevant, however useful as analytic narrative. It makes me think of what I call the "Gothic cathedral" story. It is the vehicle of a wonderful aperçu from a friend who insists that only a journalist can give reliable road directions. He cites a nonjournalist whose instructions on how his guest should travel in order to reach the country house to which he had been invited for lunch were, roughly, "As you leave your apartment (64th and Park Avenue), turn left, pick up Route 7, head north. (Route 7 happens to be in Connecticut, about 38 miles northeast of 64th Street and Park Avenue.) Go about six miles, and at a crossroads you will see a large Gothic cathedral on your left.

"Ignore it."

Should we ignore as irrelevant that which most of us would agree on about women, on the escapist grounds that, women being unique, you simply don't arrive anywhere by comparing them with men?

It is commonplace, for instance, that women are tougher than men. True? If so, why? Cultural arrangements obviously figure. It is the man who, generally, proposes sex or marriage. It is the man who, generally, initiates separation or divorce. That being so, the woman develops a reactive capacity, also the capacity to absorb. To absorb the indignity of being the wallflower never asked to dance, or the spinster to whom nobody (acceptable) proffers his hand, or the middle-aged mother who suddenly discovers that she is about to become the former Mrs. Appleby. She needs to learn mechanisms of defense. One such is obvious. I always cheer when I read about those gorgeous settlements that cost Mr. Randy one half the state of California to get rid of Mrs. Randy. On the other hand, not everybody who walks out on his wife owns half of California.

In the philosophically minded, that toughness born of experience can develop an edge that is fatalistically liberating in an odd kind of way. A woman of letters whom I knew well, in whom all the characteristics of womanhood were defiantly present (she always looked beautiful, always flirted, especially when denouncing male chauvinism, and never lost sight of the "big picture," even when buffeted by the williwaws of life), was the real thing, the sentient fatalist. She had a long and controversial career, and some of her fallen rivals made mini-careers out of belittling her. Her vulnerability found the best kind of protection. "It isn't that I am insensitive to criticism," she once told me. "It's that for some reason—and I don't know what it is—I simply just plain forget anything unpleasant said about me or printed about me; forget about it within a day or two, so that if I were to meet my critic at a dinner party, he might go home and say,

PAINTING BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

'My goodness, Melinda Bostwick is a forgiving creature! She was so nice to me tonight.' I am not a forgiving creature at all, but I simply forgot what it was that he did to me." My thesis is that Melinda's capacity to forget is the utilitarian evolution of her capacity to protect herself against the running initiative of the aggressive male gender. And in this respect, Melinda was, I think, a prototype. One issue of *Cosmopolitan* will give women 500 hints about how to hurdle the afflictions of life, mostly man-made, though some of them are providential.

I picked her up at the airport one day. She was just back from spending a week with a daughter-in-law suffering from a terminal disease. Melinda, I knew, would have been all tenderness during that week, contributing to the extent possible all the material and balsamic comforts she could contrive. But the night before, she recounted in the car as we drove to my house where she would spend the weekend, her sick relative had looked up in her distress. "She said, '*Why me?*'" The reflexive response to such a question, posed by someone in pain, comes immediately to mind: "Yes, dear, it is terrible, and it is so terribly unfair that you should be singled out for this awful disease that hits only one woman in 3500."

But the lady in distress was asking of Melinda, in whom the afflictions of the human experience had composed themselves in a theological firmament orderly in its disorderliness, as disinterested in its applications of pain as of good fortune, the wrong question.

"I said to her, 'Alice,' I said, 'why *not* you?'"

I was struck, still am, by the philosophical bravura of that remark. Somehow I could not easily imagine it coming from the lips of a man, maybe because man's sense of chivalry is more orthodox. In such a situation he would incline to console the ailing woman by joining the ululation against the unfairness of Providence. Melinda simply refused to play. What she was saying was: "Look, one out of 3500 women get this fatal disease. Can you give me one good reason why the other 3499 should qualify to get it, in a sense that you do not qualify?" This particular foothold on philosophical reality is more the property of the woman than of the man.

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Having mentioned that my friend Melinda held no grudges, I must uncompromisingly make the point that this capacity for forgiveness was not in her an emanation of saintliness. She held no grudges only because some internal palimpsest wiped away all the traces of that day's detractor. Those women whose windshield wipers don't work quite that industriously in removing the sludge of the day are surely the gender-champ grudge-keepers. I wonder why, and conclude that it must have something to do with the singular hopelessness felt by women as they look on their men, so often poorly equipped to defend themselves in the brawl-storms of public and corporate life. I know women who do not forget or forgive a 20-year-old slight against their man, a slight the victim of which is perfectly prepared to dismiss, after a cooling-down period, as simply a vicissitude: one of those things that happen to everybody who contends in life, and that means just about everybody. Not restricted to men who fight for presidential nominations or who face themselves across battlefronts, but also to Carthusian monks in whom sweltering resentments develop over a brother's serenity or productivity or manifestly superior holiness.

It is a part of the human predicament that all men contend, but not a part of the human predicament that all men are contentious. Where in some men resourceful counteraggressiveness is insufficiently developed, my impression is that the woman is there to stoke her man's engines, or even to take on the enemy directly. Since, more often than not, she is not equipped to deny her man's adversary the presidential nomination or the chairmanship of the board or the Pulitzer Prize, she must rely on the one all-service weapon indisputably hers—her tongue.

The female willingness to take on the enemies of her man isn't an instinct that forms, like ovulation, only after a certain age. My baby sister, at the age of ten, won the Best Junior Rider award in 1939 at the Dutchess County Horse Show at which President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, whose Hyde Park home lay a dozen miles away, regularly appeared in his role as country squire. The routine, when you win the blue ribbon, is to ride around the ring to receive the applause of onlookers. When she passed by the presidential box, FDR applauded lustily—and my sister turned her head abruptly to one side, so to speak, rejecting his applause. A minute later she bounced happily, blue ribbon in hand, to the family box alongside the president's. "Why," my father whispered to her, "didn't you acknowledge the president's applause?" My sister's hoarsely whispered answer was given in wide-eyed astonishment: "I thought you didn't like him!" The ten-year-old was protecting her man. In this case, her father.

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It may be an aspect of this same loyalty that makes women far better security risks than men. The convention is that women are bubble baths of gossip, and this is true up to a point. When I bother to listen in on some of the conversations between my wife and some of her friends, male and female, I have the feeling that I am listening to a CD-ROM of Liz Smith. But in 40-plus years, nothing I have told my wife in true confidence (and women know how to distinguish between frivolous confidence and the other variety) has ever come back to me from a third person. This is an aspect of fidelity. A confidence casually confided, whether under the impulse of intimacy or devil-may-care (I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours), could, if violated in our terrible times, dispatch the trusting male right to Gulag, and in the corporate world (I suspect) could result in a 180-degree turn from upward mobility. Men, whose hearts are more footloose than women's, are likelier to yield to temptation; for instance, in order to ingratiate themselves with the new objects of their desire, by recounting the weaknesses of the incumbent. If years ago I had made a systematic effort to collect such stuff, in the fashion of Suetonius, I know that I would have a fatter inventory of unpleasant data, relayed in the first instance under the shroud of confidentiality, told to me about women by men than about men by women. If one is of a turn of mind to explore the question systematically, it could be done by careful examinations of literature, of the law courts, even of the gossip columns. The challenge would be to discard that which is merely gossip and can't lay claim to the solemnity of a confidence broken. One comes across a Mia Farrow now and again, but hers was a case of desperation fueled by a determination that she and her children should survive.

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I have for years, in lazy moments, wondered whether there might be more interesting explanations than mere biological anomalies why women live six to eight years longer than men. I have as of this very moment indulged in the speculation that there is in women a surer sense of self-preservation. At the obvious level, the figures indicate that there are fewer women drunks than men (though the lines are gradually closing), fewer women who smoke than men and, I suppose, fewer

(concluded on page 273)

"We can't make him take it down. She's his grandmother."

40 Memorable Years

celebrating a four-decade-long love affair with the girls next door

"Without you," Hugh M. Hefner once said while addressing a Playmate reunion assembled before him on the Mansion lawn, "I'd have a literary magazine." Thankfully, he created a publishing phenomenon that embraced gorgeous women *and* good reading. Which makes our job for this anniversary issue—honoring 32 of the hundreds of Playmates to grace our centerfolds—difficult yet delicious. We did our best in selecting those who made the most-lasting impressions—and we asked these archetypal Playmates to share the memories that they experienced as America's sexiest women. Think of it as PLAYBOY's family album.

JANET PILGRIM (July 1955, December 1955, October 1956) Hef's first girl next door (above) posed under a pseudonym. "Janet Pilgrim was so appropriate," she says. "Pilgrim's progress and such." The cat in the tuxedo in the background is Hef.

ELIZABETH ANN ROBERTS (January 1958) An honar student at Chicaga's Academy far Adults, Elizabeth (right) was cantroversial: She posed while still a teenager. Her mother appraved af the photos, but Hef was cited in court. The charge didn't stick.

JOYCE NIZZARI (December 1958) Joyce (below) hadn't heard of the magazine until she met Hef. She posed for lenswoman Bunny Yeager and recalls: "It's funny. Now my two-piece bathing suit is more revealing than what I wore then."

CHRISTA SPECK (September 1961) German-born Christa (above) brought a foreign flavor to our pages. She's remembered for a pre-Calvin underwear shot and a pool-party picture in which Christa's leap was frozen by a photographer, and in the minds of our readers.

STELLA STEVENS (January 1960) "If it was a mistake, I'll learn from it," Stella (below) told a Tennessee preacher who objected to her pose. "If it was not, I'll profit by it." Profit she did, landing film roles with Glenn Ford and Gene Hackman.

CONNIE MASON (June 1963) She was a madel for Oleg Cassini before her centerfold appearance. Of *Blaad Feast*, her first harror flick, Connie (above) says, "It was a typical stary about sacrificing virgins ta Egyptian deities." She survived.

DEDE LIND (August 1967) DeDe (below) cherished her role as a Playmate. She received heaps of fan mail and credits photographer Mario Casilli as a major factar in her papularity. "Yau could relax," she says, "knawing the pictures wauld be great."

JO COLLINS (December 1964) "*Apocalypse Now* doesn't came clase ta that experience," says Ja (abave) about her trip to Vietnam. "In 1985, when the vets were recagnized at the White Hause, I was the guest af honar. It will stay with me forever."

COLLINSON TWINS (October 1970) Mary, left, and Madeleine, right (below), were the first twins in the Playmate pantheon, heralding future episodes of double and even triple vision.

CONNIE KRESKI (January 1968) "When I first met Hef," says Connie (above), recalling a time before her Playmate of the Year honors or her film career, "I thaught, Playmates don't wear glasses. So I walked into the living raom in the Chicago Mansion nat seeing a thing. And he walked right up to me and was so nice I felt comfortable immediately."

DONNA MICHELLE (December 1963) Sultry poses by a slightly rumpled California dream girl made Donna (below) one of our most popular Playmates of the Year. After becoming a professional photographer, she shared a trade secret an shooting good nudes: "When you're enthusiastic about a subject and tell her so, she begins to reflect that feeling."

CLAUDIA JENNINGS (November 1969) The B-movie queen and Playmate of the Year (above) was proudest of one of her last films, Nicolas Raeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth*.

KAREN CHRISTY (December 1971) In describing life at the Playboy Mansion for his best-seller *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, Gay Talese portrayed Karen (below) in print as a generous, love-goddess rival to Hef's steady companion Barbi Benton.

ESTER CORDET (October 1974) Airline attendants have always fueled our readers' flights of fancy, but Ester (right) was surprised at reactions to her pictorial. Many passengers asked if she were *the* Ester. "It was embarrassing," she says, smiling.

LIV LINDELAND (January 1971) "Once upon a time, I was a Playmate," says Liv (above). "That's how my life story begins. In 1972 I was both Playmate of the Year and *Stars and Stripes* cover girl. I was a kid. Then I grew to be a woman—the best time of all."

NANCY CAMERON (January 1974) Nancy (right) told us that if she had stayed hame, she would probably have married her high school boyfriend and warked for a dentist. Instead, she became our first dauble-centerfald Playmate.

MARILYN COLE (January 1972) Marilyn naw markets racy swimwear. On becaming the only English Playmate af the Year, Marilyn (belaw) says, "My life turned into a wanderful pink blob."

LILLIAN MÜLLER (August 1975) Says Lillian (below) of her nine covers and 25 appearances in PLAYBOY: "It's made me a household name. I'm the biggest Norwegian export to America."

DEBRA JO FONDREN (September 1977) Debra Jo (above) fondly recalls her wild reign as 1978 Playmate of the Year. "Everything imaginable happened," she says slyly. Now she's on the production side of the glamour game.

PATTI MCGUIRE (November 1976) Patti went from appearing in our historic Jimmy Carter issue to playing mixed doubles with husband Jimmy Connors. Says Patti (below) of her time at the Mansion: "It was like living in a sorority house. I met a lot of good people and made friends."

MARIANNE GRAVATTE (October 1982) The hard part for Playmate of the Year Marianne Gravatte (left) was the centerfold. The pose showed off her perfect form, but she remembers that her feet were a bit pinched: The boots she wore were a size and a half too small.

SHANNON TWEED (November 1981) "I spent most of my day with my leg in the air," says Shannon (right) about her latest TV-movie, *Model by Day*. (She plays a kick-boxer.) Shannon recently celebrated the ninth anniversary of meeting rocker Gene Simmons at a Mansion party.

DOROTHY STRATTEN (August 1979) Books, orticles ond such movies as *Star 80* have memorialized Dorothy (obove), o shining light snuffed by a senseless tragedy. She is remembered for her too-brief film coreer, her gentle soul ond her innocence.

CANDY LOVING (Jonuary 1979) Condy (above) soys thot her better pictoriol wos her second, *Another Loving Look*, which wos shot in the Monsion by Arny Freytog. "It's omozing," she soys. "I never thought thot 15 yeors loter, people would remember."

TERRI WELLES (December 1980) "To this day, I'm struck by how Playmates are absolutely revered," says Terri (below), who had a small part in the movie *The Firm*. She was on three covers in one year. "I didn't know what the impact would be. Now I do."

KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER (January 1988) Every fairy tale needs a princess. Kimberley's storybook romance with Hef was cheered by readers, who showed their appreciation by hailing Hef's Playmate of a Lifetime (above) as 1989's Playmate of the Year.

VAN BREESCHOOTEN TWINS (September 1989) Our double Dutch treat featured Misses Mirjam (right) and Karin (far right) van Breeschooten. They were discovered, and uncovered, by *Playboy Netherlands*, one of our 18 foreign editions.

PENNY BAKER (January 1984) "My greatest honor," says Penny (below), "was appearing on the page next to Brigitte Bardot in *Playboy Presents 50 Beautiful Women.*"

FAWNA MACLAREN (January 1989) "It's amazing," says Fawna (above) of her appearance as our 35th Anniversary Playmate. "It's like you're part of American history."

ANNA NICOLE SMITH (May 1992) Not since Brooke wore Calvins has a woman done so much for blue jeans. She got the Guess gig after appearing in this magazine. Look for 1993's Playmate of the Year (above) as she launches her acting career in the Caen brothers flick *The Hudsucker Proxy* and in *Naked Gun 3.*

PLAYBOY PROFILE

By SHANA ALEXANDER

THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING HILLARY

THE MORE SHE HELPS HER HUSBAND, THE MORE LIKELY PEOPLE ARE TO COMPLAIN. IT'S NOT EASY

"THUMB-SUCKING, Shana, is not what's needed."

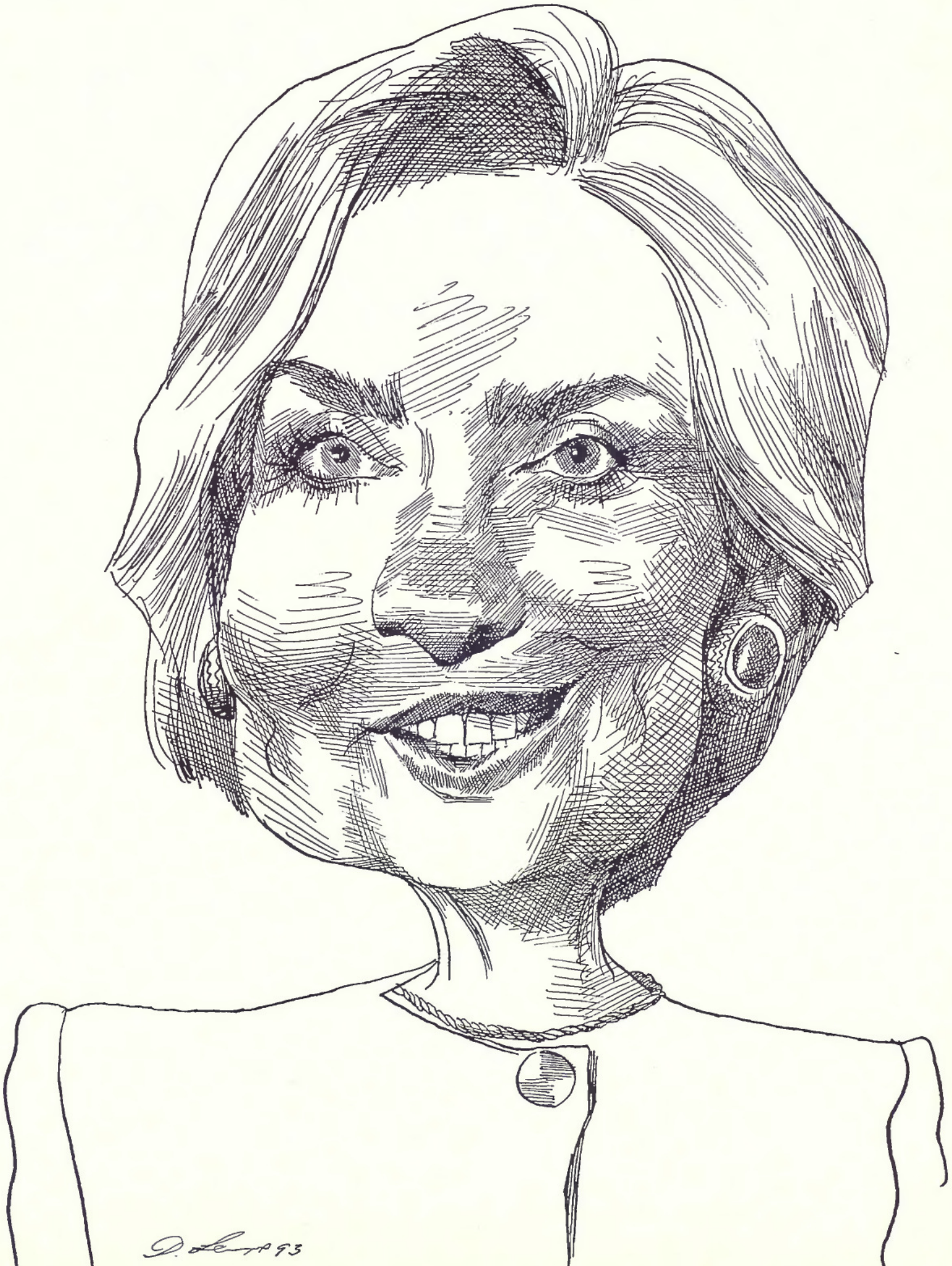
So said my employer, Katharine Graham, back in Watergate days when I was a *Newsweek* columnist. The congressional investigation was playing on TV all day every day and the country was hooked. Me, too. I watched the hearings gavel to gavel, then mused about them—thumb-sucked—in print. Graham would have preferred reporting. But it was thumb-sucking that gave me the sole scoop of my ink-stained life. What were the blue-gloved burglars really after? It was simple if you noodled it long enough. Nixon the paranoid pragmatist wanted to know what dirt the Democrats had on him. I was the first writer to suggest this, thereby answering one of Watergate's last unanswered questions.

The unanswered Hillary question is not simple. What she is really after, no one knows. The first lady talks to reporters very selectively these days, and she won't talk to PLAYBOY at all. "Not in this lifetime!" she exclaimed when this magazine suggested a *Playboy Interview*. I mention the matter only to be clear that what follows was written without the cooperation of Mrs. Clinton or her staff. Call it thumb-sucking of the first water.

Hillary Rodham Clinton and her modern marriage are what the women's movement was all about. She is what women of my generation, and many more of hers, marched and picketed and fought for 30 years to make possible. She is a fully independent woman, a wife who is her husband's equal in every respect, a female free to develop her full potential. She is feminism's finest flower to date, and now that she has become America's first lady, she is also a role model to millions. For the next 30 years, at least, little girls all over the world will devote themselves to trying to become like her.

Yet her presence in the White House makes many Americans uncomfortable. Even feminists, of both sexes, are edgy. How widespread the anxiety is, nobody knows. Many who fear her don't admit it. One large group—doctors and nurses and other health care professionals—mistrust her because she is a lawyer, their traditional enemy. Men generally don't like her, and I suspect many are scared to death of her. For one thing, her marriage doesn't fit any of the old patterns. When Bill was a candidate, that didn't matter. It may even have helped. But now that his wife is first lady, she arouses ambivalent emotions in people who are still scared of

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE



equality. Practically everybody, though we may not admit it, is still scared of equality.

Hillary was never a traditional political wife, blankly smiling, raptly listening, helmeted in hair spray. In Arkansas, and later on the campaign trail, her style was different, open, refreshing. Then Bill got elected and things had to change. The first lady's role is drenched in sexism. Symbolically, a president's wife still wears a bustle. But Hillary Rodham Clinton, new woman incarnate, prefers slacks and a headband. That's why she looked so odd at the Inauguration. It wasn't just her hat, which the press made such fun of. Hillary in any hat would have looked funny. New women don't wear hats. That's why there are no more custom milliners. Women wear headbands. It's easier. Hillary doesn't really give much of a damn about coiffure or couture, so long as everything is clean and reasonably becoming. Nobody does anymore, except women like Nancy Reagan. And not too many of those are left in 1994 America.

Of the current pack of political wives, Hillary seems most like a real woman in the gender sense. She is not harsh like Elizabeth Dole, not a cheerleader like Tipper Gore, not a club woman like Barbara Bush. She's intelligent, she looks good and she's always astoundingly well-prepared. To steel herself for her new responsibilities, she read 43 first lady biographies.

As a matter of fact, Bill Clinton doesn't fit the presidential model, either. To me, one of the most interesting things about him is that he is the one world leader who presents himself as a strong man completely unthreatened by the equally strong woman standing beside him. The last one of those I remember was Marshal Tito.

So the Clintons as a couple will take some getting used to. They're new and different and, he at 47 and she at 46 years old, younger than the six presidential couples immediately before them—the Bushes, Reagans, Carters, Fords, Nixons and Johnsons. They're a lot younger than the Eisenhowers, Trumans and Roosevelts. The White House has never known anything like the Clintons. But 1994 America is like them. Most American wives work. Most people today wear casual clothes, go to the movies, eat pizza. In age, taste and class, the Clintons mirror middle America to a remarkable degree.

In the White House the Clintons' style may take time to adjust to, but we have three more years. Hillary has a chance to draw some lines in the sand. The U.S. was the last big country to provide Social Security. Now it is the only major country that does not provide health care to all its people. So even if Hillary's health care plan is at best a compromise, a mere foot in the door, she may still go down in history as the great agent of change she longs to be. Most people believe that to accomplish this, the present plan will have to be scrapped in favor of some sort of single-payer system. But if Mrs. Clinton becomes convinced she got off on the wrong foot, she is the one politician I can think of who may have the guts to admit it and be willing to rethink and start over.

Other difficulties have to do with the Clintons' nature as a couple, and particularly with Hillary's unusual background. Who is she, and how did she get that way?

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Hillary Rodham's father was a conservative Midwestern Republican, a small-business owner who dealt in textiles. Her happy suburban childhood with two brothers resembled a Hallmark card. Picture big houses, rolling lawns, a near-zero crime rate and actual gas lamps lighting the street corners.

From first grade through Yale Law School, Hillary was a leader, popular and attractive, good in sports and an excellent student. After each new triumph, her father, Hugh Rodham, told her the same thing: "You did well. But could you do better?" According to Clinton mythology, this question endowed Hillary with the kind of aggression and will to excel that boys acquire through sports and other male conditioning, but that most girls lack.

Girls of my generation, and most girls of Hillary's generation, were brought up to believe that striving too hard to win is "unfeminine." Our brothers may have been made anxious by failure, but we were made anxious by success. As a result, girls like us grew up lacking the taste for combat—really a matter of training—that is necessary to succeed in this hyperaggressive and competitive society. And make no mistake: Success *is* required. With the demise of communism, the new acceptance of same-sex couples and political correctness of all kinds, the only un-American thing left is failure.

So far as one can tell, Hillary Rodham Clinton has never failed at anything. School and college friends are unanimous: She is so special, so gifted, she could have been an astronaut or a senator or anything else she wanted. Hillary had more choices than any woman in America, they say. If she fails in the next three years, it will be the first failure of her life.

In high school outside Chicago, she was a student leader and Goldwater Girl, and when she graduated in 1965 she was voted the girl most likely to succeed. She arrived at Wellesley College in pleated skirts and knee socks and, still a freshman, was voted president of the Young Republicans. But it was the seething Sixties, and 18-year-old Hillary Rodham was the right age to break out. Soon she was wearing horn-rimmed glasses and granny dresses and campaigning for Eugene McCarthy. Always serious about her Methodist religion, she was profoundly affected by the Vietnam war and the assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy. She studied and wrote papers on the Black Panthers, the Weathermen, poverty and racism. By graduation in 1969 she was president of student government and, more important, chosen by her classmates as the first student ever to speak at a Wellesley commencement. *Life* printed an excerpt, alongside her picture. She had ad-libbed her speech's key line: "The challenge now is to practice politics as the art of making what appears to be impossible possible." It's the same message she preaches today.

At Yale Law School, she met an Arkansas boy on scholarship who was working three part-time jobs. Both had been early high achievers. The same year that Bill Clinton was a senator in Boys' Nation and got to shake hands with President Kennedy, Hillary was thrilled to shake hands with Dr. Martin Luther King. Both were passionate about Vietnam and civil rights. In her free time, Hillary was teaching reading to black kids in Boston's Roxbury neighborhood under the direction of her mentor, Marian Wright Edelman, the first black woman in Mississippi to pass the bar and now head of the Children's Defense Fund. By graduation, she and Bill had lived together for two years and were passionately in love.

Bill went back to Arkansas, determined to get into politics. Hillary landed a coveted staff attorney position at the Children's Defense Fund in Cambridge, Massachusetts. A few months later she was invited to join the special impeachment staff being assembled by the House Judiciary Committee to investigate Watergate, one of only three women in the 43-lawyer crew that prepared the groundwork for the televised hearings that would hypnotize the nation.

Seven months later, Nixon abruptly resigned, and Hillary's job evaporated. She was at loose ends for the first time ever and, at 26, her life path made a sudden hairpin bend.

By now Bill had been courting her on and off for five years. He had always

(continued on page 226)

"Two number-three Christmas dinners."

Remember Marilyn

A few select women have achieved the status of legends and PLAYBOY has been fortunate to publish photos of them. First there was Marilyn Monroe. Her classic red-plush calendar pose helped launch an empire—this one—when we showcased it in our premiere issue in December 1953. She was featured in four subsequent issues and retains a timeless place in our gallery of beautiful women.

These are not cigars.

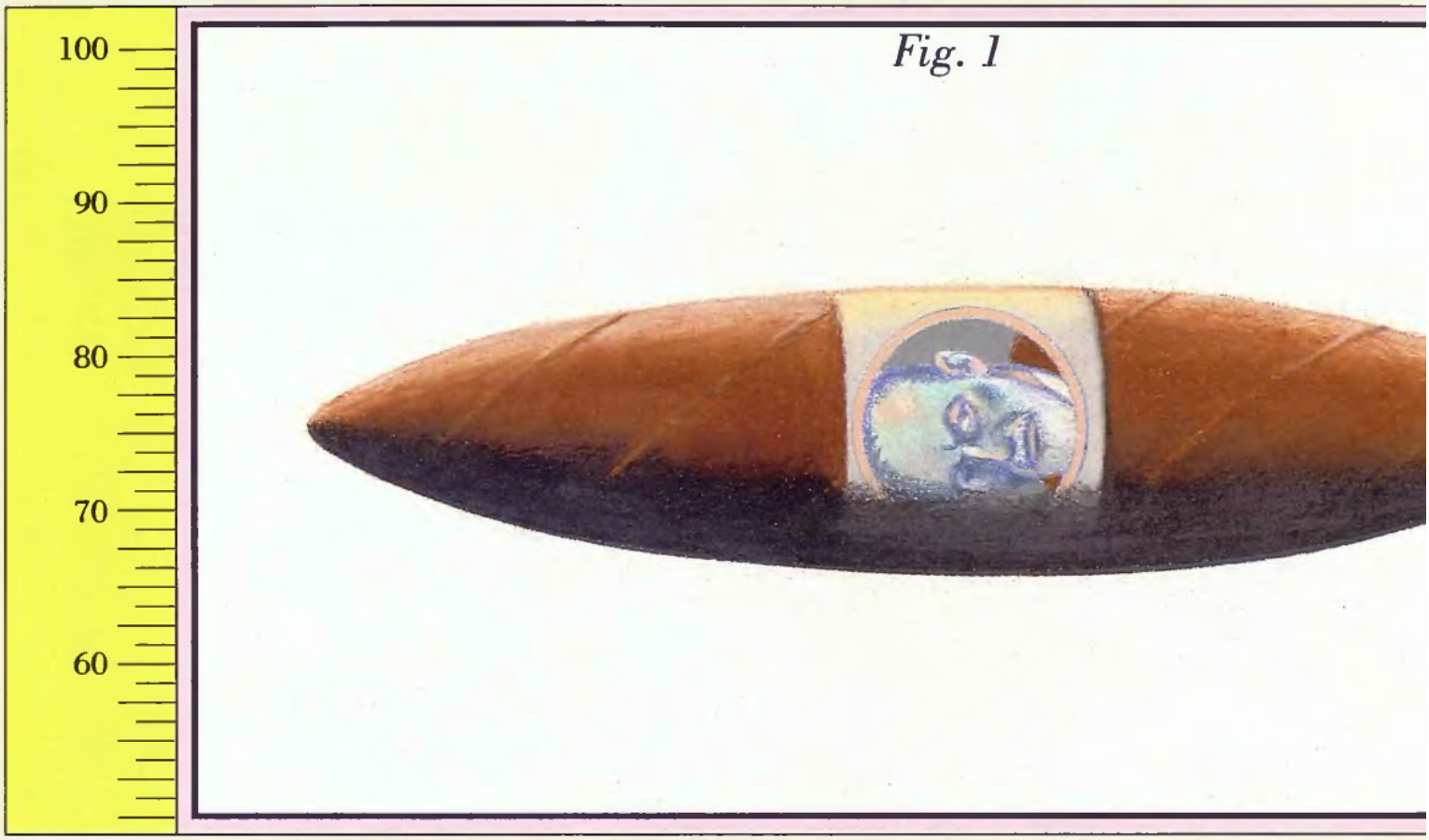


Fig. 1

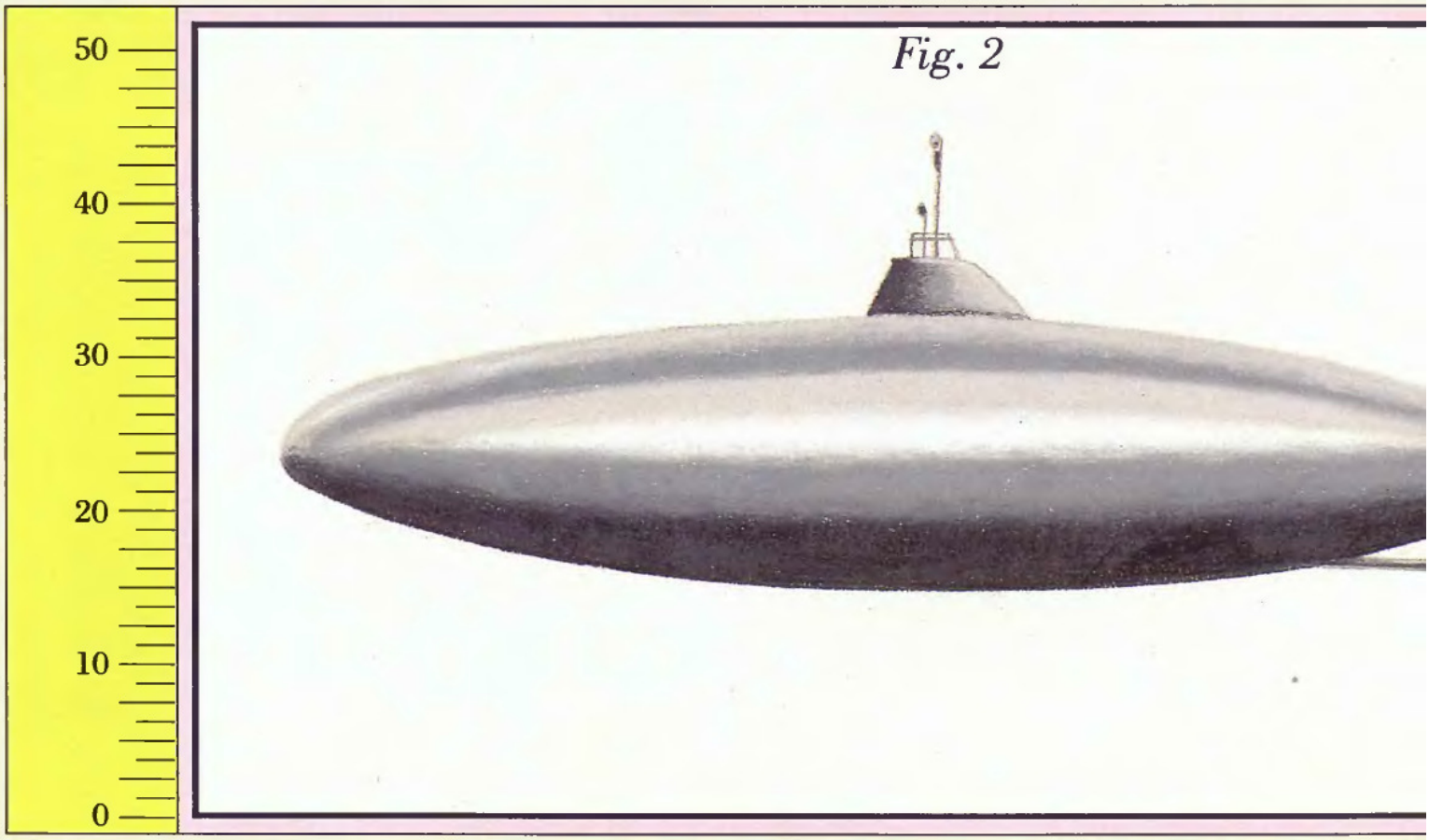
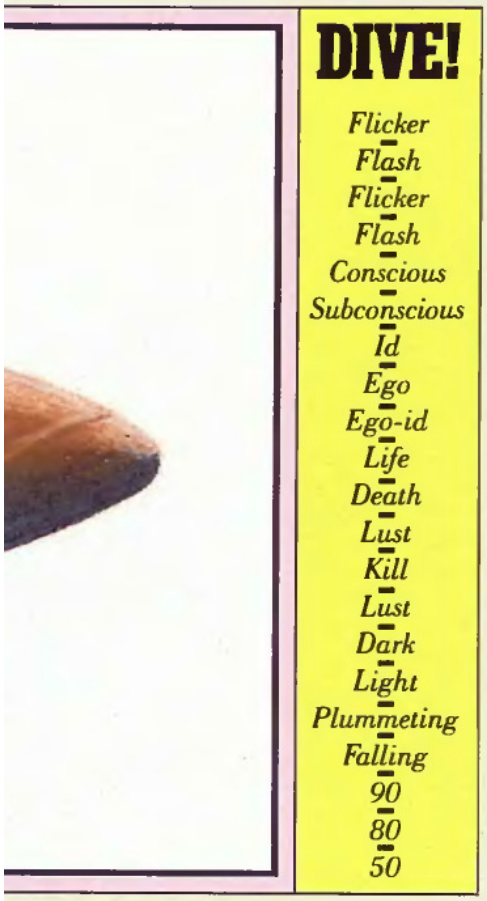


Fig. 2



Unterseeboot Doktor

"dive!" cried the captain of psychotic analysis. what did sigmund freud tell us about periscopes? or was that cigars?

fiction by **Ray Bradbury**

THE INCREDIBLE event occurred during my third visit to Gustav Von Seyffertitz, my foreign psychoanalyst. I should have guessed.

After all, my alienist, truly alien, had the coincidental name, Von Seyffertitz, of the tall, aquiline, menacing and therefore beautiful actor who played the high priest in the 1935 film *She*. In *She* the wondrous villain waved his skeleton fingers, hurled insults, summoned sulfurous flames, destroyed slaves and knocked the world into earthquakes. After that, he could be seen riding the Hollywood Boulevard trolley cars as calm as a mummy, as quiet as an unwired telephone pole.

Where was I? Ah, yes.

It was my third visit to my psychiatrist. He had called that day and cried, "Douglas, you stupid son of a bitch, it's time for beddy-bye!"

Beddy-bye was, of course, his couch of pain and humiliation, where I lay writhing in agonies of assumed Jewish guilt and Northern Baptist stress as he from time to time muttered, "A fruitcake remark," or "Dumb," or "If you ever do that again, I'll kill you."

As you can see, Gustav Von Seyffertitz was a most unusual mine specialist. Mine? Yes. Our problems

ILLUSTRATION BY MILTON GLASER

are land mines in our heads. Step on them! Shock-troop therapy, he once called it, searching for words. "Blitzkrieg?" I offered. "*Ja!*" he said, grinning his shark grin. "That's it!"

So, on my third visit to his strange office—a metallic-looking room with a most odd series of locks on a roundish door—suddenly, as I was maundering and treading dark waters, I heard his spine stiffen behind me. He gasped a great death rattle, sucked air and blew it out in a yell that curled and bleached my hair:

"Dive! Dive!"

I dove. Thinking that the room might be struck by a titanic iceberg, I fell to scuttle beneath the claw-footed couch.

"Dive!" cried the old man.

"Dive?" I whispered, and looked up to see a submarine periscope, all polished brass, slide up to vanish into the ceiling.

Gustav Von Seyffertitz stood pretending not to notice me, the sweat-oiled leather couch or the vanished brass machine. Very calmly, in the fashion of Conrad Veidt in *Casablanca*, or Erich Von Stroheim, the manservant in *Sunset Boulevard*, he lit a cigarette and let two calligraphic dragon plumes of smoke write themselves (his initials?) on the air.

"You were saying?" he said.

"No." I stayed on the floor. "You were saying. Dive?"

"I did not say that," he purred.

"Beg pardon, you said, very clearly, 'Dive!'"

"You hallucinate." He exhaled two more scrolled dragon plumes. "Why do you stare at the ceiling?"

"Because," I said, "unless I am further hallucinating, buried in that valve lock up there is a nine-foot length of Leica brass periscope."

"This boy is incredible, listen to him," muttered Von Seyffertitz to his alter ego, always a third person in the room when he analyzed. When he was not busy exhaling his disgust with me, he tossed asides at himself. "How many martinis did you have at lunch?"

"Don't hand me that, Von Seyffertitz. That ceiling, one minute ago, swallowed a long brass pipe, yes?"

Von Seyffertitz glanced at his large, one-pound-size Christmas watch, saw that I still had 30 minutes to go, sighed, threw down his cigarette, squashed it with a polished boot, then clicked his heels.

Have you ever heard the *whack* when a real pro like Jack Nicklaus hits a ball? *Bam*. A hand grenade! That was the sound my Germanic friend's boots made as he knocked them together in a salute.

Crrack!

"Gustav Mannerheim Auschlitz Von Seyffertitz, Baron Waldstein, at your service!" He lowered his voice:

"*Unterseeboot Kapitän*."

I scrambled off the floor.

Another *crrack* and——

The periscope slid calmly down out of the ceiling, the most beautiful Freudian cigar I had ever seen.

"No!" I gasped.

"Have I ever lied to you?"

"Many times!"

"But," he said, shrugging, "little white ones."

He stepped to the periscope, slapped two handles in place, slammed one eye shut and crammed the other angrily against the eyepiece, turning the periscope in a slow roundabout of the room, the couch and me.

"Fire one!" he ordered.

I almost heard the torpedo leave its tube.

"Fire two!" he said.

And a second soundless and invisible bomb motored on its way to infinity.

Struck amidships, I sank into the couch.

"You, you!" I said mindlessly. "It!" I pointed to the brass machine. "This!" I touched the couch. "Why?"

"Sit down," said Von Seyffertitz.

"I am."

"*Lie* down."

"I'd rather not," I said uneasily.

Von Seyffertitz turned the periscope so its topmost eye, raked at an angle, glared at me. It had an uncanny resemblance in its glassy coldness to his own fierce hawk's gaze. His voice, from behind the periscope, echoed.

"So you want to know, eh, how Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Baron Waldstein, was suffered to leave the cold ocean depths, depart his dear North Sea ship, flee his destroyed and beaten fatherland to become this *Unterseeboot Doktor*——"

"Now that you mention——"

"I never mention! I declare. And my declarations are sea-battle commands."

"So I noticed."

"Shut up. Sit back——"

"Not just now," I said uneasily.

His heels knocked as he let his right hand spider to his top coat pocket and slip forth a bright, thin monocle, which he screwed into his stare as if decupping a boiled egg. I winced, for now the monocle was part of his fiery glare and regarded me with cold fire.

"Why the monocle?" I said.

"Idiot! It is to cover my good eye so that neither eye can see and my intuition is free to work."

"Oh," I said.

And he began his monolog. And as he talked on and on, forgetting me, I realized his need had been pent up, capped, for years. During this monolog a strange thing occurred. I rose slowly to my feet as *Herr Doktor* Von Seyffertitz circled, his long, slim cigar printing smoke cumuli on the air, which he read like white Rorschach blots. With each implant of his foot, a word came out, and then another, in a sort of plodding grammar. Sometimes he stopped and stood posed with one leg raised and one word stopped in his mouth, to be turned on his tongue and examined. Then the shoe went down, the noun slid forth and the verb and object in good time.

Until at last, circling, I found myself in a chair, stunned, for I saw *Herr Doktor* Von Seyffertitz stretched on his own couch, his long spider fingers laced on his chest.

"It has been no easy thing to come forth on land," he sibilated. "Some days I was the jellyfish, frozen; others, the shore-strewn octopus, at least with tentacles, or the crayfish sucked back into my skull. But I have built my spine, year on year, and now I walk among the land men and survive."

He paused to take a trembling breath, then continued: "I moved in stages from the depths of a houseboat to a wharf bungalow to a shore tent and then back to a canal in a city and at last to New York, an island surrounded by water, eh? But where, where, in all this would a submarine commander find his place, his work, his love and activity?

"It was one afternoon in a building with the world's longest elevator that it struck me like a hand grenade in the ganglions. Going down, down, down, other people crushed around me, and the numbers descending and the floors whizzing by the glass windows, rushing by flicker-flash, flicker-flash, conscious, subconscious, id, ego, ego-id, life, death, lust, kill, lust, dark, light, plummeting, falling, 90, 80, 50, lower depths, high exhilaration, id, ego, id, until this shout blazed from my raw throat in a great all-accepting, panic-manic shriek: 'Dive! Dive!'"

"Ah," I said.

"'Dive!' I screamed so loudly that my fellow passengers, in shock, urinated. Among stunned faces I stepped out of the lift to find one sixteenth of an inch of pee on the floor. 'Have a nice day!' I said, jubilant with self-discovery, then ran to self-employment, to hang a shingle and nest my periscope, carried from the mutilated, divested, castrated *Unterseeboot* all these years. And I was too stupid to see my psychological future and my final downfall in it, my beautiful artifact, the brass genitalia of psychotic research, the Von Seyffertitz Mark Nine Periscope."

"That's quite a story," I said.

(continued on page 231)

"I know! Let's wreak vengeance on the forces of evil!"

Remember Jayne

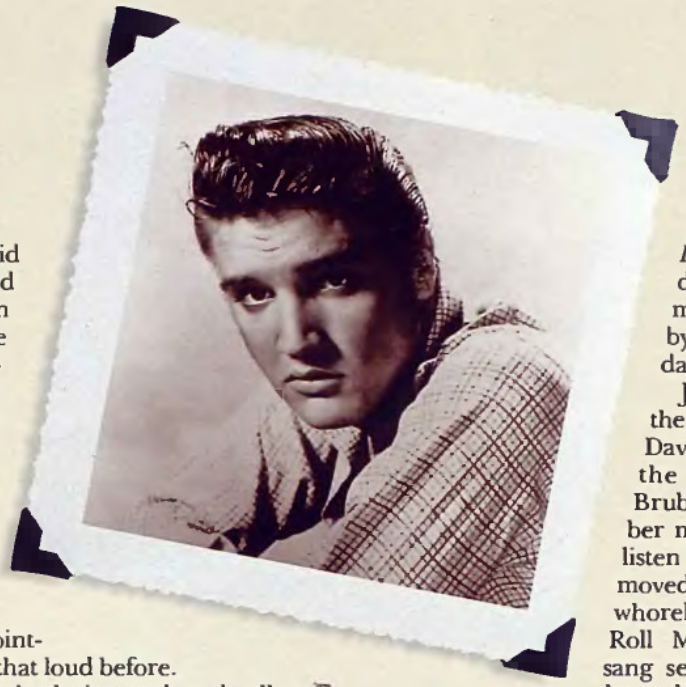
Jayne Mansfield, you'll pardon the expression, once got us busted. The City of Chicago contended that our June 1963 picture of her (nude in bed with actor Tom Noonan sitting on the edge) was obscene. The jury disagreed. Called the poor man's Marilyn Monroe, she was sassier, brassier and—like some tropical fruit—voluptuous in an overripe way, which was exactly her charm.

CHUCK BERRY
"CHUCK BERRY'S GOLDEN DECADE"
2C1A 1514-2
(1334E)
STEREO
SIDE 1
1. BYE BYE JOHNNY — 2:04
2. ROUND AND ROUND — 2:35
3. SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN — 2:55
4. ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC — 2:30
5. ANTHONY BOY — 1:48
6. BACK IN THE U.S.A. — 2:25
A DIVISION OF ALL PLATINUM RECORD GROUP

PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF JAZZ & ROCK

Roll Over Beethoven

BECAUSE IT'S THE FIFTIES, AND HERE COMES ROCK AND ROLL



FRANK ZAPPA said that rock and roll arrived in 1955 with the opening sequence of *The Blackboard Jungle*. When the titles flashed on the screen, Bill Haley and the Comets started blasting "one, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock" on the soundtrack. Rock and roll had been around for a few years by then, but as Zappa—who was 15 at the time—pointed out, no one had ever heard it that loud before. It was a qualitative difference. Isn't playing rock and roll this loud in a movie theater against the law? That the movie was about juvenile delinquency made it perfect.

There was a rebellion against the gray-flannel conformism of the Fifties, and rock and roll was a big part of it. The Beats wore black turtlenecks, bebop berets and goatees à la Dizzy. When they weren't dropping bennies and racing across the country for the fun of it, they sat in their coffeehouses talking urgently about Kierkegaard and Zen Buddhism. "What are you rebelling against?" a stupefied resident of the terrorized town asks Hell's Angel Marlon Brando in *The Wild One* (1954). Brando, after a moment of cool, lizard-lidded consideration, replies: "Whaddya got?"

There was another scene in *The Blackboard Jungle* that spoke to the new direction of popular music: One of the teachers brings in his precious collection of jazz 78s to play for his class full of tough JDs, only to watch in horror as they sail his records around the room, smashing every one—the new barbarians storming the gates and destroying history.

Certainly most jazz fans felt that way about the coming of rock and roll. But jazz had changed since its beginnings back in New Orleans at the turn of the century. Between 1900 and 1940, jazz had always been dance music—but the economy and the beboppers redirected it by the Fifties.

The moving meditations of Miles Davis on *Kind of Blue*, for example, are no doubt higher on the cosmic musical scale than *Sh-Boom* by the Chords. But you can dance to *Sh-Boom*.

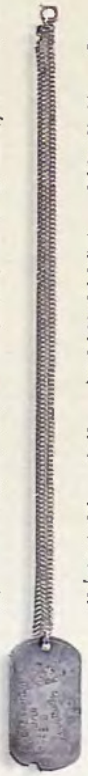
Jazz basically sat down in the Fifties. The leading edge—Davis, Stan Kenton, the MJQ, the Jazz Messengers, Dave Brubeck—was becoming chamber music, something to sit and listen to carefully. It was far removed from its New Orleans whorehouse origins, where Jelly Roll Morton played piano and sang sexy songs while the barely dressed working girls danced and drank with their johns before heading upstairs.

By the early Fifties, most of the big bands that were the mainstay of Thirties and Forties dance music had crashed and burned. Duke Ellington hung in with his, as did Benny Goodman, but in the early Fifties even Count Basie cut back to a smaller aggregation.

This change left what might be called a dance gap. The prevailing glop on the pop charts didn't cut it. The number-one record in 1950, for instance, was *Goodnight Irene* by the Weavers. Other top-30 hits from this banner year included *If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked a Cake* by Eileen Barton, Patti Page's *Tennessee Waltz* and *Hoop-Dee-Doo* by Perry Como. Hoop-dee-doo, indeed.

But there was something else going on, a new postwar style of black urban music called rhythm and blues. As the white audience discovered it, it became rock and roll.

Jazz from the beginning had drunk deeply from the blues. In fact, it was called the blues by early players until in 1917 a newspaperman came up with the name jazz—a black slang term for screwing. Even later, jazzmen such as Charlie Parker and Count Basie called what they played the blues. From the Thirties on, rockin' and



One of the original true rockers, Chuck Berry (opposite page) told Beethoven to dig these rhythm and blues. But it was Elvis (above, along with souvenir locket and Army dogtags, left) who took rock into the mainstream with *Heartbreak Hotel*.

PART SIX IN A SERIES BY DAVID STANDISH

ILLUSTRATION BY ODN BAUM IN THE STYLE OF ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG

DJ Alan Freed (below right) is credited with the term rock and roll. On his radio show, *The Moon Dog Show*, he ployed the urbon blues of Muddy Waters (far left), the jozzy blues of T-Bone Walker (standing) and the howls of Howlin' Wolf (below left)—the R&B that led to rock.

rollin' had meant the same thing as jazzing in blues, and then R&B, songs—so there was a certain historical continuity when DJ Alan Freed named the new music rock and roll. Like jazz before it, rhythm and blues or rock and roll was sexy and cheerfully disreputable.

And just as jazz had always done, R&B drew heavily on the blues for inspiration. It was basically the country blues gone urban—as early New Orleans jazz had been at the turn of the century—only this time with electricity added.

As it did in the Twenties with jazz, Chicago in the late Forties and early Fifties figured prominently in the evolution of rhythm and blues. This time, it took sociology and technology to conspire in its creation.

In the Forties, Southern blacks, mainly from Mississippi, began migrating north in search of jobs, and they brought with them the music of the Mississippi Delta (the region between Vicksburg and Memphis—the heart of country blues).

Even though it offered relatively good-paying work, life in Chicago was tougher than it had been in Mississippi—and you could hear it in the new urban blues called R&B. The South Side clubs where these bluesmen played were loud, smoky joints, and it took an amplified electric guitar and a hard-driving group to cut through the din.

Muddy Waters personified the new style. Born McKinley Morganfield in 1915 in Rolling Fork, Mississippi, Muddy was one of ten kids in a sharecropper's family. By the age of 17 he had taught himself to play harmonica and acoustic guitar, and he was getting local party gigs around Clarksdale. In 1942 he moved to Chicago, where he drove a truck for an uncle and played his country blues for tips at parties and at the outdoor Sunday-morning Maxwell Street market. In 1945

With his moon face, spit curl and country-and-western background, Bill Holey wos an unlikely candidote as an eorly rock hero. But his *Rock Around the Clock* remains the best-selling rock single at 25 million and counting.

"That'll be the day / That you make me cry / That'll be the day / That you make me sigh / You say you're gonna leave me / but you know it's a lie / That'll be the day that I die." —Buddy Holly

It was as if Little Richard hod come from Mars. He was so original, pounding the piano while singing ot a breakneck speed about sex. Little Richard says that he invented rock ond roll—and it's almost true.

The Chords had a 1954 hit, *Sh-Boom*, that may have been the first rock-and-roll record—crossing over from the R&B charts.

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE
Words and Music by JACK HAMMER and OTIS BLACKWELL
Recorded by JERRY LEE LEWIS on London Records
Jerry Lee Lewis

"You shake my nerves and you rattle my brain / Too much lovin' drives a man insane / You broke my will / But what a thrill / Goodness gracious, great balls of fire." —Jerry Lee Lewis

They call him the Killer. When he came on the scene in 1957, Jerry Lee Lewis (left) was compared to Little Richard. His career as a rocker ended abruptly when he married his 13-year-old cousin, but he went on to make it as a country-and-western star.

his uncle gave him an electric guitar, and he began playing South Side lounges. As he succinctly put it, "You can't hear an acoustic in a bar." By 1950 Muddy was recording for Chess Records in the hard new urban style. His landmark song *Rollin' Stone* of that year was appropriated by a bunch of schoolboy Brits more than ten years later, next as the title of one of Bob Dylan's first electric hits, and then for the name of a rock magazine.

Perhaps the grittiest of this new generation of Chicago bluesmen was Chester Burnett—a.k.a. Howlin' Wolf. Born in Mississippi in 1910, he, too, had started out playing country blues, influenced by Blind Lemon Jefferson, Charley Patton and Sonny Boy Williamson. In the mid-Thirties he toured the South with Robert Johnson, the writer of *Crossroads*. By the late Forties, Howlin' Wolf had gone electric with a vengeance. His gravelly, growling voice appeared on such early-Fifties hits as *Moanin' at Midnight, How Many More Years?* and *Smokestack Lightning*—the last taken as a signature tune by the Yardbirds. His singing was somewhere beyond primal, a style improbably influenced in part by white Southern singer Jimmie Rodgers, also from Mississippi, who was billed in the late Twenties as America's Blue Yodeler. Wolf tried to imitate Rodgers' yodeling, but it mutated into those growls and moans instead. There were others, of course, and not all of them lived in Chicago. Guitarist

The early Sixties brought a wave of girl groups—including the Marvelettes, the Chiffons, the Ronettes, the Shirelles and the Crystals—that made some of the best singles of the time. But supreme among them were the appropriately named Supremes (below), who fashioned hit after hit throughout the decade.

Both Roy Orbison (above left) and Carl Perkins (above center) had their first hits in 1956. Along with Elvis at Sun, they created the rockabilly sound. But by 1960, as musicians switched to the new electric Fender solid-body guitars (above), the sound was changing. From left to right, some of these rare classics are: 1951 Precision Bass, 1960 Stack Knob Jazz Bass, 1955 Stratocaster and 1950 Broadcaster.

The spectral boy wonder Phil Spector (left) started in the music business as a kid gofer full of ideas working for Leiber and Stoller, the songwriters behind the Coasters, but he soon was producing his own groups and creating his famous Wall of Sound.

T-Bone Walker called Dallas home. According to blues historian Pete Welding, "Back in the late Thirties, almost alone, he forged the fleet, jazz-based guitar style that has since become the dominant approach to the instrument."

T-Bone came from a musical family. As a ten-year-old he was a lead boy for the seminal blues guitarist Blind Lemon Jefferson, helping him get around Central Avenue, where Jefferson would play at various joints with a money cup hanging from his guitar. T-Bone and Charlie Christian—generally considered the first modern jazz guitarist—used to do two-man pass-the-hat street performances, alternating on bass and guitar with a dance routine thrown in. As a teenager, Walker toured Texas with Dr. Breeding's Big B Tonic Medicine Show, and after winning first prize in a Cab Calloway amateur show in 1930, he worked briefly with that band. By the mid-Thirties he was part of the Les Hite Cotton Club Orchestra, and in 1943 and 1944 he was guitarist for the Fletcher Henderson Orchestra—whose leader had pretty much invented big-band jazz in the late Twenties. Remarkably, T-Bone's career spanned it all: from country blues to big-band jazz to the electric rhythm and blues that was to lead inevitably to rock and roll.

And while the pop charts snored on in the late Forties—the top four pop hits in 1949 were *Riders in the Sky* by Vaughn Monroe, Frankie Laine's *That Lucky Old Sun*, Vic Damone's *You're Breaking My Heart* and *Some Enchanted Evening* by Perry Como—black music continued toward rock and roll with the birth of doo-wop.

In the early Forties the Mills Brothers and the Ink Spots were the first important black vocal groups, but compared with what followed, they sang in a straight white pop style—like black Andrews Sisters, as critic Ed Ward put it. After the war, the Ravens—with the bass-lead and gospel-influenced sound of their 1949 rhythm-and-blues hit version of *Old Man River*—inspired all the subsequent bird groups (the Orioles, the Robins—who later became the Coasters—the Meadowlarks, the Crows, even the Penguins).

"Yeah. you got that something / I think you'll understand / When I feel that something / I wanna hold your hand / I wanna hold your hand / I wanna hold your hand."

the Beatles

Other heavy-duty R&B vocal groups of the early Fifties included the Dominoes, whose 1951 hit *Sixty Minute Man* remains a sexy anthem of male bragging, and the Drifters, formed in 1953 after Clyde McPhatter left the Dominoes and put together a group using members of the Civitones, a gospel group. (The Drifters' 1954 *Honey Love* is also up there on the list.) Other groups included the Five Keys, whose 1951 R&B hit *Glory of Love* might have been recorded in church—as might have the original 1953 *A Sunday Kind of Love* by the Harptones. As Arnold Shaw says in his excellent history of rhythm and blues, *Honkers and Shouters*: "The most important source of R&B was gospel music, whose repertoire, form and style

(continued on page 130)

At first no Americans except teenage girls could tell them apart. But after the Beatles invaded in 1964—beginning an unparalleled string of number-one hits—rock and roll would never be the same. Inspired by Chuck Berry and other early rockers, they got us back to where we once belonged.

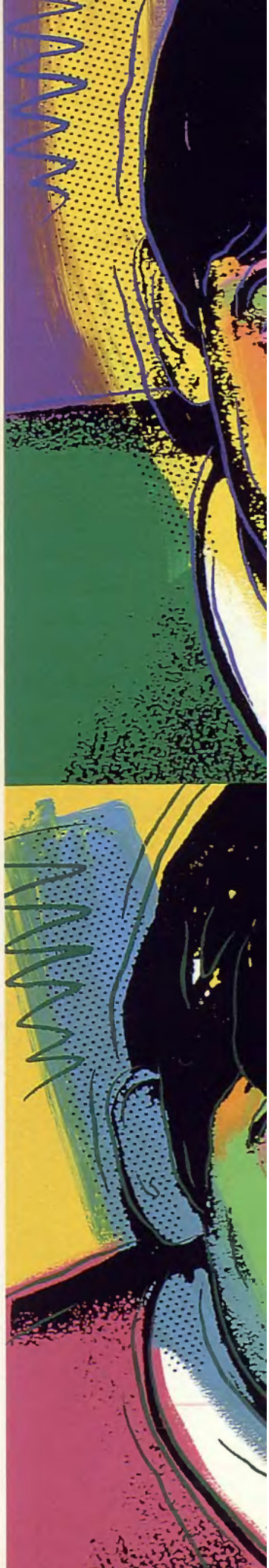
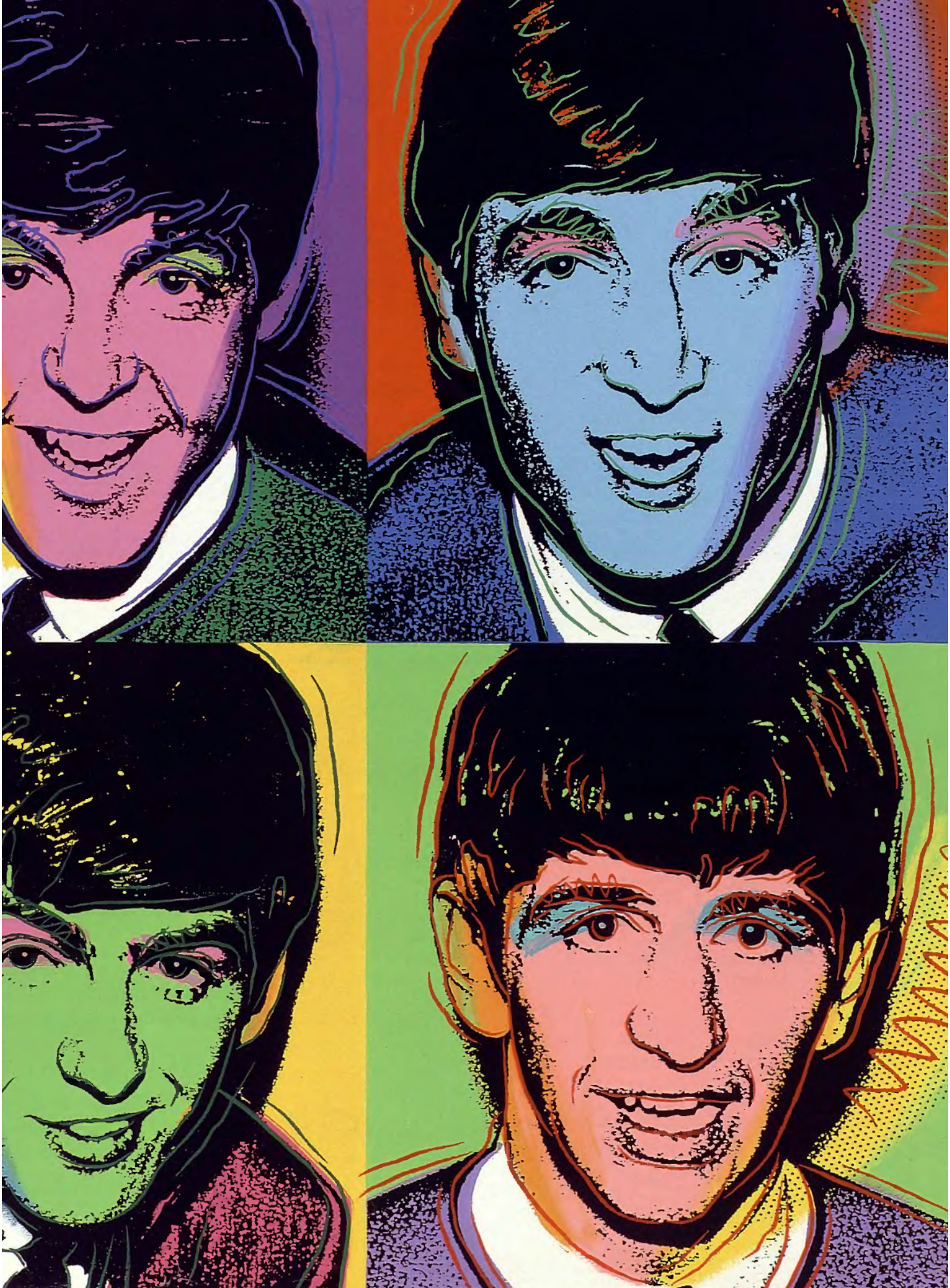


ILLUSTRATION BY MARK CHICKINELLI IN THE STYLE OF ANDY WARHOL



GOLDEN DREAMS

in an excerpt from his long-awaited autobiography, the editor-in-chief tells how he founded the world's most famous magazine for men

BY HUGH M. HEFNER

IN THE SPRING of 1953, I was leading the secret life of Walter Mitty: I was the mild-mannered 27-year-old circulation director for *Children's Activities* who imagined himself editor and publisher of a sophisticated men's magazine called *Stag Party*. In the office at *Children's Activities*, the editorial staff, mostly middle-aged women, oohed and aahed at my snapshots of baby Christie while I fantasized about sexy Sweetheart of the Month pictorials.

Wherever I earned a paycheck, my modus operandi remained the same—I put in my hours, but my real creative energy was spent in bringing my private dreams to life. While spending my days writing ad copy for the Carson Pirie Scott department store, for instance, I spent my evenings creating my cartoon book, *That Toddlin' Town*. Later, when my day job was churning out letters to *Esquire* subscribers, I devoted all my free time to promoting *That Toddlin' Town*. It seems I always had a project. My friend Burt Zollo and I made plans to start a Chicago magazine while I was in charge of newsstand promotion at *Modern Man*. And now, at *Children's Activities*, the longing to publish my own magazine was stronger than ever, but this time I was going to do it alone—with no partners, no prospectus, no approvals from anyone. I had conceived a way, I thought, to launch a smart new men's magazine, and I had a plan to do it without any significant financing, using a more ambitious version of the strategy I used to launch my cartoon book: I would persuade a printer to delay a portion of the printing and paper costs for a month or two, as I had done with *That Toddlin' Town*, and talk a few people into contributing their time and talent—even money, if they had any—in exchange for a piece of the action.

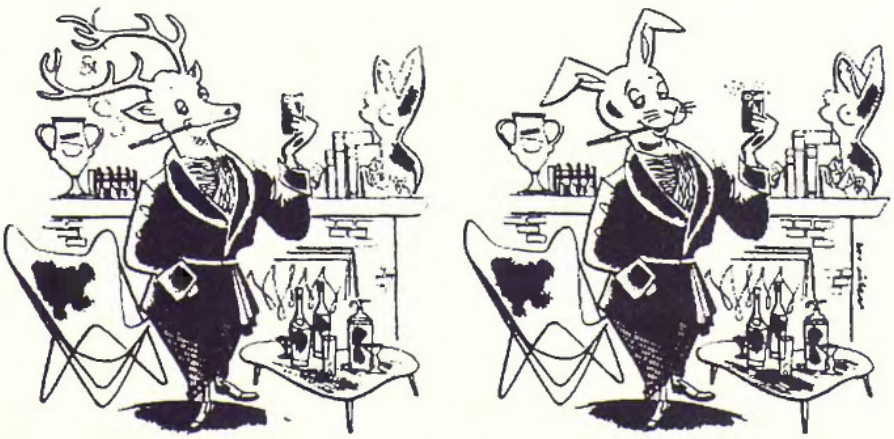
I was the ultimate double threat: broke and inexperienced. So how was I going to get all the help that I knew I would need to pull this off? The odds were stacked against me, but no matter how I figured it, I had nothing to lose. Both at home and at work, I was dying on the vine. Sometimes I would find myself in a crowded elevator or a building lobby, and I would be overwhelmed and demoralized by the notion that I was the only one who was still unplugged and disconnected. I wanted a job that I could love.

I believed there was a large, untapped market of young urban males—city-bred guys such as myself—waiting for the kind of sophisticated men's magazine *Esquire* had published during the Depression but had abandoned after the war, partly because of pressure from the Post Office and partly because the original editor, Arnold Gingrich, had wanted to drop the sexy cartoons and pinups and put the emphasis on fiction and fashion.

The new *Esquire*—and the other mass-market men's magazines of the period—ignored what I saw as the major preoccupation of most men: women. The most successful men's magazine of the time was *True*, an outdoor-adventure magazine with more interest in hunting than in sex. *True*'s success had

When PLAYBOY began, the entire Editorial Department could be captured in a snapshot of Hef at his typewriter (right). Working alone, he created a magazine and a new life for American men.

Sometimes the girl next door works in the office next door, as Hef found when he osked PLAYBOY's Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim (above) to be o Playmate. The first of her pictoriols ran in 1955. Hef called his new magazine Stag Porty, but four weeks before publication of the first issue he received a letter from Stag magazine claiming trademark infringement. Unwilling to lose time in litigation, Hef turned calamity into opportunity by chonging the nome to PLAYBOY. He chose a new symbol as well. Cartoonist Arv Miller took the drowing of o stag he had creoted for Hef's introduction to the first issue ond transformed it into a rabbit (below). From then on, our bunny led the way to the good life.



taken the men's magazines—*Argosy, Cavalier, Male, Stag* and the rest—in a completely different direction, where wrestling alligators was a more manly pastime than dancing with a female companion in your own apartment. A typical men's magazine story of the era began with a lead such as this one from *Man's Life*: "The harsh scream of a ringo bird in the chonta trees behind the tent woke me, and I lay on the cot, listening to the intense, haunting silence of the jungle." That's what I was up against.

Like *True*, *Argosy* and the others, *Modern Man*, where I had worked, had an outdoor-adventure orientation, with articles on guns, antique cars and how to operate a bulldozer. But in the center of the magazine was an eight-to-ten-page Modern Man Gallery containing the nudes that really sold the magazine, displayed as artistic photography, complete with the names of the photographers and technical information about lighting and lens openings. There was no reference to the identity of the models.

This impersonal approach to figure photography was perceived as essential to achieve acceptance on the newsstands of America, presumably on the theory that if it's art, it can't be obscene. But not even this pretense made these pictures acceptable to the U.S. Post Office in the early Fifties, so *Modern Man* accepted no subscriptions and was dependent entirely on newsstand sales.

My intention from the outset was to incorporate the sexual content of the magazine into the editorial package, not to relegate it to a sexual ghetto as *Modern Man* was doing. I wanted the magazine to have the same positive and sophisticated interest in sex that I felt most of my potential readers had—a revolutionary publishing notion in 1953. I thought that if the sexual contents of the magazine were handled with sufficient taste and quality, it wouldn't be necessary to masquerade my Sweetheart of the Month as art.

There was certainly nothing arty about the title I had in mind. On one of my frequent forays into the dusty stacks of the secondhand bookstores of Chicago, I happened on an obscure volume that inspired the title for my magazine. It was a collection of sexy cartoons published in 1931 called *Stag at Eve*. On the dust jacket was a leering stag, winking lasciviously at the reader. I knew *Stag Party* was a title guaranteed to get attention—and if it was perceived as rather ribald, I planned to disarm the critics with the quality of the publication's contents.

I would demand the highest possible standards from the finest and most famous writers. But with practically no

HANG
YOUR HAT
at
MISTER KELLY'S
MISTER KELLY'S

MORT SAHL
BY POPULAR DEMAND
LeRoy Neiman

Of all the renowned artists whose work has graced these pages, none is more synonymous with PLAYBOY than LeRoy Neimon. His artwork, a visual counterpart to the jozz that was Hef's passion, has enlivened the magazine from the start. In the illustration above, Neiman captures Hefner's legendary intensity as Hef shares with Art Director Arthur Paul and Picture Editor Vincent Tajiri his insights into the art of Playmate photography. Below, Neiman reflects a remembrance of the early days, when he and Hef—Pepsi in hand—watched the Friday-night fights together. In Neiman's basement studio stands his easel—an old piano that became unplayable because paint dripped from Neiman's brushes onto the keys.

There was no need to trouble Hef with every decision. When Neiman and cartoonist Shel Silverstein (above) disagreed, they settled matters *mano a mano*. These two comrades in art would become world-famous through the pages of PLAYBOY.

On his way to the PLAYBOY offices, which were around the corner from his studio, Neiman (above right) cut through Holy Name Cathedral to protect his art from the Chicago weather. Hef (below), in his trademark pajamas, would sit with Neiman on his office floor—the work space of choice for layouts, art and cartoons—to choose the Femlins who appear on the *Party Jokes* page. The dazzling nightlife scene overleaf shows Chicago's Rush Street in the late Fifties, a time when Hef, having launched his magazine (and a lifestyle revolution), stepped out from behind his desk to become Mr. Playboy. With the purchase of the first Playboy Mansion, the opening of the first Playboy Club and the television debut of *Playboy's Penthouse*, Hef's fantasies had become real.

money for an editorial budget, I would acquire high-quality fiction by going after reprints and material in the public domain until I could afford to pay top rates for original work. I would round out the editorial package with exciting lifestyle features—on subjects ranging from sports cars and jazz to food and fashion—that would provide young men such as myself with wish-fulfilling images of the good life that we had just begun to appreciate and pursue. And cartoons. To me, the cartoons would be a vital part of the magazine's irreverent identity—as indispensable to *Stag Party* as they had been to the old *Esquire*, but with one important distinction. Even in its most successful years, *Esquire* had always been edited for the middle-aged reader, as symbolized by the Esky character—the roué with bulging eyes and walrus mustache who appeared on the cover. I was going after a much younger and more modern audience, men who were growing up in a different era and beginning to break away from the rigid views and conformist values of their parents' generation.

Since I didn't have any money to promote or publicize the magazine, I cast about for a gimmick that would draw immediate attention to the first issue. In response to television's increasing competition for the mass audience, Hollywood was searching for a gimmick of its own to lure the public back into movie theaters. In the early Fifties the motion picture industry introduced Cinema Scope, Cinerama and 3-D movies, and audiences were lining up to view three-dimensional films through red and green cellophane eyeglasses that were handed out at the door. I thought that a nude pictorial in 3-D in the first issue might be just the ticket to get *Stag Party* off the ground.

I found a studio photographer who owned a 3-D camera. For $200 he agreed to shoot two nude models for me in the process. I planned to bind a pair of 3-D glasses into every copy of the magazine, but my enthusiasm for the idea cooled measurably when I found out how much the glasses would cost.

I was still chafing over the prohibitive cost of my 3-D idea when I noticed an article in *Advertising Age* about the controversial Marilyn Monroe calendar. According to the story, the John Baumgarth Co. in Melrose Park, a suburb west of Chicago, owned the rights to one of two nude pictures of the actress taken by photographer Tom Kelley in 1949. But Baumgarth wasn't giving its calendar wide distribution because, according to the Post Office, sending nude pictures through the mail was a federal offense. So while everyone had heard of the Monroe calendar, not very many people had seen it. This was an opportunity too good to be true: A full-color nude photograph of Marilyn Monroe in the first issue of my magazine would certainly be a better gimmick than 3-D pictures of a couple of unknown models.

When she had posed for the pictures, Marilyn was herself an unknown model, an aspiring actress who needed the $50 modeling fee to pay the rent. Since then, she'd become the hottest new actress around, with small but important parts in *The Asphalt Jungle* and *All About Eve*, and her first starring role in the current release *Niagara*. When word of her nude modeling reached the press, Twentieth Century Fox, the studio that had her under contract, feared that the news might ruin a promising career. But Marilyn joked about it. Asked what she had on during the photo session, she reportedly replied, "Nothing but the radio."

Publicity about her nudes only heightened America's fascination with her. In a cover story in April 1952, *Life* published a postage-stamp-sized two-color reproduction of one of the photos. Reflecting the temper of the times, no other magazine had dared to print either of them. But if the calendar company was afraid of the Post Office, I wasn't. I had read the federal obscenity statute originally conceived by Anthony Comstock and, as far as I was concerned, the law itself was obscene. In 1945, after the Post Office had spent years trying unsuccessfully to take away *Esquire*'s second-class mailing permit, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia—in a decision written by Judge Thurman Arnold and later upheld by the Supreme Court—ordered postal authorities to spend more time delivering the mail and less time trying to censor it.

But the Post Office officials were still acting like a self-appointed censorship board, as if the *Esquire* case had no meaning and a tastefully posed nude photo was obscene. I wasn't really certain what obscenity was, but I knew what it wasn't. It wasn't simple nudity.

Armed with that conviction, I jumped into my beat-up Chevy coupe and drove out North Avenue to the Baumgarth plant, a couple of miles west of my old neighborhood. I arrived unannounced and asked to see John Baumgarth, president of the company. As luck would have it, he was in and willing to see me. A friendly, middle-aged man, Baumgarth was immediately responsive to the entrepreneurial spirit of a young lad who spoke so enthusiastically about plans to start his own men's magazine. As soon as I explained what I wanted, he showed me a copy of the calendar, and I was pleased to see that he had purchased the better of the two poses. In the tiny two-color picture in *Life*, Marilyn had been stretched out diagonally against a red drape. In the Baumgarth picture, she was posed provocatively in a sitting position with one arm curved back over her golden hair, which partially covered her face in a peekaboo fashion. Baumgarth had titled the picture *Golden Dreams*, and to me it looked like a golden dream come true.

Baumgarth said he would be happy to let me reproduce the picture in the first issue of my magazine for the same price he had originally paid the photographer: $500. Warming to this idea, he said that he would also throw in the color separations. This was a truly generous offer, for good litho negatives could have cost me as much as

PLAYBOY's first offices were in a converted apartment house. Hef had a bedroom and a kitchen in his new work space (above), a modest precursor of Playboy Mansions to come.

$1000. It meant that I could now afford full-process color reproduction in my first issue. I just knew that picture of Marilyn would make my magazine a collector's item.

I left that meeting walking on air. All I needed to do now was create a magazine to go with the picture—and then find someone who would print it on terms I could afford. But first I needed to whip up enthusiasm for *Stag Party* among the major newsstand wholesalers around the country. If I could get enough advance orders, it would be that much easier to talk a printer into extending me credit.

I set up an office in our apartment, using a card table and my trusty old L. C. Smith typewriter. I had ordered two separate sets of printed-letterhead stationery and envelopes, one for *Stag Party* and another for something I called Nation-Wide News Co., since I was going to distribute the magazine myself until I could get a national distributor. The return address for both organizations was 6052 S. Harper Avenue, our South Side apartment. I gave myself the title of general manager of Nation-Wide News, and I used several different titles on the *Stag Party* letters. I would be editor–publisher when it was appropriate, but also publicity director, circulation director, advertising director and so on, depending on the business at hand.

The letterheads hadn't arrived yet, but I was so excited about the Marilyn Monroe picture that I decided to write a promotional letter to the top 25 wholesalers in the country, most of whom I knew personally from my year at *Modern Man*. I had no prospectus or dummy. All I had were the reproduction rights to Marilyn's picture and a distribution list, but that was enough. I sat down and started to type. The letter read:

Dear Friend:

We haven't even printed our letterhead yet, but I wanted you to be one of the very first to hear the news. STAG PARTY—a brand-new magazine for men—will be out this Fall and it will be one of the best sellers you've ever handled. It's being put together by a group from ESQUIRE who stayed here in Chicago when that magazine moved east last year—so you can imagine how good it is going to be. And it will include male-pleasing figure studies—making it a sure hit from the very start.

But here's the really BIG news! The first issue of STAG PARTY will include the famous calendar picture of Marilyn Monroe—in *full color*! In fact—every issue of STAG PARTY will have a beautiful, full-page, male-pleasing nude study—in full, natural color!

Now you know what I mean when I say this is going to be one of the best sellers you've ever handled.

Fill out the postage-paid AIR MAIL reply card enclosed and get it back to me as quickly as possible. With four-color printing on the inside pages, we've got to set our distribution right away.

It will be nice doing business with you again—especially with a title as good as this one.

Cordially,
Nation-Wide News Company
Hugh M. Hefner
General Manager

What it really came down to was trying to create a distribution company out of correspondence, and I planned to create the magazine in much the same way. I figured I needed at least 35,000 orders to break even on that first issue. Since I had to continue my job at *Children's Activities* to make ends meet, my wife, Millie, pitched in and helped me with the typing. From coast to coast, there were about 800 newsdealers to contact, so the correspondence kept her busy. To avoid the telltale appearance of a mom-and-pop operation, Millie even added a secretarial touch to the letters, using the initials of her maiden name, Williams, in the lower left margin: "HMH:mw." That spring and summer, the entire office and staff of both the magazine and its distributor were me, Millie, that card table and my old L. C. Smith.

Orders were soon filling our mailbox: 25 from Birmingham, Alabama; 40 from Twin Falls, Idaho; 50 from Battle Creek, Michigan; and 100 from Little Rock, Arkansas. San Diego and Los Angeles each wanted 1500; 2000 from Washington, D.C.; 3000 from Boston; 6000 from Chicago; and the largest order, 8000 from New York. Altogether, about 200 newsdealers responded with orders. It was all I could do to contain my elation.

By the end of May, I had orders for more than 50,000 copies of the first issue—all on the promise of the *Esquire* connection and the Marilyn Monroe picture. Now all I needed was money to put the magazine together. I wouldn't get very far with the $300 in my checking account.

OTHER VOICES: ELDON SELLERS

Hef and I were old friends and we used to play ping-pong in the basement of his apartment building. I always felt I was a better player, but every time I relaxed, he'd beat me. He was very competitive. He managed to keep up with me out of sheer doggedness and determination. We had played more than a thousand games and we were only a couple of games apart.

One night during a match, he mentioned that he was thinking about starting a magazine. He was always talking about some idea like that, but this time he sounded serious. He had it all figured out—and the way he explained it, I got very excited and wanted to be a part of it. My enthusiasm was based primarily on Hef's confidence; and the Korean War was just ending, so a magazine devoted to good times seemed particularly appropriate.

Hef needed investors and I offered to help him find them. I had some training, having sold Rexair vacuum cleaners door-to-door, and now I was working in the sales training program for Dun & Bradstreet. But as it turned out, the first investor I found was me. In my spare time, evenings and weekends, I was first violinist and concertmaster for the Evanston Symphony Orchestra, and I was dating one of the girls in the violin section, Elaine Graham. She met Hef and was very impressed with him and his ideas. She offered to lend me $2000. It was a big step for me to be obligated for two grand, but I gave him the check and took 2000 shares of stock.

After that, I went looking for other investors. But I didn't go to the people I knew through D&B who had a lot of money. I just wasn't that aggressive about it. I was thinking only in terms of friends and relatives. I don't think Hef and I ever did talk about sales strategy. He was so positive about everything. He didn't talk in terms of problems. He always gave me the impression that everything was fine and everything was going to work out.

I'd bring people over to Hef's apartment and he'd do a great job telling them about his ideas, explaining the magazine, and that would be the end of it. He was absolutely unable to close a deal. He couldn't bring himself to ask people for money.

•

Eldon wasn't any better than I was at securing investors. Much to my disappointment, the $2000 his girlfriend lent him was the only real money he brought in—and the company didn't even have the use of that for long. When he stopped dating Elaine, soon after the magazine was launched, she demanded her money back and I gave it to her to get Eldon off the hook, but I let him keep the 2000 shares that he had bought.

(continued on page 262)

"That's the note I was telling you about."

VARGAS

REMEMBERED BY JOHN UPDIKE

the legendary man of letters pays tribute to the prometheus of pinup

Pinup art. The phrase has become quaint, like "cheesecake" and "sweater girl"—souvenirs of World War Two, that strange time of mingled innocence and atrocity. "Skin magazines" have retired the pinup girl; insofar as she survives, she belongs to the photographer. After all, the lens doesn't lie: The girl was really there, in her partial or total undress. Yet there is a sensuality and poignancy to drawn and painted images of women that the unblinking, unthinking camera cannot match. Each line, each curve and highlight has passed through the eyes and hands of the painter.

"They're always asking me why I draw only girls," Vargas once said. "If they can find me a substitute far a beautiful girl, I'll draw whatever it is. So far, no one's came up with anything." On these pages: portraits from the Twenties (left) and the Thirties (below).

The model has been caressed, stroke by stroke, into being. The photograph is a capture that can be brutal and unfeeling; the graphic artist slowly conjures up his subject, and the excitement of his close, not to say avid, attention rubs off on the viewer.

Joaquin Alberto Vargas y Chavez, who signed himself Alberto Vargas, was born in Peru, and a certain Latin gallantry flavors his glamourization of lean yet soft-bodied beauties. Vargas' famous rival in pinup art, George Petty, turned out mannequins: His girls have no internal organs, no fertility, no vulnerability. Vargas' art began in the Twenties with his illustrations for the Ziegfeld Follies, which sheath the female form in feathers and fantasy. The early Vargas Girl depicted on page 124

Vargas' first prominent job was commissioned by master showman Florenz Ziegfeld, who asked the artist to paint large portraits of the showgirls for his annual Follies. "I learned from Ziegfeld the difference between nudes and lewds," said Vargas. At one point, he was drawing a portrait a day. Some were inspired by Gibson Girls, some by beautiful unknowns (opposite page) and some by Hollywood actresses (below). Greta Garbo, Ava Gardner, Jane Russell and Marlene Dietrich were actual models.

sports wings as well as a Louise Brooks hairdo. Vargas persuaded some of his showgirl models to pose in more nudity than could be accommodated in the public press, and he married one of them, Anna Mae Clift. She and Vargas remained married until she died in 1975. His harem was on paper.

In the Thirties Vargas painted movie posters, and in the Forties his work began to appear in *Esquire*. Vargas' women wear high heels and are frequently talking on the telephone. Who are they talking with? Not to their tax accountants, to judge from the expressions on their faces. The telephone as erotic instrument—the sanitary distance it imposes while permitting a mouth-to-ear intimacy—is one of the essential discoveries of pinup art. Another is the arousal factor of partial clothing.

Total nudity is a confrontation; semi-undress is a flirtation. A Vargas Girl almost never has bare feet, and when she does, we view her with quite a different set of feelings: She becomes a kind of goddess, and breathes the chilly air of Mount Olympus. More typically, the Vargas Girl breathes the perfumed air of her own boudoir, where we discover her in a state of advanced dishabille.

Some of his tousled blondes seem to have been "roughed up," like a film noir sweetheart of Bogart's or Cagney's. The tough blonde, from Jean Harlow to Marilyn Monroe, is a perhaps specifically American ideal—the woman who can "take care of herself." This care can assume the form of a masturbatory ecstasy that leaves her breasts in her own competent hands, or of gold-digging that has produced a serious diamond necklace, or of toting a gun. Vargas *(concluded on page 235)*

By 1960, Alberto Vargas was a regular contributor to PLAYBOY, and over the course of his almost two-decade association with the magazine he painted more than 160 portraits. "I will someday make a Vargas Girl so beautiful, so perfect, so typical of the American girl," promised the artist, "that I can put that picture in any part of the world without any signature and they will say, 'That is a Vargas Girl.'"

Vargas

JAZZ & ROCK *(continued from page 112)*

"Life was suddenly different for teenagers in October 1955 when 'Tutti-Frutti' came over the airwaves."

left an indelible print." It is impossible to overemphasize the contribution of gospel music to the development of R&B. A quintessential example is Ray Charles' 1955 hit *I Got a Woman*, which was a secular reworking of an old gospel standard that begins, "I've got a Savior, way over Jordan."

Oddly enough, a moonfaced hillbilly singer with a spit curl in the middle of his forehead had a lot to do with turning white audiences on to a version of black rhythm and blues. Bill Haley's 1952 song *Rock-a-Beatin' Boogie* included the verse "Rock, rock, rock, everybody/Roll, roll, roll, everybody," which inspired Alan Freed to name the music rock and roll on his late-night radio show in Cleveland.

Freed got the idea for his radio show *The Moon Dog Show* from Leo Mintz, owner of the Record Rendezvous in Cleveland. Mintz noticed that increasing numbers of white teenagers were buying rhythm-and-blues records made by and for blacks. He told Freed about this and urged him to do a show of all-black music aimed at a white audience, for which the Record Rendezvous would be the main advertiser. *The Moon Dog Show* debuted in June 1951 and soon developed a devoted underground following among white kids—and not just in Cleveland. WJW was a 50,000-watt clear-channel station that, given the nighttime AM signal bounce, could occasionally be heard as far east as New York and Boston.

Soon Freed was promoting and emceeing his own concerts with black R&B performers. They were immediately popular—"several thousand" kids had to be turned away from an early one in Akron—and the audiences were predominantly white. By 1955 he had a radio show on New York's WINS and was promoting concerts around the area, particularly at the Brooklyn Paramount. It was at one of these that former St. Louis hairdresser Chuck Berry first got national exposure, duck-walking the length of the stage in an iridescent suit, hopping along with his cherry-red Gibson.

The year of 1955 was probably the best one rock and roll has ever had—but in terms of record sales 1954 was the year it made its first dent in mainstream pop music. White kids—the biggest and most affluent market—were still buying *Secret Love* by Doris Day, but that year they were also picking up *Gee* by the Crows and *Sh-Boom* by a New York group called the Chords. *Sh-Boom* is often considered, based on sales, to be the first rock record, since it was the first R&B single by a black group to make it big on the predominantly white pop charts. A contender from the white side of the street, also based on sales, is Carl Perkins' 1956 *Blue Suede Shoes*.

The popularity of *Sh-Boom* encouraged another grand tradition in rock and roll—the bland white cover version of black music. These made fortunes for such talents as Pat Boone and generally left the originators out of the profit picture. In the case of *Sh-Boom*, it was covered, and beaten in the charts, by a white Canadian group called the Crew Cuts, who made a briefly successful career out of whitebreading R&B hits, including *Oop-Shoop*, *Ko Ko Mo* and *Earth Angel*. But the hipper rock-and-roll fans knew junk when they heard it and listened to the originals.

One true original, then and now, was Little Richard. Life was suddenly different for teenagers in October 1955 when, for the first time, "*Womp, bomp, a-loom-a, b-lomp, bomp, bomp*" came over the airwaves. Little Richard might have come down from Mars. And like Jelly Roll Morton's brag that he personally invented jazz, Little Richard's immodest claim to be the first rock-and-roller has a lot of truth to it. No one had ever before sounded like him, pounding a piano and warbling like a bird and singing sexy nonsense at breakneck speed.

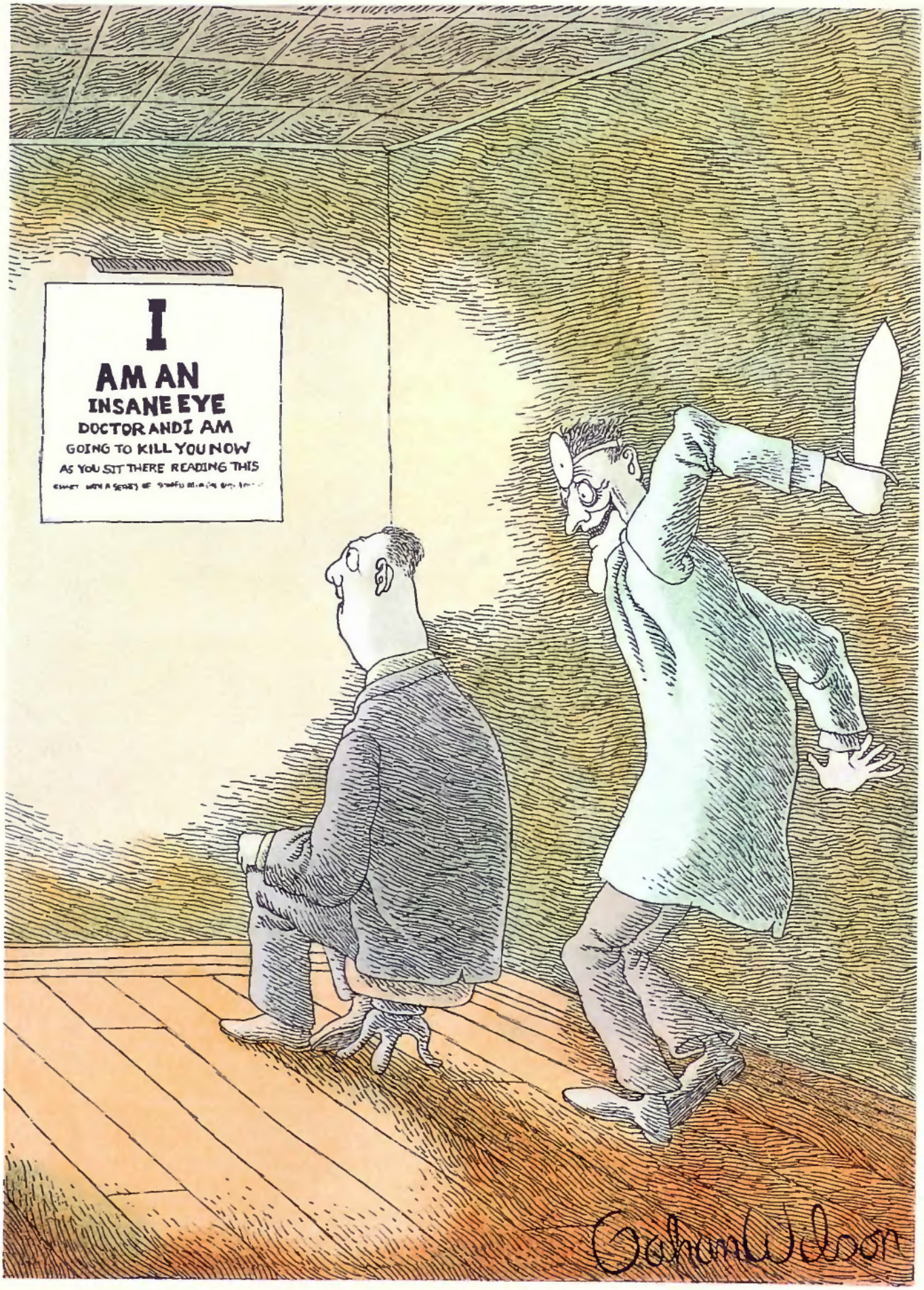
Born in 1932 in Macon, Georgia—also the hometown of James Brown and Otis Redding—Little Richard was washing dishes at the Macon bus station in 1955 when Art Rupe of Los Angeles' Specialty Records listened to a tape Richard had sent and signed him up. Little Richard had a number of conflicting desires—being both homosexual (mostly) and religious (also mostly) in the secular world of rock and roll, and, for a time, being overly interested in drugs. His career took off on a string of hits (quickly covered and sanitized by whitebread performers, including, of course, Elvis), beginning with *Tutti-Frutti* in 1955 and including *Long Tall Sally*, *Slippin' and Slidin'*, *Rip It Up*, *Ready Teddy* and *The Girl Can't Help It*. But in 1957 another Specialty artist, Joe Lutcher, convinced him that this music was evil. Blues singers since Robert Johnson (including Little Richard's great white counterpart, crazy piano pounder Jerry Lee Lewis) have felt that blues, R&B and rock and roll are corruptions of church music. They believe that God listens to gospel and the devil plays the blues. But luckily for audiences, if not for churchgoers, Richard landed on the showbiz side of things. He even turned out an excellent Beatles-influenced album in 1970, called *The Rill Thing*.

The other progenitor of true rock and roll, also still going strong in his mid-60s, is Chuck Berry. John Lennon once said, "If you tried to give rock and roll another name, you might call it Chuck Berry." Neither the Beatles nor the Stones (nor 7 million other groups) could have existed without him. He was born in 1926 in St. Louis, where he grew up listening both to the blues and to white hillbilly music.

In 1955 Berry and some of his buddies took a road trip to Chicago—in Chuck's spanking-new 1955 Ford—to check out the scene. They made the rounds of the South Side clubs, hearing Elmore James and Howlin' Wolf, and then saw a sign at the Palladium on Wabash announcing MUDDY WATERS TONIGHT. At the end of the night Chuck bashfully approached him, told him what a fan he was and blurted out that he'd like to make a record himself. Did Muddy know how he could do that? Muddy said, "Yeah, go see Leonard Chess, Chess Records over on 47th and Cottage." Chuck was there first thing Monday morning, and Leonard Chess said he'd be happy to listen to a tape of Chuck's material—and that it would be better if the songs were originals. Chuck hurried back to St. Louis, got a group together and taped several songs he had written, and was back in Chicago before the end of the week. Of the batch, Chess most liked a hillbilly original Chuck had adapted from a country standard called *Ida Red* but hadn't changed the title of. Chess wanted the name changed because the title was in the public domain and nobody could collect royalties that way. In another of rock and roll's most famous stories, Chuck thought for a bit and remembered the name of a cow in a story he had read in third grade, and *Ida Red* became *Maybellene*. By August 1955 *Maybellene* was the number-one R&B hit in the country.

Along with his ring-like-a-bell guitar playing, Chuck was also one of the best short-story writers on earth—a talent he translated into three-minute songs better than anyone else since Cole Porter. He sang the story of chasing

(continued on page 240)


I
AM AN
INSANE EYE
DOCTOR AND I AM
GOING TO KILL YOU NOW
AS YOU SIT THERE READING THIS

Remember Brigitte

A generation of young men who came of age in the late Fifties would swear that when *God Created Woman* (the title of the hot French movie that introduced her to the world), He was thinking of Brigitte. We agree. Our six pictorials with Mademoiselle Bardot culminated with a 1975 shoot that celebrated her 40th birthday. "I am a wild animal," she told us at the time. "No one can stop me. Life is so short."

GOLF-BALL-SIZE HAIL

fiction by STANLEY ELKIN

stepping out to see a las vegas show should be fun. what could go wrong? what couldn't?

My name is Wayne Newton, but I'm not the entertainer. Any resemblance, et cetera, et cetera.

As a matter of fact, though I was born and raised in Vegas, I've never even been to one of his shows, though the casino where he plays is just blocks from my house and I've been meaning to go. My wife, Tallulah, who isn't an actress, has been after me for years, but something always comes up. Tallulah thinks when we finally do get around to it, we ought to send him a note through the maître d' or our waiter or the cigarette girl. Tallulah thinks he'll read the note right out loud in front of the audience and say, "Wayne Newton's in the audience tonight, folks, so I'm going to do something I've never done before. I'm going to dedicate this next tune to myself." Tallulah's so certain he'll say "tune" rather than "song" she's willing to bet me. I just tell Taloo that I don't believe there's such a thing as cigarette girls in nightclubs anymore. We'll go, I assure her, but I'm not sending up any notes. Stuff like that pretty much always embarrasses me anyway. Little cakes sent to your table with candles burning on them, and the waiter singing "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you." Like there's no quicker way of announcing that this is your night on the town, a red-letter day in the life. It's practically an admission your life sucks. You might as well take out an ad.

Tallulah doesn't see it that way, of course. In her secret heart I think Tallulah has me down for a wimp, but once burned twice sorry. The trouble with *that* theory is, I've never even been burned the once. If I was, I *(continued on page 212)*

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

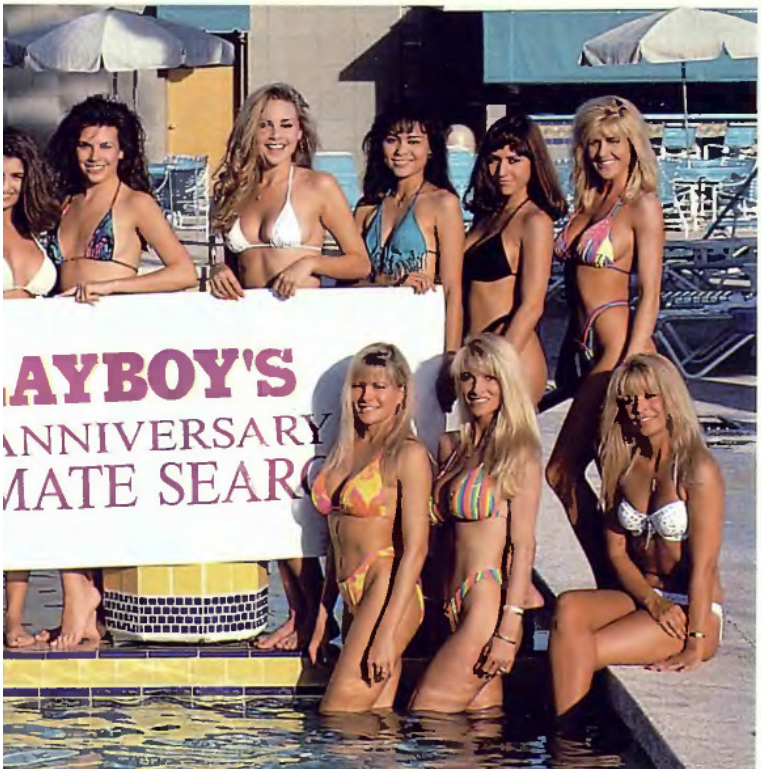
THE GREAT
40th Anniversary
PLAYMATE SEARCH

who would top playboy's top 40? the hunt was on

When the Playmate search team landed in New York, Contributing Photographer David Mecey (above) manned the high-rise trenches, while round-figures expert Donald Trump (abave right) signed on for a shift in the personal interviews. Meanwhile, farther sauth we met North Miami's Maria Checa (left), a makeup specialist originally from Bogotá, Colombia. An accomplished visual artist, Maria would like one day ta head east—to Spain—to explore its culture and pursue a career in photography.

LATE ONE EVENING this past June, PLAYBOY Managing Photo Editor Jeff Cohen announced "the odyssey is over" in a memo to the corps of soldiers that helped him pull off PLAYBOY's 40th Anniversary Playmate Search. "We've packed our banners and unloaded the cameras. We have interviewed 5000 women in 25 cities, taken more than 13,000 Polaroids, caught 132 flights and ordered room service 147 times. And, boy, did we get an eyeful." In a three-month-and-one-day spin, Cohen and company crisscrossed two countries—from Des Moines to Manhattan, Miami to Phoenix, and all the way up to Vancouver—in search of one woman who would pitch camp in the center pages of PLAYBOY's 40th anniversary issue. We saw the expected as well as the unexpected: a magician, kindergarten teachers, construction workers—even the crew chief of a fighter jet. The youngest of our applicants turned 18 the day of her interview; the oldest was a 53-year-old grandmother of five. And although all their stories were different, we kept hearing a recurring theme: "I've always respected PLAYBOY and its portrayal of women," said Cynthia Brown of southern California. "Only the most beautiful women pose for PLAYBOY," echoed Wendy Wilcoxon from Georgia. The woman who ultimately walked away with the blue ribbon appears somewhere in the following pages, just preceding her centerfold feature. See if you can spot her—and have fun looking.

Model-actress Beckie Mullen (right) is a veteran of the beauty business, having chalked up a string of credits that includes a stint as Miss Coppertone, ten posters and more than 45 music videos. "Becoming a Playmate," says Beckie, "would be the ultimate challenge. When I'm 90 years old, I want to show my grandkids this issue of PLAYBOY and tell them, 'See what Grandma used to look like.'" Below: The Playmate search swings into Arizona, where the ladies give the desert heat a run for its money.



PLAYBOY's Jeff Cohen chats it up with centerfold hopefuls in Iowa (top); former Playmate Angela Melini (above, with camera) keeps an eye on the latest developments. Here's an unforgettable trio from across the land: Traci Sikkink (right), a Memphis saleslady who's partial to Emily Dickinson, thunderstorms, Snickers and the Discovery Channel; Kelly Frazier (below Traci), a Georgia peach who works as a booker for child models; and aspiring actress Cherilyn Shea (below), who, despite her current California digs, is actually a half-Chinese, half-Irish, 100-percent Jersey girl.

Flashing the engaging smile above is Charlene Hue Laughter, a part-Vietnamese model from Pasadena who divides her time between beauty school and working for an escrow company. Direct from the Netherlands comes Anna-Marie Gaddard (right), a model who is a fan of Americana and whose mission is to become "ambassador of goodwill among people of all nations." Cheers to Katherine McKinley (below right), a nursing student from Massachusetts, who describes herself as a "perfectionist who likes to have fun." And San Jose model Cynthia Brown (below) is a raised-on-the-farm Cherokee whose future plans include becoming an environmental engineer.

"Two yeors ogo, I wouldn't hove been cought deod in o thong bothing suit," soys Suson Hovell (left), "ond now look." The Georgion hos modeled everything from Boli bras to Gop weor. While Clevelond's Sofia Moyo (above) ospires to become o newscoster, her reol obsession is fishing. And don't try to pin one tolent on Kelly Dignord (below). This Conadion dobbles in gourmet cooking, writing, korote ond hong gliding. Pickup jokes notwithstonding, Kelly's olso o limo driver.

If you recognize L.A. native Neriah Davis (above), it's probably because you've seen one of her five posters, or you've seen her in full motion in *Last Action Hero*, *Meatballs 4* or *Bikini Car Wash Company I* and *II*. Her dreom is to return to Ireland and kiss the Blarney stone. Although both Anno Allen (top right) and Wendy Wilcoxon (below Anno) hail from the South, that's where the similarities end. Anna's o bodybuilder who's studying preveterinary medicine, and Wendy's doing the journalism grind, hoping to become an onchorwoman. At right: Contributing Photogropher David Chan takes his act to Canoda.

New York model Julie Lynn Cialini (above) recently landed an assignment in Milan—fitting for this knockout with a passian far all things Italian. San Diego publishing-company manager Carrie Gibbans (belaw) comes fram a family tree that includes a rear admiral and a U.S. cangressman. Californian Cascia Janes (right) likes life's simpler jays: "a bottle of wine, a full maan and my boyfriend." San Diega's Jenna Babin (battam right) would "lave ta ride thraugh Australian raugh country in a jeep, wearing nathing but a cawbay hat, boots and a bikini."

When the search reached Phoenix (above), the lineup of ladies was long—but lovely ta look at. In Coconut Grove, Florida, we found Katheryn Culliver (left), o European model who's just beginning to break onto American movie screens (notably, some pretty steamy scenes as Lorraine Bracco's body double in *Traces of Red*). We met Texas beauty Denise Evans (below left), whose five-day-a-week workout regimen keeps her in shape for her hectic work as o nanny. Finally, say hey to Miami Beach's Marybeth De los Santos, who's been modeling since she was eight. What makes Marybeth tick? "Men, sex and Taco Bell." And she didn't say in what order.

PLAYBOY'S *40th Anniversary Playmate*

anna-marie goddard is a great way to go dutch

ANYONE who doesn't believe in fairy tales should meet Anna-Marie Goddard. Ten years ago, our 40th Anniversary Playmate was not smiling from the pages of a glossy magazine. She was minding cattle in the barn behind her home in Ysbrechtum, Holland, population 300. Those cows used to peer through the windows of the house each morning, waiting for the girl who milked them to wake. And young Anna-Marie, then 13, didn't mind. She lived in Friesland, a northern province of the Netherlands, not thrill-a-minute Amsterdam. Anna-Marie knew about faraway places, of course. She loved American movies and joked to her mother about getting married in Las Vegas someday. But Frisians tend to stay in Friesland, a place so suspicious of the wider world that its legendary hero was Grûtte Pier, a Teuton who chopped

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

"I love the U.S. I've driven coast-to-coast four times just to see its beauty. There is so much to see," says Anna-Marie Goddard. Such a fan of Americana that she recognized our heads of state on Mount Rushmore—"Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt, of course"—she's now something of an American institution herself: our Anniversary Playmate. "Surprising, isn't it? Maybe it is true that anything can happen here."

the heads off outsiders who dared to venture north. "Even today most Frisians aren't very cosmopolitan," says the one who this month becomes the most famous Ysbrechtumian ever. "I don't know why I was different, but I was. And it was always cloudy in Friesland. It rained all the time, and the people were so conservative. I had to get out, to see more of the world." Anna-Marie sent her picture to a Belgian fashion magazine when she turned 17 and her career was launched. A little scared, she took a train to Ghent, Belgium, then moved on to modeling jobs in Madrid, Milan and Munich. In Munich she met American screenwriter and model Collin Goddard. It was—what else?—"love at first sight," says Anna-Marie. So they ran off to get married. Where? "In Las Vegas, at a place called the Little Chapel of the West. My mother couldn't believe it. My joke had come true." Living happily thereafter in a house overlooking the Pacific in southern California, and working throughout the world, she caught the eye of PLAYBOY's West Coast Photo

Editor, Marilyn Grabowski. Anna-Marie's test shots convinced us that this no-longer-provincial Dutch girl was something special. Perhaps her European roots made her seem utterly, naturally sensual. "We are not so uncomfortable about sex as you are in America," Anna-Marie says, smiling. "Europeans are more open. Even in conservative Friesland, people don't worry about nudity and sex. And because we're a more sexually free society, there's not this kind of crazy curiosity. Even as kids, we know all about sex, so it seems normal to us. A teenage girl goes to the doctor and gets birth control pills. That's what I did when I was 16. It doesn't mean you have to jump into bed with a boy right away." We saw the uninhibited Anna-Marie as someone who was extraordinary enough to be even more than Playmate of the Month. As our 40th Anniversary Playmate, a title she "hoped for so hard I was staying up at night thinking about it," Anna-Marie Goddard represents the PLAYBOY ideal. "I am honored and excited," she says. So is her mother back home. Mom's reaction to the news that her daughter would pose for PLAYBOY was, "Did you get to meet Hugh Hefner?" The proud daughter responded, "Yes, and he says hello."

"I am not an expert about men," says Anna-Marie. "But I've met Italians who only want a woman to look pretty. A Spanish man can be more romantic. American men tell you their life stories, but there's something I like about them."

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Anna Marie Goddard

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Anna-Marie Goddard

BUST: 36 C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5' 9" WEIGHT: 124

BIRTH DATE: 1-13-70 BIRTHPLACE: Ysbrechtum, Holland

AMBITIONS: To be very happy, make life as good as it can get, because you only live once!

TURN-ONS: My husband and my dogs, meeting Americans who know something about Holland!

TURNOFFS: People who think they can buy me, liars, fake smiles, pushy sales people.

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT AMERICA: Fat-free foods, all-night stores, friendly, open people-all in a land where you can succeed if you have enough ambition.

WHAT I MISS ABOUT EUROPE: Its history, culture, narrow streets, tiny villages without Mc Donald's.

MOST ROMANTIC MOMENT: Running away to get married in Las Vegas.

IN MY HEART OF HEARTS: I'm still a smalltown girl.

19 in Amsterdam

Cruising with my friend Laura in Australia

My first day as a model

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Emily, I don't know what to do," Gloria said to her friend at work. "That good-looking Bob in accounting asked me out for Saturday night. Should I go?"

"Oh, my God," her friend exclaimed. "He'll wine you, dine you and then use any ruse to get you to his apartment. Then he'll rip off your dress and you'll have fantastic sex."

"What should I do?"

"Wear an old dress."

Why did 17 blondes go to a movie together? Because the sign read UNDER 17 NOT ADMITTED.

A Texas rancher learned that the mongoose hunts rats, so he decided to import a pair to control his rodent infestation. "Sir," he wrote to a New Delhi agricultural official, "please send me two mongooses."

Suspecting that his grammar might be incorrect, he tore up the letter and began again. "Sir, please send me two mongeese."

Still unsure, he started again. "Sir, please send me one mongoose," he wrote, then added, "P.S. Inasmuch as you're sending me one, why not throw in another?"

Why is Hillary Clinton dead set against sending U.S. troops to Bosnia? She's afraid Bill will run off to college again.

Two orthodox Jews went to Pincus the tailor for new suits. "Listen, Pincus," one said, "the last suits you made for us were sort of gray. We want black suits, the darkest black cloth that we can get."

"See this cloth?" Pincus said, fingering a bolt of fabric. "This is the stuff they make nuns' habits from. There ain't no blacker cloth."

A few weeks later, the two men were walking down the street in their new suits when they passed two nuns. Impulsively, one of the men went up to the nuns and matched his suit against their habits. Becoming angry, he muttered something to his friend and they both walked off.

"What did that man want?" one nun asked the other.

"I don't know," the second replied. "He looked at my garment, said something in Latin and left."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Pinkus Fucktus.'"

The statuesque blonde walked into a dinner party on the arm of a scowling tycoon. She took her seat at the dinner table while her escort conversed with other guests. A woman sitting nearby couldn't help staring at the huge gem hanging from her neck.

"Excuse me," the woman said, "but I must tell you, that is the most gorgeous diamond I've ever seen."

"Why, thank you. It's the Blanton diamond."

"I'm surprised I've never heard of it," the woman said. "The history of famous gems is my hobby."

"Well, the Blanton diamond has a horrible curse attached to it."

"Really?" the woman said with great interest. "What is it?"

The blonde grimaced and gestured toward the tycoon. "Blanton, over there."

What's the difference between baseball and politics? If you get caught stealing in baseball, you're out.

A sheep farmer made his monthly journey into town to buy supplies. While loading up his pickup, he spotted one of the girls who worked in the bordello watching him. "Say, honey," he asked, "what's the going rate these days?"

"Hundred bucks," she replied.

"By God," he exclaimed with disgust, "if every man raised sheep, we wouldn't need you women."

"Yeah," she said, "and if vibrators could cut grass, we wouldn't need you men, either."

What's perfect sex to WASPs? Simultaneous headaches.

Two psychiatrists were talking shop over coffee. "I have a patient with a split personality," one remarked delightedly.

"That's not so uncommon," the other replied.

"Yeah, but in this case," the first said with a grin, "they both pay."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

Hef

by Jules Feiffer

FOR 36 YEARS I'VE DRAWN CARTOONS FOR "PLAYBOY."
AND FOR MOST OF THAT TIME, I'VE ENVIED HEFNER.
NOT FOR HIS MAGAZINE.
NOT FOR HIS WEALTH.
NOT FOR HIS MANSIONS AND CARS AND ELECTRONIC GADGETS AND GAMES AND POOLS AND JACUZZIS AND TENNIS COURTS —
NOT FOR HIS WOMEN.
NOT FOR HIS BRILLIANCE.
I ENVY HEF FOR HIS PAJAMAS!
WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO WORK ALL DAY IN MY PAJAMAS!
F.

REQUIEM FOR THE COLD WAR

our premiere chronicler of the american psyche charts the casualties of battle

article

By DAVID HALBERSTAM

MY OWN WORK was finished, a book six years in the making finally done, and I slipped back from the present into incomplete images and unresolved memories of the past. It was in a way a special voyage of my own, made without leaving my apartment, a trip with its own melancholia. A new president had just been inaugurated, and members of the media, caught up in their apparent need to give instant report cards, were filled with endless details cataloging his successes and failures, even when nothing he had yet done was worthy of being called a success or a failure. On television there were daily reports of the anarchy and destruction being wrought in what was once Yugoslavia. But I was elsewhere, spun backward in time and caught once again in the tangles of Vietnam that I thought I had left behind long ago. My trip had begun with, of all things, a book, *We Were Soldiers Once . . . and Young*, a powerful description of the battle of the Ia Drang Valley, which took place in November 1965 in Vietnam's central highlands. The Ia Drang was arguably the most important battle of Vietnam, significantly more important than even Tet, I think. It was a moment when the two sides not only fought with great determination and courage but in the process also *(continued on page 168)*

ILLUSTRATION BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

Remember Ursula

Ursula Andress appeared in our pages in June 1965, two years after she wore that bikini in *Dr. No*, the first James Bond movie. That she arrived in the company of Agent 007 seemed perfect: Bond was the quintessential Sixties playboy, cool and sophisticated, and Ursula was his ideal partner. Cool and sophisticated herself, the irresistible actress set the pattern for 007's long string of sexy sidekicks. Naturally, we got rid of the bikini here and in Ursula's four other pictorials.

QUARTERBACK CHIC

four
field generals
suit up in
black tie
for
new year's
eve

fashion
By HOLLIS WAYNE

7

BOOMER ESIASON

Rated the number-ane NFL quarterback as we went to press, New Yark Jet Boomer Esiasan hopes the momentum continues all the way to Super Bowl XXVIII. His wool tuxedo features a six-button two-to-button double-breasted jocket and double-pleoted trousers, by Colvin Klein Collection, $1350. It is paired with a cotton shirt that requires no tie, studs or cuff links, by Donna Karan New York, about $175; a woven silk Jacquard ribbed cummerbund, by Serica Elite, $225; ond calf-leother slip-on shoes with suede trim, by To Boot/Adam Derrick, about $240.

For quarterback leaders-of-the-pack Boomer Esiason, Jim Kelly, Troy Aikman and Warren Moon, dressing for holiday night games is as natural as throwing a 50-yard touchdown pass. The tux styles we've chosen for them appeal to regulars on the black-tie circuit—guys who go formal at least three times a year and don't want to look like any other penguin. If you qualify, keep in mind that the best fabric for year-round use is lightweight wool. Whether you choose a double-breasted jacket (stick with four or six buttons if you're under six feet tall) or a single-breasted one, look for black satin, silk or faille lapels, and trousers with side bands made of the same fabric accent. And keep accessories simple: black self-tie bow ties (no clip-ons, please), black or subtly patterned cummerbunds, vests and elegant stud-and-cuff-link sets. Now you should be ready to ring in the new year right. Hike!

12

JIM KELLY

Eight years in the NFL and consistently named one of the league's top quarterbacks, the Buffalo Bills' Jim Kelly sports a wool three-piece tuxedo with a high-stance single-breasted three-button jacket, a seven-button vest and flat-front trousers, by Hugo Boss, about $970; a cotton shirt with a piqué bib and a wing-tip collar, by Valentino Uomo, about $100; a silk bow tie, by Robert Talbott, about $30; and velvet evening shoes, by Cole-Haan, about $250; plus 18-kt.-gold evening studs, $1000, and matching links, $900, both by Jewelers Design.

8

TROY AIKMAN

You can't take the cowboy out of Dallas star Troy Aikman. Featuring a pair of leather Western-style boots, by Code West, about $170, the reigning Super Bowl champion quarterback's ensemble also includes a wool ten-button three-to-button double-breasted tuxedo with cummerbund-waist trousers, by Bill Kaisermon, about $1200; a cotton shirt with a wing-tip collar and pleated front, by Joseph Abboud, about $90; o silk grosgrain bow tie, by Sulka, about $50; ond a vintage smoky pearl stud-and-cuff-link set, by the Antique Jewel Box, $325.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW ECCLES

1

WARREN MOON

Aside from owning virtually all of the Houston Oilers' possing records, quarterback Warren Moon has thrown for more total yards than ony other player in NFL history. Here Moon combines a wool tuxedo, $1000, and a hand-embroidered linen vest, $700, both by Joseph Abboud; with a cotton shirt with white-on-white striped satin bib and banded collar, by Ike Behar, $150; and o silk bow tie, by Donna Karon New York, $60; plus shoes with a silk faille inset, about $250, and a mother-of-pearl stud-and-cuff-link set, $100, both by Cole-Haan.

Where & How to Buy on poge 259.

REQUIEM (continued from page 161)

"I still remember Vann's exact phrase: 'They practically lit flares for us to come in there.'"

defined themselves and much of the strategy for the rest of the war.

We Were Soldiers—written by Harold Moore, who commanded an American battalion that engaged a vastly superior (numerically, anyway) North Vietnamese Army force at the Ia Drang, and Joseph Galloway, who was at the time a young reporter with UPI—is more than a mere book, far more than pages and words. It is a kind of monument to these men and to all the other young men who fought in Vietnam. It is one of the great reports of men in combat that I have ever read—to my mind, a modern *Red Badge of Courage*. On a subject as political as the Vietnam war, where so much of what is written is by the very nature of the war political, *We Were Soldiers* is a book that is simply about the fate and honor of the young men who fought in that isolated place during those days. Modest, understated (the reader has to imagine how brilliant and supple a commander Moore was over the three days of bitter fighting), it deftly reports the minute-by-minute valor of two great infantry units, both extraordinarily well-led, coming upon each other in the highlands of Vietnam. What was at stake was magnificent soldiering: At that moment the elite American units, the NVA elite units and the Israeli infantry were perhaps the three best fighting forces in the world, and here were two of those forces suddenly facing each other in the closest of killing fields. The American unit, which landed by helicopter right on a battalion headquarters of its enemy, was badly outnumbered, but it had access to far greater mechanized and technological support in terms of air, helicopter and artillery forces. For its part, the NVA had exceptional leadership at every level and a far better knowledge of the terrain. Furthermore, its leadership, which was fighting for its home soil, was quite willing to take heavy casualties if in the process it would help wear out American enthusiasm for a war so far away.

It is a record of men at war that has its own powerful pull: the courage of the individual American soldiers caught in such terrible circumstances with no one to rely on save themselves. As the day began these soldiers were members of an elite combat unit, albeit mostly young kids (only a few of the NCOs were old enough to have been in World War Two and the Korean War, and a small number of the officers had served either in Korea or in Vietnam, in an earlier tour), eager for and terrified of the battle ahead. By the end of the first day they were grizzled combat veterans of some of the most intense fighting in American military history. What *We Were Soldiers* does is capture at so terrible a moment the nobility of men under fire, their loyalty to (and love for) one another, their common acts of uncommon valor, both large and small.

There were, in effect, two quite separate and distinct battles of the Ia Drang. The first battle took place when Lieutenant Colonel (and later Lieutenant General) Hal Moore and his First Battalion of the Seventh Cavalry of the First Cavalry Division (known in this war as the Air Cav, which meant that it rode into war carried not by horses or tanks but by helicopters) opposed some 1600 elite soldiers of the North Vietnamese infantry, whose commanders had been spoiling for a chance to fight American soldiers, and who had in fact hoped that they could lure the Americans into terrain such as this, as far from the American base camps and as near to the NVA camps as possible. The second battle of the Ia Drang took place just after the first one was over, when the remaining soldiers from the first American force—most of whom had come in during the first battle to relieve Moore's original troops and whose battalion commander was much less experienced than Colonel Moore—were, despite the availability of helicopter transportation, ordered to walk out of the battle site and landing zone to a new landing zone some four miles away. The orders, which demanded that the troops leave as secure an area as the first battlefield had by then become and walk four miles through terrain that favored the other side and was almost perfect for a collision, remain somewhat puzzling.

Moore trusted his instincts, which turned out to be very shrewd, and in the battle of Ia Drang I he kept the NVA from flanking his forces and rolling up his flanks on him. The battle had begun with only one understrength American company on the ground, and it had continued with a rare intensity in those early hours as Moore managed to get the rest of his battalion on the ground. The American lines held despite murderous assaults by the NVA over the three days of battle. The NVA soldiers were good, brave and well armed. An ordinary American battalion commander, one without Moore's exceptional skills, pressed into so difficult a battle so early in his tour of duty in Vietnam, might have made mistakes, mistakes that surely would have cost him an entire battalion. When Ia Drang I ended, it was by traditional American standards a considerable success. Certainly more than 1000 NVA regulars were killed, and Colonel Moore kept his own losses surprisingly small for so terrible and long a battle: 79 dead, 121 wounded, none missing. By contrast, with the battle seemingly over, the decision to walk to a fresh landing zone was disastrous, and at Ia Drang 2, 151 U.S. soldiers were killed, 121 were wounded and four were listed as missing.

For a variety of reasons, all of this had a powerful hold over me as I read the book 28 years later. When I finished *We Were Soldiers*, I was deeply moved, much as I had been by Ken Burns' public television series on the Civil War and by Shelby Foote's poignant narration of much of that. *We Were Soldiers*' scenes of young men virtually surrounded and badly outnumbered by this ferocious and well-armed and talented enemy were palpable. Even though I was far from Vietnam when this battle took place, it had always fascinated me, for my friend John Paul Vann (the legendary American who was the centerpiece of Neil Sheehan's *A Bright Shining Lie*) had studied the battle of the Ia Drang and had spoken to me at length about it at the time. A few months after the battle, Vann had been back in America; he called me up and we went out to dinner. His tone that night was almost remorseful; his was the voice of a man who had always known something like this was going to happen, talking about the fate of other men less fortunate.

That night he described it to me in detail, these two great infantry forces finding each other with terrible inevitability, each a force of excellence, and he described the savagery of the fighting that had followed.

It was, he said, a battle that the North Vietnamese had wanted badly. I still remember Vann's exact phrase: "They practically lit flares for us to come in there." Vann told me that the North Vietnamese regulars, victors over the French (and, in effect, over the ARVN—the Saigon army—even when it was heavily assisted by the Americans earlier in the Sixties), had sought the battle. They had wanted to test the American military machine and

(continued on page 218)

"Make it one for my baby and one more for the road."

Remember Bo

She became famous as a *10*, playing lucky Dudley Moore's dream come true, but we thought Bo Derek was a 12, at least. We featured her five times in four years, starting in 1980. Bo's role as the most breathtaking Jane ever in a Tarzan movie inspired our September 1981 *Tarzan and Bo* pictorial. Bo is back with a video-only mystery called *Woman of Desire*. Guess who she plays?

ARTICLE BY

ERIC BOGOSIAN

TESTIMONY OF A CRAZED URBANITE

WHY CITY LIFE WILL ALWAYS BE COOL, NO MATTER HOW HOT IT GETS

"I worked at a place called Lima, Ohio. When you travel in these towns there's nothing to do during the day, they're very boring. Like, all right, the first day you go through the five and dime, that's one day shot, all right. The next day, you go to the park, you see the cannon, and you've had it, that's it. Forget it. Lending library at the drugstore: two Fannie Hurst novels, Pearl Buck. Yeah, doesn't make it. At night in these towns, you step out of the club and you don't see anything but stars, beautiful stars, and one Socony gas station. You know. And those guys who work nights just don't swing, somehow."

—LENNY BRUCE, *Lima, Ohio*

"The future belongs to crowds."

—DON DELILLO, *Mao II*

I LIVE in the big city. Dangerous. Polluted. Nasty. Full of strange, sweaty people, kids with guns, dented vehicles, rats. Every surface is paved or poured, hard, dark, *(continued on page 214)*

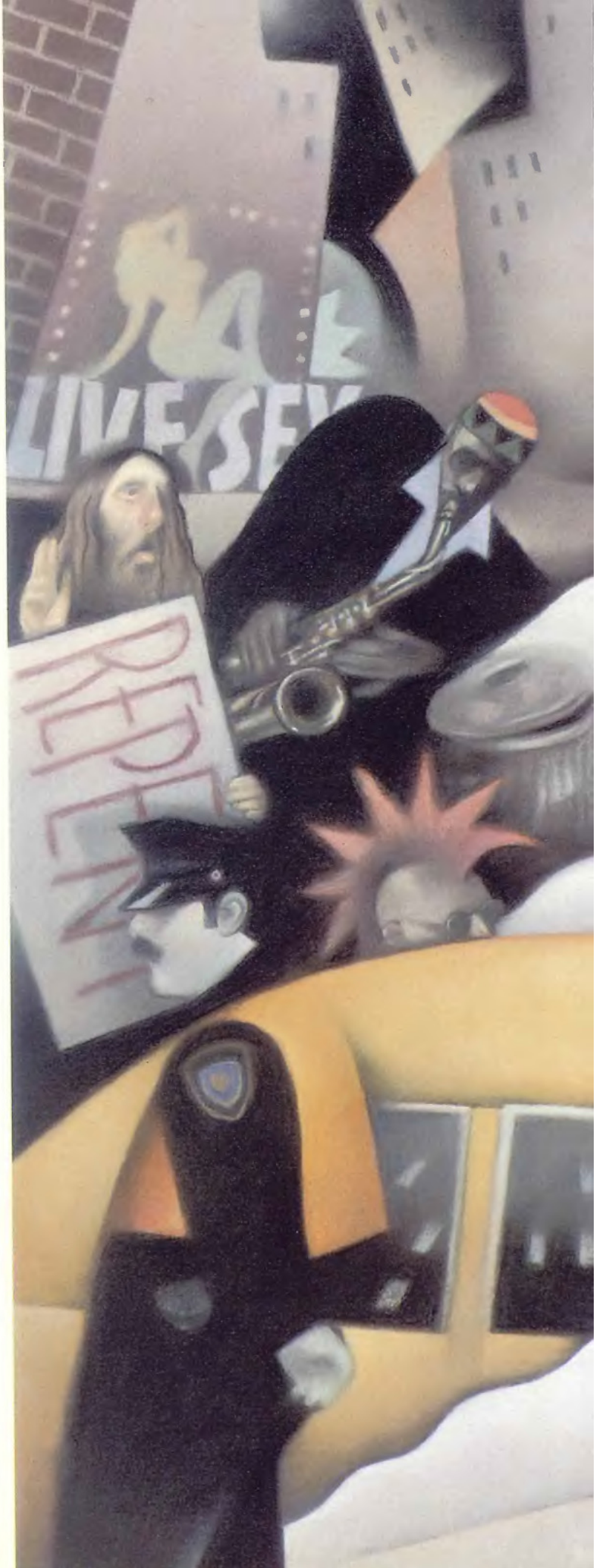


ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

SOUL
NO
RADIO

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL

the future of the nba explains the finer points of fouling, trash-talking and bad kung-fu movies

To basketball fans he is simply Shaq—the 7'1", 300-pound center for the Orlando Magic. To moviegoers this spring he will be Neon Bordeaux, a strapping playground hoops phenom who poses a moral dilemma for college coach Nick Nolte in "Blue Chips." But in the soothed minds of the NBA's moguls, Shaquille O'Neal is the future of his sport, a 21-year-old miracle in size 20EEE shoes—the man who filled the void left by the retirement of Magic Johnson and Larry Bird and who is being counted on to keep fans flocking to arenas now that Michael Jordan has repaired to the links for good. Crowds hold their breath when O'Neal approaches the hoop; they roar when he slams the ball through the net and swings on the rim. Twice last season he achieved his goal of pulling down the backboard and the reinforced stanchion that supports it—a feat only he has accomplished.

O'Neal is also pulling down $40 million over seven years, one of the richest contracts in the league. That sum does not include endorsement fees from athletic-shoe, soft-drink and sporting-goods companies, which will bring him an estimated $30 million over the next few years.

Louisiana State University basketball coach Dale Brown visited a military base in Germany in 1985 and mistook O'Neal for an oversized soldier. Informed that the 6'8" behemoth was an officer's son who was just reaching puberty, Brown laid the groundwork for a recruiting drive that landed Shaq in the Tigers' home gym five years later. In his sophomore season, despite missing time with a broken leg, O'Neal was named college player of the year. Not only did he dominate both ends of the court, he put on a floorshow with a celebratory post–dunk strut he called the Shaq-de-Shaq. NBA stars started to groom him for a pro career—Bill Walton offered counsel on playing through foul trouble, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar provided pointers on the sky hook. Against the wishes of his parents, O'Neal claimed hardship and went pro after his junior year, in which he averaged 24 points, 14 rebounds and five blocked shots despite being triple- or quadruple-teamed in every game.

In the NBA, opposing defenses assigned two men to cover him, and still he dominated opponents in the paint. He was named player of the week seven days into last season. Fans voted him into the starting lineup of the All-Star game by a landslide, making him the first rookie since Jordan to receive that honor.

At year's end he averaged 23.4 points, 13.9 rebounds and 3.53 blocks per game, and the league all but dispensed with the voting for the rookie of the year award. Marveled Detroit Piston Mark Aguirre: "He's the most monstrous individual to play in the NBA during my era." Cleveland Cavalier center Brad Daugherty said, "He made me feel like a little kid." Magic Johnson called him the best big man to play during his 13 years in the league, adding, "The guy's a monster, a true prime-time player."

In addition to his favorite off-season leisure activities—playing video games and watching kung-fu movies—in the past year O'Neal wrote and recorded a rap album, enrolled in a basketball camp to work on his low-post play and spent several weeks filming his first acting role in "Blue Chips."

Writer Richard Lalich shadowed O'Neal for two nights of unscripted games on the Indiana high school set of the film. He reports: "Although his squad lost both games, Shaq demonstrated why he is the most thrilling player in the post-Jordan NBA. In one memorable sequence he swatted away consecutive shots, and at the other end of the court he slammed the ball through the hoop with enough force to make the backboard shudder. With each slam it became increasingly clear that Shaq was intent on ripping down the backboard—a point that was not lost on the producers, who had stashed four new backboards in a spare locker room."

1.

PLAYBOY: You've rapped with Fu-Schnickens on *Arsenio Hall*, and you have just recorded your own rap album for Jive Records. What is Shaq's formula for a good rap song? What subjects are de rigueur?

O'NEAL: I'm just trying to show people that I have a lot of flavor. I'm not what you call a *Super Bowl Shuffle* rapper. I really can rap. So I think a lot of people will be surprised when my stuff comes out. I never use music to get a point across. If I wanted to do that, I'd just go up to a podium and put out a message. I don't need a beat. I'll let the other rappers do that. I'm a freestyle rapper. I'm just having fun. I just talk about me and about what I can do. For example, I have a song called *Bragatocious*: "Once again it's time to get bragatocious/The tall human being, that's right, Shaqatocious/Shaq-a-ma-la-slam-slam/Watch me flim-flam-flam/I freak-frack the click-clack." I'm just, you know, bragging.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've been immortalized in three video basketball games. Is there anything the one-inch Shaq can do that the 7'1" Shaq can't?

O'NEAL: He shoots a higher percentage, he jumps higher and he does more in the air—like backflips—than me. The NBA put out a game called NBA Hoops, and the guy who's me hits threes. I have the game in my house, and I just put up the threes constantly.

3.

PLAYBOY: In the NBA, the most egregious fouls—elbows in eyes, punches in kidneys—are caught by the camera. Describe the fouls that we don't see. And what part of your body takes a beating during a game?

O'NEAL: I get hacked on the forearms a lot when I go for the ball. Pushed. That's about it. I haven't been really cheap-shotted yet. Sometimes you don't see the fouls at home because if the camera's watching Jordan, somebody might get Pippen.

4.

PLAYBOY: How much of a distraction are fans who wave things behind the backboard when a player is at the free-throw line?

O'NEAL: Depends on who it is at the line. Some guys are horrible free-throw shooters, and some guys can shoot it no matter what. Either you can shoot free throws or you can't. The fans have nothing to do with it.

5.

PLAYBOY: Who's to blame for the trend of fans' rioting after their team wins a championship?

O'NEAL: I don't know why they do that. I was watching TV and a guy was asked why fans do it, and he said, "Well, we're part of the team and we're just overwhelmed." It's crazy.

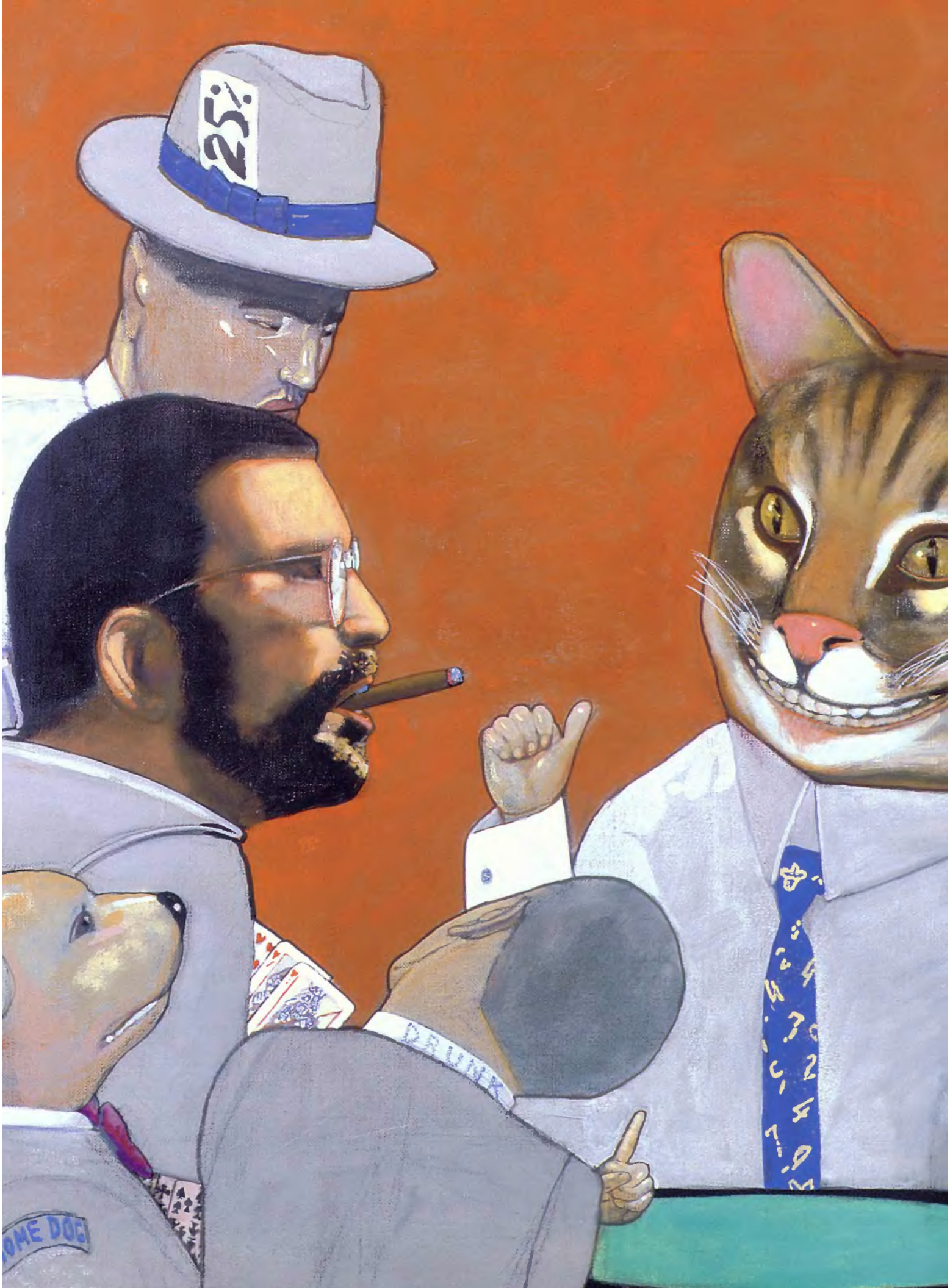
6.

PLAYBOY: But as a player, do you consider fans part *(continued on page 244)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

Remember Kim

She's going broke, she's been known to be difficult on movie sets, her luck's a little thin, but Kim Basinger is still one of Hollywood's most bankable actresses. She has often said her appearance in our February 1983 pictorial helped launch her career. Since then, she has tempted Robert Redford in *The Natural*, played Bruce Willis' *Blind Date* and Dan Aykroyd's sexy companion from outer space in *My Stepmother Is an Alien*, and turned on the Caped Crusader as Vicki Vale in *Batman*.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DRUNK

A GAMBLER FOR LIFE

the playwright applies the lessons of poker to the rest of life's bluffs

article by **DAVID MAMET**

The martial arts have always stressed spiritual control based on physical and mental accomplishments. Cards lend themselves wonderfully well to this process.

—RICKY JAY, ***"Cards as Weapons"***

FOR A WHILE I played cards every day. The game was held in an old junk store on the North Side of Chicago. The store was a front for a fence, and he ran a game every day of the year from noon till eight P.M., and I was there every day.

One morning, before the game, I'd gone downtown on some errand and thought to stop in and visit my dad and say hello. I did so, and we drank coffee in his office. As noon approached I said I had to go. He asked where I was going. "Gambling," I said. "You still using cards?" he replied.

Now, at the time, and for some time thereafter, I found his remark recherché. It was quite overmuch the comment a wise, tough man—and he was both—would enjoy making to his son. "Are you still using cards?" That is, "Do you still require the artificial constrictions of a self-delimiting game? Do you still need a circumscribed arena, and can you not see that the game goes on around you all the time?"

•

I got my brains beat out in a lawsuit about a decade back. There's an old Yiddish curse: "May you be involved in a lawsuit when you're in the right." This case taught me the viciousness of that curse. The other side was wrong. It was a real estate matter. They broke our contract, they cheated, they lied and, had the case gone to trial, I knew and

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA

they knew that I'd win. And yet they wouldn't settle. Not for half of what they owed me, not for a quarter, not for a tenth. They hired lawyers to sit, three at a time, in a room to depose me, day after day. They spent sickening amounts of their and my money demanding the production of obviously useless documents and testimonies. Their strategy was: Anger, bleed and weaken him. Which they did. One day I threw the case up and walked away. I shook my head for several years over their—and my—behavior in the case. Why would they not settle? Their legal fees cost them several times what I'd have settled for. They knew they had a loser. And yet. . . . But there were two kickers in the case. The first was this: Their principal felt offended by me, which I knew when the case began. The second, which I did not realize until the end of my travail, was that she was not paying for her own defense. Her real estate company had just been purchased by a huge conglomerate, which, as part of the bargain, had given her substantial funds for legal fees and claims outstanding. One of which was mine.

And upon that discovery, my mind recurred to a book, the existence of which I inform you of reluctantly. It is *Super-System: A Course in Power Poker*, by Doyle Brunson, twice world champion of that most excellent of games, Texas Hold'em. The book's section on seven-card stud was written by David "Chip" Reese, who describes a cleansing he once took.

Chip was in a game with a drunk. He held a pair of aces, and the drunk, after the fourth card, held four diamonds. Chip was an 11–10 favorite to win the hand; the drunk wouldn't go home. They raised each other 36 times, the drunk caught his fifth diamond and Chip retired broke. Chip writes, "I learned then that the mathematically correct play is not always the best play." And I add: You can neither bluff nor impress someone who isn't paying attention.

I first came across the Old Cat in *Poker According to Maverick*, a charming and anonymous work of the Fifties supposedly penned by Bret and Bart Maverick, those rambler, gambler television heroes of my youth.

As I recall, a stranger sits at a game and is dealt a royal flush. He bets, and all the money goes into the pot. His opponent lays down 2–4–7–9–jack of no particular suits and starts to rake in the money. Our friend, incredulous, points to his own royal flush and protests. The other man says, "I held an Old Cat," and points to a sign on the wall that reads, AN OLD CAT BEATS ANYTHING.

Well, our man goes out, replenishes his bankroll and, later in the night, finds himself holding that same Old Cat, the natural lock. He once again bets everything he has. They both go right down to the green. Comes the showdown, our man lays the Old Cat down. His opponent shows a pair of deuces and starts to rake in the pot. "Ahem," our man says. "You ain't got but deuces, and I've got the Old Cat." At which time his opponent points to yet another sign on the wall, which reads, AN OLD CAT IS GOOD ONLY ONCE A NIGHT.

I found the same story in *Gamblers Don't Gamble*, by Michael MacDougall, where the Old Cat is called a lala-palooza. My friend Ricky Jay, arbiter of all things picaresque and arcane, drew my attention to an earlier reference, the 1900 *Jack Pots*, by Eugene Edwards, in which the Cat goes by the cognomen of a Looloo.

What have we in the tale? A conjunction of two pretty good first principles: (1) Know the rules. (2) When something looks too good to be true, it is not true. And, perhaps, a third, a Talmudic opinion by George Bernard Shaw: "All professions are conspiracies against the laity." When you play in the other man's game, you're most likely going to have to pay the other man off. And I here cite, in support, those postmodern *ronin*, the attorneys, and their cash cow, the client, and their milking pail appurtenant thereto: the contract.

•

All of us have had at least one Old Cat in our lives. For many it has come under the contractual moniker of the security deposit. Times may have changed—though I doubt it—but when I was a lad the landlord, on renting an apartment, demanded the first and the last month's rent and yet a third month's rent as a security deposit, held against what were jocularly referred to as liquidated damages. This meant, as we all know, that when one moved out one was entitled to play out the following charade:

(A) "I'd like my security deposit returned, please."

(B) "Well, you'll have to wait until we've inspected the apartment to determine. . . ."

(A) "Fine. Let's go up there now. You will see I have left it in much better shape than. . . ."

(B) "No. In due course our inspector will. . . ."

(A) "But I painted it, I replaced the. . . ."

(B) "I'm sorry, but you'll have to . . ." etc.

I once had an apartment on a building's top floor. There was a two-foot setback outside my windows—tar paper littered with trash. I spent much of a summer cleaning and painting it. I fitted it with a wooden slat floor, and you have beaten me to the punch line in your correct surmise. Come fall the landlord tripled the rent for what he said had become a penthouse with a terrace. I fumed and sputtered in the approved fashion, but it was his game and he was pointing to the contract and the clause, which was just the Old Cat, and it's not for nothing that the story'd been around awhile.

As we speak there is an agency in Hollywood that handles some rather desired talent. Its agents negotiate hard in their clients' interest, in a style that might be described as "One more thing: I get to kill your daughter's dog." I was doing business with that agency and I desperately required the services of one of its clients. The agency demanded a recompense I thought exorbitant, and said "take it or leave it." I did the world's quickest slow burn until I thought back to *Poker According to Maverick* and realized the Old Cat had just recrudesced, and I paid off and got on with my life. Old Cat.

•

There we have two stories about humility—a theme to which Doyle Brunson constantly refers, a theme on which much of the gambling literature seems to dwell; in modern renditions of the scriptural suggestion that he who conquers a city is as nothing compared with he who conquers his own nature.

But what of the other component of that which Kipling (and my father) understood as the Great Game? What of aggression? The poker sages, if I may distill them, inform us that the game is legitimate prosecution of one's own interest. That we should, therefore, shun the questionable position and employ the time and energy (and money) thus saved in pursuit of any and all real advantages; that, at the table, these advantages may rest in superiority of cards, bankroll, position, information, attitude and education, and that pursuit and employment of such advantages must eventually prevail, whereas reliance on chance or arrogance will invariably come to grief. Tight but aggressive, Herbert Yardley informs us in his classic *Education of a Poker Player*, in which he distills poker wisdom to three irreducible adages: If you've got nothing, get out. If you're beat, get out. If you've got the best hand, make 'em pay.

Which of us has not stayed on, flogging the now-beaten straight in the face of the assured full house? And is

(continued on page 238)

R.TAYLOR

Remember Madonna

Madonna is the ultimate woman on top. In his essay in our March 1991 issue, Michael Kelly identified her as the avatar of "slut feminism," using her sexuality as a ploy for power over men. Landmarks of her reign include our September 1985 and July 1992 pictorials, and her monument to exhibitionism: *Sex*.

My LITTLE ROCK

THE SMALL-TOWN VALUES OF A RAZORBACK UPBRINGING PREPARE YOU FOR A LOT OF THINGS. THE NATION'S CAPITAL MAY NOT BE ONE OF THEM

IT'S THE PHOTOGRAPH that lingers, one that he was reluctant to release to *The Wall Street Journal*. It was as if he feared the picture would reveal a shameful secret. In it, Vincent Foster—a handsome man by any standard—appears grim, unsmiling, guarded. He does not project the image of a man who is getting a great deal out of life. No question hindsight makes a contribution, but Foster's smile, even at a sunnier time—as he strolls, with the Clintons, through the lobby of his beloved Little Rock Repertory Theater—seems tight and controlled. WHO IS VINCENT FOSTER? the *Journal* asked in a critical piece that appeared this past summer, a short time before the deputy White House counsel—and the president's personal lawyer—took his own life. Many speculate that it was the drumbeat of attacks from the *Journal* itself, so highly thought of in Arkansas corporate circles, that helped lead Foster to his decision. The attacks were certainly on his mind when he wrote his list of grievances. "*Wall Street Journal* editors lie without consequence."

Months after the tragedy, there are other parts of the tableau that endure—the uneaten candy, the ride in a Honda Accord to Fort Marcy Park, the Civil War cannon at the site, the ritual removal of jacket and tie (a man still in control), the gun

article by BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

placed in his mouth (a 1913 Colt revolver apparently inherited from his father, who had died 18 months before). The single shot that tore away his brain stem.

And then a fresh set of characters: the exotically named White House decorator, Kaki Hockersmith; Bernard Nussbaum, who had joked with Foster that as chief counsel, *he* ought to be getting more attention from the *Journal*; the U.S. Park Police, like Keystone Cops. Finally, William Safire's powerful questions in *The New York Times*, each ringing out like a gunshot, all still unanswered (Who tore up Foster's note? Where is the missing piece? Where is the middle-aged male driving a white van who reported to a parkway attendant that he found the body?).

•

Rock musicians are fond of pointing out that you can't judge or predict behavior on the road. Washington, D.C. was the "road" for Vincent Foster. Would he be alive if he had stayed home in Little Rock? We're told that he had great misgivings about going to the capital in the first place and did so only at the behest of his longtime friends the Clintons. He was something of a golden boy in Little Rock, had never suffered a setback there and was able to live in great comfort on his $295,000 a year income at the Rose law firm. Harry Thomason, TV producer and player in the Travelgate mess that troubled Foster so greatly, is convinced Washington killed him. Foster himself, in his anguished final note, wrote: "I was not meant for the job or the spotlight of public life in Washington." It's known that he suggested to his wife—a week before he died—that they return home, and was encouraged by her to stay on until the end of the year. No one, of course, could have known his state of mind at the time. "Men are never convinced of the seriousness of your suffering," says Albert Camus' narrator in *The Fall*, "except by your death."

What about Little Rock? Is it the special place it's painted to be? As it happens, I had occasion to spend some time there several weeks before Foster's death, drawn by a curiosity as to what, if anything, makes the city unique. Clinton had spent most of his life in Little Rock—as had Foster. Was there something in the makeup of the city that helped the president—and those around him—survive the arduous and ultimately miraculous journey from watermelon-growing Hope to the mighty office he now occupies?

At first glance, and even at second, Little Rock is a city like so many others, with a river (the Arkansas) running through it to no particular purpose, a downtown area with pockets of life—but one that's been more or less abandoned to a few commercial interests—and the usual movement to an outlying, more optimistic district, the west side in this case, with its affluent homes, monster malls and spreading network of restaurants, both pricey and affordable. At every turn the visitor is told about the rise of Systematics Inc. and the miracle of Tyson Foods. Apart from food consumption, however, there doesn't seem to be a great deal going on. It would not seem possible for a city of 176,000 to support as many restaurants as exist in Little Rock. But support them it does, and new ones keep rolling in. There must be something in Stephen Crane's beloved piney air that explains the city's eating habits—and the president's celebrated appetite, as well.

Dutifully, I visited the State Capitol (a scaled-down version of the one in D.C.), listened to the band Copperhead at Juanita's, sampled the justifiably celebrated ribs at Sim's, wandered through the historic Quapaw quarter and sat beneath the DO NOT SPIT sign at a livestock auction at which the farmers spoke in country-music lyrics ("You buy those hogs, your daddy be proud of you"). I showed up at Ray Winder Field to watch the last-place Travelers ("Travs" to you, bud) win a ballgame from the Shreveport Captains. I'd been told it can get rowdy at these games, but I found it to be all *Field of Dreams* innocence and *Take Me Out to the Ballgame*: The most boisterous note was an occasional frail plea to the pitcher to "strike the bum out." I'd had my doubts about the women of Little Rock—heartbreaking faces, agricultural haunches—until I saw the Travelettes, with their silky hair and long lazy legs in lazy white shorts and what I took to be their languid dreams of the big city.

None of which brought me any closer to the spiritual heart of Little Rock. It's only when I visited the 168,000-square-foot Wal-Mart Super Center in Conway that I got my first clue.

A man sat alone in the deli, at a table for two, smoking a cigarette and sipping coffee. At first glance he seemed to be wearing an African mask, one that had been left out in the sun and was now bleached white and had a corner chewed off. A closer look indicated that he was not wearing a mask at all, that I was looking at his face. I circled round a few times, at whatever a discreet distance is, coming up on him from different angles, hoping that I was wrong. But I wasn't wrong. It was his face all right. I felt a need to do something, to go up and ask him how he was getting along, but I decided not to. No one else in the Wal-Mart seemed to feel this call for action. No doubt they had concluded that the man might not want anything done, that he was doing just fine sitting there, drinking his coffee, watching people who'd come from as far away as Crumrod in the east and Booneville in the west to shop for bagel dogs, flop sticks, ribwiches and black-tip shark.

They'd accepted him. He was a neighbor in a city of 176,000 neighbors, part of a state filled with 2 million more. You accept your neighbor, look out for your neighbor. I could think of places where this fellow might be scorned or hidden away in attics, and others where he might even be worshiped, but none where he would so casually be allowed to go about his business.

•

So perhaps that was the secret. Little Rock is our most caring city. It's been said that Foster couldn't go back, couldn't rejoin the Rose law firm. How could he pursue new clients when he'd just "failed" the most important client in the country? How could he rejoin the country club when he'd quit to protest its discriminatory policies? But the evidence is that he would have been taken back warmly by this welcoming city of friendly porches, great drinking water, Depression-level rents and huge, modestly priced breakfasts. (At Wallace's Grill, the president's favorite, it's a struggle to spend two dollars.)

"It's the most egalitarian place you'll ever find," said Alan Leveritt, publisher of the bright and cheerfully opinionated *Arkansas Times*. "There's no rich, landed aristocracy. Everyone is a step removed from the farm. You're dead if you try to put on airs. Little Rock is Don Tyson, one of the richest men in the state, showing up for ribs at Sim's in a pickup, wearing a chicken suit like the guy who works at the filling station."

There's a somber side, too: the forlorn neighborhoods of the east side (you're encouraged to drive west), the cemetery where 50 crosses mark the graves of blacks who've been killed by other blacks in local drug wars.

A food and beverage man at the Capital Bar told me not to delude myself about the city's kind heart: "You're in a Third World country. Ninety percent of the money—and some of it is slave money—is in the hands of five percent of the folks. They're out there in Edgehill and the Heights, and if you're not part of their old-boy network, you'll

(continued on page 246)

POOR
RICHARD'S
CALENDAR

Remember Vanna

Only in America could a woman become a star by exposing letters of the alphabet on television. Vanna White's silent presence on *Wheel of Fortune* left us speechless. As *Newsweek* opined, "Vanna is Mary Poppins in Joan Collins' clothing." So much the better when she shed that clothing for our May 1987 pictorial (shot in 1982, before her star turn on TV).

the renowned economist argues that if america is to

SUCCESS AND FAILURE are easily measured in economics. Success occurs when most individuals enjoy rising real wages. Conversely, falling real wages equal failure. America is a rich country because most of its history is a history of success. That history led President John F. Kennedy to observe that "a rising tide lifts all boats." If he could engineer an economy that grew, it was assumed that most Americans would enjoy higher real standards of living. Starting in the mid-Seventies, however, that logic suffered a setback.

From 1973 to 1992 the American economy continued to grow and the per capita gross domestic product

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT GIUSTI

survive a changed world order, new rules are required

rose 25 percent after correcting for inflation. The U.S. Department of Labor, however, reports that real weekly wages for nonsupervisory workers (those who don't boss anyone else) fell 19 percent over the past 19 years. To some extent that number reflects the increased participation of lower-paid women, but the overwhelming fact remains: In the past two decades 20 percent of America's males have been on a steep up escalator, 20 percent have been holding their own and 60 percent have been on a down escalator.

If I could steal into President Bill Clinton's mind and engrave one prime domestic issue, it would be the

article by

LESTER THUROW

following: According to U.S. Census reports, in 1979, 18 percent of young full-time male workers failed to earn $12,195 (in 1990 dollars). This was slightly below the poverty line for a family of four and slightly above it for a family of three. By 1990 that 18 percent had more than doubled to 40 percent.

Think of it. Almost half of all the young males in America are being told that they can find a job, work hard and still not be able to support a family. Anyone who tells the young males who rioted in South Central Los Angeles in 1992 that they have an economic future would be lying. Based on the trends of the past two decades, they have no economic future in America.

To preserve middle-class family incomes, the American female has come to the rescue. In the past two decades many more wives have gone to work and are working more hours per year. Greater female work effort has essentially held real family incomes constant for the middle 60 percent of the population. But the rescue effort is now foundering. Wives in these families are already working close to full time. If male wages continue to decline throughout the Nineties, then family incomes will start to decline with them.

•

What changed in the Seventies?

American firms lost market share in autos, steel and machine tools—and with that loss went high-paying jobs for males. Every $45 billion in manufactured imports means the loss of 1 million U.S. manufacturing jobs. New technologies such as just-in-time inventories or statistical quality control required new skills—in these cases mathematical skills—and also converted what had been unskilled assembly-line jobs into jobs that required a lot more education and training. Service jobs expanded to hold unemployment constant, but service jobs tend to pay much lower wages and employ fewer males.

What economists know as factor-price equalization struck with a vengeance. In large part it's caused by the new global economy. If American workers do not work with more natural resources (they can't—because the world market for raw material grants everyone equal access), do not work with more capital (they can't—since in a global capital market everyone borrows in New York, London and Tokyo) and do not work with better technology (difficult—because reverse engineering means new-product technologies move around the world quickly), then at each skill level, Americans must work for wages commensurate with the pay found for that skill level in the rest of the world.

Effectively, each American's wages are now a reflection of his or her relative skill level. Those with few skills will work for low wages, even if they happen to live in the U.S. Prior to 1973 those with Third World skills got an American wage premium. As Americans they automatically worked with greater natural resources and enjoyed higher levels of capital equipment and better technology than workers in the rest of the world. But the premium has melted away.

America's choice is clear. Provide high skills or work for low wages. Half of the solution to falling real wages in the context of a rising GDP is to improve the quality of American education and build a training system for those who do not go on to college. During the election campaign, President Clinton talked about building a copy of the French postsecondary training system in the U.S. In France every firm must put some fraction of its revenue into an account. That fund becomes a tax taken by the government if the company fails to help train the labor force. The purpose is to make every firm train its work force.

In America the standard attitude is "you train them and we'll hire them." Each individual company may be acting smart, but collectively the results are stupid—no one gets skills training after secondary school.

Far harder is increasing the quality of education. The heart of the problem is found in locally elected school boards that produce a low-quality product relative to others in the industrial world. To put it bluntly, Thomas Jefferson got it wrong. Local government isn't always best. It can't compare to a powerful, centralized ministry of education willing to write tough high school exit examinations.

Education needs a four-part grand strategic bargain. First, boost average wages for teachers from $30,000 to $50,000 so that schools can demand high-quality teachers and get necessary teaching skills in math and science. In a capitalist society, no one gets a high-quality work force by offering below-average wages.

Second, require that more hours per year be worked in exchange for higher wages. While German and Japanese teachers are paid much more, they don't get their higher pay for part-time work. In the rest of the world students go to school an average of 220 days per year (not the 180 days common in the U.S.) and the high school day is much longer.

Third, reduce nonclassroom labor costs (school bureaucracy) to the levels found in the rest of the world. In many big cities fewer than half the paychecks written every month by the school board go to classroom teachers.

Fourth, write an exit examination for graduating students. The high-wage business community in each region of the country can write an exam that covers what it would expect its high school–educated workers to know; it must then administer the exams to those who seek employment and announce results that indicate which schools produce graduates who pass and which schools do not.

Improved working skills are only half the problem. A better-skilled work force is no guarantee that the jobs which use those strong skills will automatically appear in the U.S. Something else has to be done.

Historically, government could do little to alter economic geography. Comparative advantage was determined by the availability of natural resources, capital and labor. At the dawn of the 21st century, however, that world has all but disappeared. Raw materials can be bought and moved to wherever they are needed. Capital can be borrowed and put to use anywhere on the globe.

America is entering an era of man-made comparative advantage in which human strategies determine where economic activity takes place. Consider a list of the industries that are expected to provide most of the high-wage jobs in the decades ahead: microelectronics, biotechnology, materials science, telecommunications, civilian aircraft manufacturing, robots, computers, software. What is the common denominator? Basically, these are all brainpower industries. Geographically they could be anywhere. Where they will be depends on who organizes the brainpower to capture them.

Organizing brainpower means not just building a research-and-development system that will put a nation on the leading edge of technology but also organizing a top-to-bottom work force that can run the enterprise. In this world of man-made comparative advantage, government has an important role to play. Government both supplies well-educated workers and funds the R&D expenditures that make the industries of the future possible. It must do both because capitalism has an inherent weakness. Given any reasonable interest rate, the discounted value of a dollar ten years from now is too small to matter. As a consequence, capitalism never looks more than seven or eight years into the future.

Only government, with its much longer time horizon, is in a position to

(continued on page 247)

"Hello, there. Can I help you?"

WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE MILLENNIUM ?

every thousand years people start acting screwy. we asked a master historian to put our current frenzy in perspective

article by

GARRY WILLS

And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison. —REVELATION 20:7

CRANKS OF MANY SORTS have set their alarm clocks for the year 2000. As the 20th century ticks to its close, a millennium is ending. Even the word millennium is charged with emotion, suggesting a biblical age of divine rule ushered in with apocalyptic struggle.

But religious nuts are not alone in approaching the end of a 1000-year period with eerie feelings. Deep superstitions are tapped by rites that end one stage of life and launch another. We witness this every year as people make New Year's resolutions, impressed by the passage of time, apprehensive about the use of what is left to them. Even the turn from one day to the next has given the stroke of midnight a certain power over the imagination—it was the vulnerable moment for making magic or loosing demons. No wonder the last midnight of the year draws people's eyes to the ball descending in Times Square. The magic is bound to be more powerful when a year is ending along with a day. And these feelings are heightened further when a decade is ending, or a century. At the stroke of midnight 1999, a day, a decade, a century and a millennium will draw to a simultaneous, dramatic close.

We have only one other example of such a turning point in the modern era—the year 1000. As that magic number approached, people saw portents of the world's end or convulsive renewal. The mystic German emperor, Otto III, went to Italy in 996 to renew the Holy Roman Empire as a millennial kingdom. The Pope of the time, *(continued on page 208)*

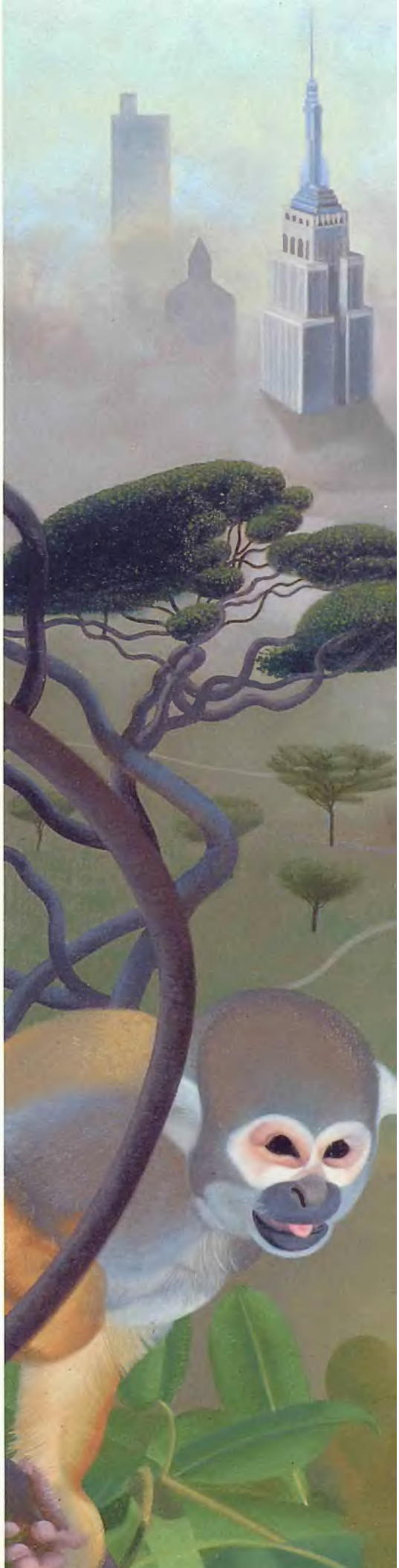


ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCLEAN

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

WHO SHOULD BE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR?

CHIVALRY is not dead. It's just electronic these days. Men once showed their regard for their favored ladies by dueling and jousting. Life is safer now; you can tell us who's your fairest of them all simply by picking up the phone and touch-toning her number. Or you can champion all 12 Playmates and be certain to join the winner's camp. Whomever you choose—after recovering your memory of 1993 with the following 12-step program—your Playmate will greet you warmly on tape with a message she's recorded specifically for her favorite readers. We will tally the calls and then determine who reigns as our latest PMOY. The call costs a dollar. The Playmate of the Year gets $100,000, a shiny new car and an encore—an exquisite all-new pictorial in our annual PMOY issue this year. You get much more, of course. You get the satisfaction of showing your support for the one woman who outshone 11 of the world's most beautiful women last year. If that's not enough bang for your buck, maybe chivalry needs life support.

For Guess Jeans model Anna Nicole Smith (above), being Playmate of the Year led to international fame and fortune. Who will inherit her crown in 1994? You make the call.

HELP US CHOOSE THE PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

CALL YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE: 900-737-2299

ONLY $1 PER CALL. EIGHTEEN YEARS OLD OR OLDER, PLEASE.

Phone us—and your chosen Playmate—to register your preference for Playmate of the Year. Call the number above and, when instructed, tap in her personal code: **Miss January, 01; Miss February, 02; Miss March, 03; Miss April, 04; Miss May, 05; Miss June, 06; Miss July, 07; Miss August, 08; Miss September, 09; Miss October, 10; Miss November, 11; Miss December, 12.** And don't wait too long. Polling ends February 28, 1994.

A product of PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Service not available in Canada.

MISS JANUARY—01

MISS FEBRUARY—02

MISS MARCH—03

MISS APRIL—04

MISS MAY—05

MISS JUNE—06

MISS JULY—07

MISS AUGUST—08

MISS SEPTEMBER—09

MISS OCTOBER—10

MISS NOVEMBER—11

MISS DECEMBER—12

Miss January

ECHO JOHNSON

Say hello again to New Mexico's Echo (left), a former Miss Santa Fe who made headlines back home when she dazzled centerfold fans. Her mom, Katrina, had said for years that Echo was pretty enough to be a Playmate. When it happened, the *Albuquerque Journal* mused that it might mean "the decline and fall" of Santa Fe. Everyone else ran to the newsstand. "I didn't let it get to me," says Echo of her fame. She turns 20 this month.

Miss February

JENNIFER LEROY

The Denver press was kinder to Jennifer (right) than the *Journal* was to Echo. Miss Feb was "the Colorado-bred bombshell who realizes every girl's dream in the February issue of PLAYBOY," wrote the *Rocky Mountain News*. "Thank heavens this hasn't been one of my mistakes," she says with a smile. Before the ink was dry on her Data Sheet, Jennifer, 20, was modeling in Tokyo, earning a mountain of yen.

Miss June

ALESHA ORESKOVICH

After her centerfold unfolded, "I could have moved to L.A. and pursued a career in showbiz," says the French-German-Swedish-Yugoslavian-Italian Alesha (above right). Instead, the 21-year-old went back to the University of Florida to finish work on her English degree. "Eventually, I want to teach writing," she says. Which is why she was excited about her summer job: "I got an internship at PLAYBOY."

Miss July

LEISA SHERIDAN

Leisa (left), 29, finally found some time to relax in the second half of 1993. She vacationed in Palm Springs and Las Vegas, resting up from her movie debut: a part in the martial-arts flick *Red Rising*. Leisa says that while her girlfriends congratulated her for making Playmate, that wasn't the most telling reaction to her becoming Miss July. What was? "All the guys I dated in high school were really stoked."

Miss December

ARLENE BAXTER

"I'm really not your typical Playmate," says Arlene (below right). She's right. At 31, Miss December isn't just starting her career. The owner of what modeling insiders acclaim as the Baxter Bod has been in demand for nine years. Now she wants to take the Bod and her quick wit to Hollywood. "Acting isn't brain surgery," says Arlene with typical candor. "It's all about being sensual, and I think I can do that."

Miss September

CARRIE WESTCOTT

"I'm a hippie at heart," Carrie (left) told us when we met. But there were only 19 days left in her favorite decade when she was born. So Miss September, who turned 24 last month, revives the spirit of the Sixties by "picking flowers, burning incense and running around naked." Carrie's not exactly skipping the Nineties, though—you can see her in national ads for Pepsi and Budweiser, and in Vince Neil's new video on MTV.

Miss April

NICOLE WOOD

Nicole (right) told us she was going to blush when the April issue appeared. There wasn't time. "I've been too busy," says the 23-year-old New Jerseyite. Autographing magazines for her fans, modeling swimwear, working on TV's Comedy Central and making "a ton" of promotional appearances as Miss April keeps her on the run. "Everything's coming together for me," says Nicole, red-faced from exertion, not modesty.

Miss August

JENNIFER LAVOIE

Our only New England Playmate caused quite a stir in Nashua, New Hampshire. Last summer Jennifer (above left) signed her centerfold for 200 admirers who lined Main Street in 96-degree heat. The benefits of fame lasted after her issue sold out: "My mom and I make tapestry bags and luggage, and business is booming," says Jennifer, 22. As for personal business, "I'm looking for Mr. Right."

Miss October

JENNY MCCARTHY

Former cheerleader Jenny (right) is still jumping for joy about her stint as a Playmate. "It's phenomenal," she says. Her home neighborhood on Chicago's South Side—tough turf—was rah-rah for Miss October: "I couldn't believe how many people wanted to meet me." Now it's off to L.A. for Jenny, 21, who wants to make good on the ambition she noted on her Data Sheet: "To succeed in TV land."

Miss March

KIMBERLY DONLEY

It's not easy to get close to Kimberly (below left). In September she moved to a house at the end of a dirt road outside a small Arizona town. "There's peace of mind here. Scorpions and snakes, too," she says, "but I have my cat Bear to protect me." Kimberly, 28, doesn't always hide out in the desert. She did our October cover with Jerry Seinfeld, and she frequently flies to the West Coast for modeling gigs.

Miss May

ELKE JEINSEN

Our only foreign import this year, Elke (left) told us that what she missed about her native Germany was driving 125 miles an hour on the autobahn. Aside from the poky speed limits, she was crazy about America. "I'm staying!" And the longer she stayed, the crazier America got about Elke, 27. Next up: more magazine covers and films. Just when you think you know what she's up to, she's on to something new.

Miss November

JULIANNA YOUNG

"The trend toward the 'waif look' hasn't hurt me," says Florida model Julianna (right), 33. "Big-busted women are still in demand." A few small-minded Floridians had urged her to have breast-reduction surgery; our November issue zipped their lips. Still, "I'm not going to get carried away by the fanfare," says Julianna. Unless, of course, she becomes Playmate of the Year—and nobody favors waifs in that competition.

MILLENNIUM?

(continued from page 194)

"The monk Raoul Glaber, looking to the year 1000, warned: 'Satan will soon be unleashed.'"

Sylvester II, was considered a sinister magician, the Antichrist in the book of Revelation. The monk Raoul Glaber, looking to the year 1000, warned: "Satan will soon be unleashed because the thousand years have been completed."

When the year 1000 passed without the passing of the world, some relaxed their anxieties. But others warned that the real second millennium should be dated from Christ's death, not his birth—so people prayed and shivered all over again as the year 1033 approached. After that second hurdle was passed, a new historical era seemed open to people. Their relief found expression in the building binge in Europe that opened the age of the cathedrals.

Why bring up the medieval superstitions about the year 1000? Surely we have escaped such primordial anxieties. But perhaps we cannot place too much trust in our hard-won rationality. Look at the sprawling New Age sections in any large bookstore—Otto III would be quite at home with the belief in a realm of light just over the horizon. And fear about the future is not something people have escaped. Look at Ross Perot, who has become something of a personal savior to many because he tells them how bad things are and how much worse they promise to become.

Even 19th century rationalism was not enough to protect some people from a feeling of world's-end, fin de siècle funk when the last century wound down. A collapse of Victorian certainties created the decadent 1890s, the so-called Mauve Decade. It also led to a rebirth of the occult in "modern" London, where séances and prophets were all the rage. The poet William Butler Yeats revived medieval theories of a "third age" derived from Joachim de Fiore. In America, the depression of 1893 set the angry, despairing mood for a decade full of prophecies about social collapse.

Millennialism was never more respectable than in the 1890s, emanating from the recently founded (1886) Moody Bible Institute and the popular Bible expositions of Cyrus Scofield. But nuttier fringe groups also pullulated in those times—e.g., the Jezreelites, who built a Sanctuary of Israel in Michigan to serve as the center of the Lord's millennial rule when He came back in 1900.

Signs of similar spiritual upheaval are being seen by prognosticators of our immediate future. In their book *Megatrends 2000*, John Naisbitt and Patricia Aburdene predict "a worldwide multidenominational religious revival" by the year 2000. In *The American Religion*, Harold Bloom finds an air of fundamentalist "showdown" in American religion, which is increasing its otherworld orientation: "A religion-mad country entering upon the final decade of the 20th century is doomed to enjoy some very interesting times indeed before that decade, and century, pass into what is to come. The national election to be held in the year 2000 will reverberate with sanctified forebodings, perhaps more than ever before in American history." People are thinking in end-game categories, announcing (and denouncing) the end of empire, the end of American hegemony, even "the end of history" (as Francis Fukuyama puts it). The crack-up of the Soviet Union has not brought the satisfaction one might have expected to its putative beneficiaries. Some see the splintering of the old Communist bloc as a forerunner to the splintering of Europe, of the West, of the free world, as it used to be called. A sour pessimism is settling over our discourse, reflected in polls that show this is the first generation of Americans who do not feel sure that their children will be better off than they are. The spend-as-if-there-is-no-tomorrow attitude of the Eighties made America a debtor nation in the Nineties, unable from lack of resources to respond to many social ills. The ecological predictions of global depletion, of burnout, of nuclear pollution and of mass starvation reflect an inner sense of dwindling energies. The entropy that historian Henry Adams feared in the 1890s is a fear that takes new shape daily in our world.

Of course, some people are always saying that the world is going to hell in a hand basket. They express a kind of perverse glee in how bad everything is—like the Evelyn Waugh character who sings "Change and decay in all around I see." There is a natural tendency to think of one's own time as the hinge of history. It is flattering as well as frightening to think that we are in on the critical showdown of all time. Perhaps this explains why some people felt so braced to the task of confronting a monstrous communist threat—and why they seem to feel a kind of postcoital lassitude now that the threat has been removed.

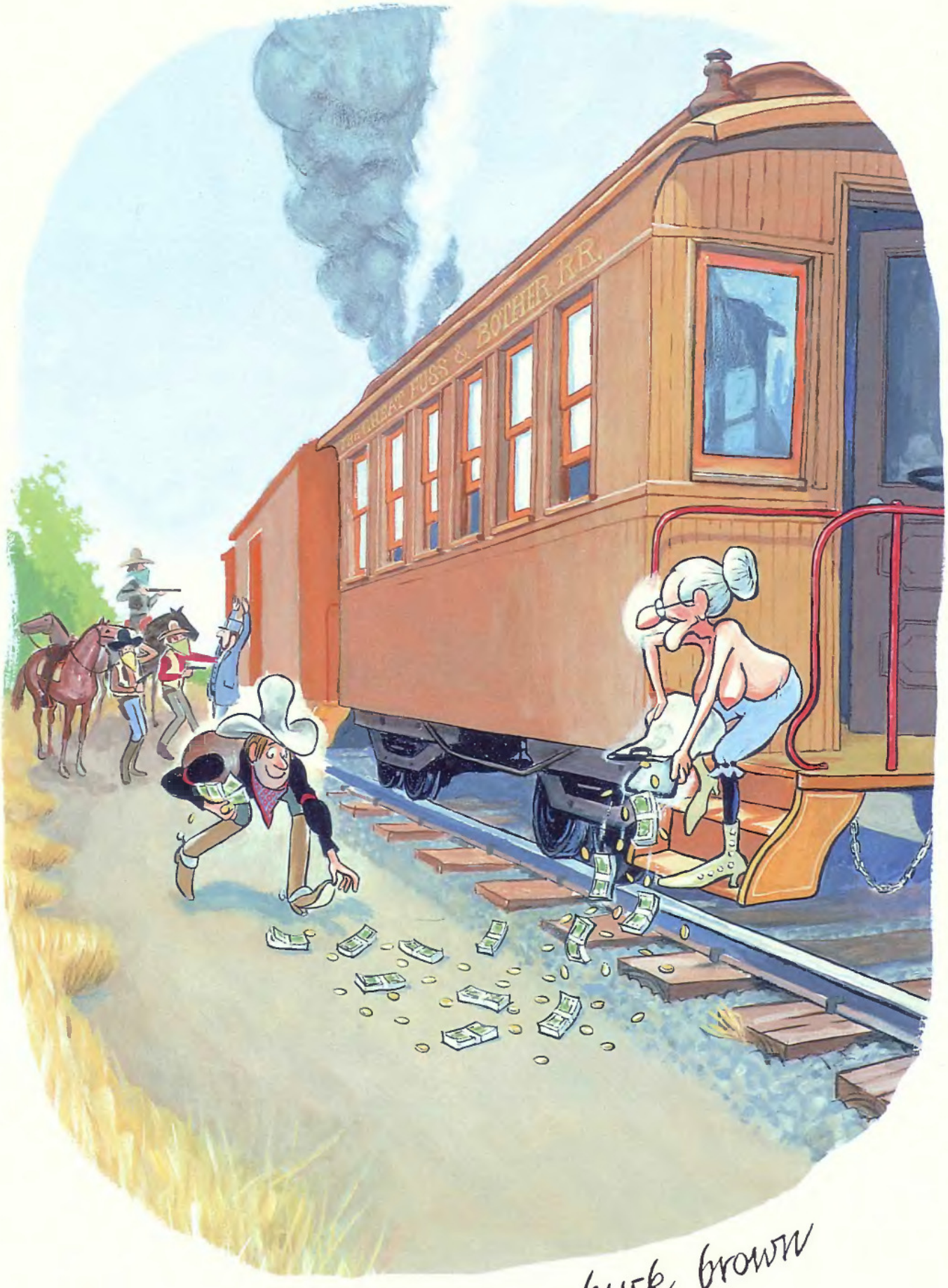
Nothing so disorients and disanimates people as rapid change—especially when it is kept up at a rate that overtakes adjustment to earlier changes. A giddiness follows on such loss of the familiar, a belief that nothing is stable or can hold. Change on that scale is what many people are undergoing now, and in areas where they are least resilient, in the interpersonal relations that are the building blocks of society. What is perceived as the breakdown of the family is the spiritual equivalent of splitting the atom—the formerly indissoluble has become the indefinitely friable. The moral ground is giving way under people's feet. Things on which they thought there was a human consensus—the supremacy of the father in a monogamous family, a social solidarity against abortion and homosexuality and premarital sex—are suddenly up for grabs. Settled institutions such as the Catholic Church find even their own members rebelling against the shared certitudes of the past.

The reaction to such deep challenges is bound to be hysterical and to offer a large audience to doom-mongers. Listen, for instance, to Pat Robertson on the evils of feminism:

"To complete the antifamily, profeminist agenda, the appeal to women was not only to renounce marriage, murder children, overthrow capitalism and seek spiritual insight from witchcraft; sexual relations were to be transferred from heterosexual to homosexual. . . . It is only now, in this modern and increasingly godless age, that women such as Molly Yard and Jane Fonda dare claim that women have a 'moral right' to murder their young."

It is easy—dangerously easy—to see Pat Robertson as just a comic figure, the cartoon character with a placard saying THE END IS NEAR. But his Christian Coalition, under its director, Ralph Reed, has become the second-largest independent political force after Ross Perot's—and for some of the same reasons that make Perot so popular. People feel something has gone fundamentally wrong with their lives, and only drastic steps can right them. Public and private crises merge. The end—of something—is near.

(continued on page 274)



buck brown

Remember Cindy

Since Cindy Crawford's career exploded in 1986, the leggy brunette, probably the best-looking woman of her generation, has graced the covers of more than 200 magazines, including our July 1988 issue. The accompanying pictorial was photographed by lensman and video director Herb Ritts in Hawaii, which served as the perfect backdrop to the supermodel's volcanic sensuality. We like to watch her on MTV's *House of Style*, and her best-selling exercise video gets us all worked up.

GOLF-BALL-SIZE HAIL *(continued from page 134)*

"It's true what Neil Diamond says in his song—the higher the top, the farther the drop."

either forgot about it or no one ever bothered to remind me. Not my big brother, Napoleon—no, not *that* Napoleon: Mine was named for the pastry—or anyone else.

(It probably strains credulity, but my daddy was named Elvis. He not only wasn't *that* Elvis but was actually older than that Elvis. He'd even made his home in the Volunteer State before coming out to meet, court and marry Svetlana, my mother.)

The odd thing, or one odd thing, is that I have never received even one of the other Wayne Newton's misdirected letters, as though the post office knew the difference between us, as if there were a Department of Mistaken Identities, a central bureau where the mail for people like us ("not *those* people") gets sorted, as if there were an actual special place for also-rans, the close-but-no-cigar crowd, the miss-is-as-good-as-a-mile bunch—our peculiar, coincidental fellowship. Born and raised here, and not even one of his fans or even just some tourist has ever bothered to ring us up, as though we were written off beforehand, as though the fan or tourist had actually bothered to think about it and figured, Nah, can't be, and decided to save the quarter it would have cost him to check it out and stick it in one of the slots.

And who knows what all else? Basically, I don't want to know. Maybe it's that old devil wimp factor in my make-up that prevents me from pouring my money into the machines and keeps me away from the blackjack and poker tables, where I know it isn't just fate or fortune or chance I'd be betting against but the very downright absolute house itself. A man would have to be a fool, et cetera, et cetera.

Anyway, what brings all this up is that Woody Allen's got me so down with his recent troubles and tragic circumstances I can barely think straight anymore. Woody Allen—now there's a guy who bets against the house.

•

"Speaking of Wayne Newton, Wayne," Tallulah said. "Do you think we'll ever have an opportunity to see him perform?"

"Sure we will," I said.

"But when? Why don't we fix on a date certain now?"

"You know what it is, Taloo?"

"What what is?"

"You live in New York, you probably never go to the top of the Empire State Building or out to the Statue of Liberty. Sixty-one percent of the folks in Orlando never saw Disney World. You think people in Paris go up in the Eiffel Tower? They don't. They don't even notice it, they hardly know it's there. They bump into it and they never knew what hit them. They say, 'Oops, excuse me.'"

"Oh, *you*," she said. "People come from all over the world."

"Tourists."

"But he's right here in town, Wayne Newton."

"Ain't I Wayne Newton enough for you, Tallulah?"

"Don't, Wayne. Don't *do* that."

I thought of Woody Allen, who, in spite of his troubles, was probably bravely blowing his clarinet right then at Michael's Pub out in New York City, and knew that sooner or later I had to go public with my long-suffering wife.

"Wayne Newton is big medicine," I said. "Don't you know that?"

"Well, I know," she said. "But Tallulah's big medicine, Hildegarde is."

"Both of them are dead," I snapped.

Tallulah is pure-blood Navaho. When she left the reservation she probably had more Athapaskan than English. When Indians blush their faces don't get red like other people's. Actually, their blood shifts and they turn a little sallow. Knowing this, they become even more sallow. They're a proud people. Shame shames them. Tallulah was blushing now. (She wasn't born a Tallulah, and her sister wasn't born a Hildegarde, let alone *that* Hildegarde. They got their Christian names from the council of elders when they quit the reservation.) My reference to the poverty of their namesakes' medicine took the piss out of her. It wasn't only me who had this thing about the magic of names. The difference between us is that I always feel a little diminished by having a big shot's moniker without being one myself.

When she recovered her composure she started in on me again to fix upon a date certain.

"Oh, all right," I told her, "December 25th then."

"But isn't December of the 25th inst. your Christmas?" Taloo goes to secretarial school at night.

"By golly, Taloo, you're right. You pick."

"October 31. November the 25th."

"Afraid not, kiddo. My Halloween. Our Thanksgiving."

"I don't know what you're so afraid of, Wayne. The man has a cloud over his head, too."

"Now, Taloo," I said. "You watch it, Taloo."

"He *does*," she said, pronouncing and drawing out the word like a child's mean taunt, nasty as a tattle. "He does," she said again, "he does, too."

"That's just rumors, Tallulah. They say that stuff about everyone out here. Sinatra. The comics."

"No," said the squaw. "What they say about *that* lot is rumors. Ain't any of them has his name in the records of the Federal Bankruptcy Court."

"That was just bad bookkeeping. That was just unwise investments, lapses of the fiduciary. None of that redounds to the discredit of his arrangements. He still sings the hell out of *Danke Schoen*. He still packs them in."

"Suppose there are garnishments against his salary. He makes up into the high seven figures, a star like that. Of his magnitude. *That* brings the pressures and the stresses. It could affect a man's voice forever. It could knock it out of the box. What do you think such a thing would do to you or me? Wayne Newton takes it into his heart he's losing several thousand every time he opens his mouth in song it could quick give him the lockjaw, throw his best notes into disrepair. You saw Suzanne Somers."

"Suzanne Somers?"

"On TV. For the hardware."

"Oh," I said, "*that* Suzanne Somers." Taloo meant the former sitcom star, not my cousin.

"Well, now she's practically a regular on the Home Shopping Network with her own line of custom jewelry."

It was true. Although I could hardly bring myself to watch, I had seen her on the satellite dish hawking her wares, actually speaking in person to the home shopper and even amiably honking at the caller with Tooty. It near broke my heart. It's true what Neil Diamond says in his song—the higher the top, the farther the drop. He got *that* right.

Say what you will, there's something fascinating about watching the blessed, touched lives of the singled-out, their fiery, scorched tumble from zenith to the eye-level latitudes of self.

There was something in the astronomy of things. I told all this to Tallulah, the former Injun maiden who had as little English as I had Athapaskan when I met and wooed her, and who, by dint

(continued on page 250)

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CRAZED URBANITE *(continued from page 172)*

"There's plenty of time to be serene and easygoing when I'm old and dead and stuck in a box."

ominous. On a hot and greasy summer's day the streets glare at me with heat and hostility, the noise seeps like poison into my skin, the air hangs thick and gray like a shroud. Hydrants gush. Pedestrians play chicken with gypsy cabs. Ragged, red-eyed men fall out of doorways, flinging their bad karma at me, onto me, into me.

Common wisdom is that big cities are jungles, big cities are where the poor live. Big cities should be avoided. They are polluted, crime-ridden hellholes, and they are getting worse all the time. A dozen "megacities" dot the globe, each saddled with crushing populations exceeding 10 million. By the year 2000, these megacities will burst their seams, teeming with poverty, disease and violence. The last place on earth any sane person would want to be is stuck in traffic in Mexico City or hanging with drug addicts in a Cairo alley or waiting to catch a bus in Calcutta.

The city I live in, New York City, is one of the all-time greats, right up there with Paris, Amsterdam, Bangkok, London, New Orleans, Rio and San Francisco. It has its bad side, but for my taste there's still plenty of good left, and, you know, you can't argue taste. My tastes run toward hard rock, passion and clash. I don't like easy listening.

A few years back I had this friend visiting from Canada. We're walking down the street and he's nervous and jumpy because the 'hood we're walking in isn't in the Michelin guide. I'm telling him not to worry, that he's being paranoid. As I say the words this shirtless guy holding a long steel pipe steps in front of us, walks over to a car parked by the curb and bashes out all the windows. My friend almost faints. We had walked into the middle of a drug dealers' tiff, and the shirtless guy was beating up another guy's car to get even.

Swinging metal and bursting glass raise blood pressure. But the way I look at it, there's plenty of time to be serene and easygoing when I'm old and dead and stuck in a box. Before I get to that stage, I simply want to see everything and do everything. And the best place to get the full dose is in the big bad city.

The city is like a giant game of Dungeons and Dragons: What's around the next corner? Something thrilling, I bet, or at least interesting. Every walk is a walk on the wild side. I used to live on the top floor of an old empty church off Times Square. I could hang out the window and watch the straight hookers yell at the transvestite hookers: "Three holes is better than two, baby!" I could hang there for hours, watching the police watching the homeboys watching the pimps watching the straight hookers watching the transvestite hookers watching the johns.

But you don't have to live in Times Square to watch the parade of humanity, to witness the spectacle. "Look, there's the dog man! There's the cat lady. There's the pigeon freak." Or "There's the tallest building in the world. Wow, somebody just blew it up!" "I never saw a dog like that before. Oh, it's a huge rat! Cool!" Or simply: "There's John Gotti!"

People who don't live in the city have a bad attitude: "You'd bring your kid up in the city? How could you do that?" Easy. The city is fun, the city is diverse, the city is a learning experience every day. Definitely preferable to that arid wasteland, suburbia, where the latest insipid treat at the multiplex is called art, where the biggest thrill for a 17-year-old is racing in his dad's Volvo while chugging a six-pack, where cutting the lawn is a pastime, where all roads lead to the mall. Suburbia is where everything looks the same in your neighborhood, the next guy's neighborhood, the next suburb, the next state, the next coast. Suburbia equals anonymous boredom.

It was my suburban dad who hipped me to the charm of the city. The World's Fair in Flushing, 1964. The Unisphere. Pavilions. Lots of people. I was 11 and we were tourists and of course we visited Times Square one day. My dad held my hand on the corner of 42nd and Broadway and said, "If you stand here long enough, everyone in the world will walk by sooner or later. Abraham Lincoln walked here, so did Teddy Roosevelt, so did President Kennedy." And in fact I was standing there at that very moment and so was my dad, so I had no reason to doubt that nugget of truth. Just then a protohippie lurched by us, tripping out of his skull. He was howling that he had just met God. That did it—even God hung out on that corner. I was sold on the city.

Nowadays Dad won't visit me in the city because he thinks he's going to get shot or run over by a crack-crazed cabdriver. Shows you what a steady diet of *Kojak* reruns and caffeine will do to you. I want to say to him: Look, a lot of people live in the city. Some are going to smoke crack. Some are going to carry guns. Some are going to work for the post office. There is some statistical chance of mayhem. And maybe Dad *is* going to get riddled by homeboys on the IRT. Maybe. But personally, given a choice, I'll take my chances and risk death by gypsy cab over a slow spiritual suffocation any day.

I've got this attitude because I was one of the suburban undead. I walked the walk. Up and down the mall, uh-huh. "Let's go look at those penny loafers at Thom McAn one more time." "Nah, let's see if they have the new Cream album at Record World." "Let's just go back home and throw rocks at cars." "I stole a PLAYBOY—let's hang out in the hut and read it!"

I still spend a lot of time outside the city. As I write this I am sitting in a suburban Toyota dealership waiting to have my crumpled front bumper replaced (a little urban angst translated into metal).

And this waiting room, how can I describe it? Some sort of frightening Sartrian hell created by Jeff Koons: semigloss tan walls; a poster covered with happy, shining people hyping a contest; massive Coke machines humming with refrigerated menace; a wall-to-wall steel-gray rug; a little white plastic table stacked with Toyota trivia and magazines (*Glamour*: BETTER BUTT FAST!; *Time*: ANGUISH OVER BOSNIA, WILL IT BE CLINTON'S VIETNAM?); a few half-dead spider plants along a window (an attempt at aesthetics, I guess); and out this window there is no view, only a chunk of abandoned pasture, a parking lot, a highway, traffic. In the distance, just visible, the golden arches of a McDonald's.

I absorb all this and then notice I am also absorbing the ubiquitous element of suburbia: piped-in soft rock complete with commercials. Huey Lewis! Whitney! Michael Bolton! Car auctions! Diet Coke! Benzoyl peroxide! Loud enough to eat away at my brain cells. If I go into the next room and ask the young woman behind the counter to turn the music down, she'll look at me like I'm insane, like I'm some kind of loony, freak . . . street person! Yeah, I'm a freak, baby, that's why I live in the city.

You're not convinced. You watched the Los Angeles riots on TV. You know the city is horrific. You saw it with your own eyes. The city is incredibly dangerous. You saw people being dragged from their cars. You saw all those

(continued on page 236)

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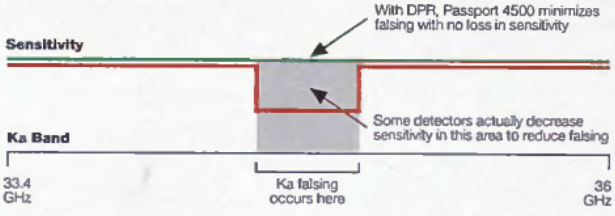
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Remember Sharon

In *Basic Instinct*, Sharon Stone's flash was seen round the world, and her performance as a femme fatale catapulted her to stardom. PLAYBOY has been with her all the way. Sharon's July 1990 pictorial heralded her arrival, and her December 1992 *Playboy Interview* recorded her view from the pinnacle of success: "I've learned to get what I want by being direct and fearless."

REQUIEM *(continued from page 168)*

"The terrible thing was that, given the kill ratio, Westmoreland was convinced he had won the battle."

to work out their own strategy for combating so technologically advanced a fighting force, the likes of which neither they nor anyone else had ever fought against. Our young men had done very well at the Ia Drang, Vann said, and the Air Cav was one hell of a division with good officers and great NCOs. It was quite likely, he said, that they had killed the NVA at a ratio of ten to one. Or perhaps even higher, he added, perhaps 15 to one. Of course, the NVA had fought well, too, and Vann believed they had achieved the goal they wanted at the Ia Drang: They had learned that in order to combat the vastly superior firepower of the Americans, with their air and artillery and helicopter gunships, they had to close to within 30 meters. (Vann was absolutely right. Moore and Galloway tell how the NVA wanted to learn how to fight the Americans, and they quote NVA colonel Nguyen Huu An as telling his men when they fought the Americans to "grab them by the belt" in order to neutralize the American technological advantage of airpower and artillery.)

The terrible thing, Vann added, was that, given the kill ratio, General Westmoreland was convinced he had won the battle. Vann, whose estimates of what was happening in Vietnam were for a long time better than those of anyone else I knew, was convinced that the NVA would be delighted with a ten-to-one ratio in such rare main-force battles. We had a short calendar for victory, Vann had added, and the other side had what was essentially an open one.

That night when I left Vann I pondered those young American soldiers propelled by events outside their control. To me they were faceless and nameless, yet I saw them so far from their homes, thrown into thick, heavy foliage, canopy after canopy of it on such rugged terrain, against so formidable and so determined an adversary, who was fighting on his native soil. These were the young men who were called on to act out, with the risk and sacrifice of their lives, what the mistaken policies of some 20 years had brought us to. They were men who were almost innocent of war and killing one day, and then shortly afterward, in the instantaneous quality of the next day's fighting, were as skilled and experienced as soldiers can ever be. Now, 28 years after first hearing about it, Moore and Galloway had given me names and faces to go with my earlier images, and as I read *We Were Soldiers* I did not sleep well for several days. I could see again the young Americans in the utter fury of this battle, their ammunition sometimes running low after charges from the other side, all too aware that they were perilously close to being overrun and wondering how many additional assaults they might have to stop. I felt myself pulled back to Vietnam once again, and I started rereading some of the books on the war, notably my friend Sheehan's magisterial book on John Paul Vann. All the old images came back.

It was an odd sensation, most particularly now in the age of Yeltsin and Clinton, an age when Gorbachev lectures in America and gets honorary degrees here and the Berlin Wall has been torn down and sold as souvenirs. We live in an odd time. The Cold War is over, and for the moment we have replaced the tensions created by modern intercontinental paranoia with more traditional, centuries-old ethnic hatred of a medieval quality. We live in a world that is different from what we knew: It is ever more, because of modern communications and transportation, a world without boundaries. The Third World seeps over and blends into the First World. Nothing is what it once was. Warren Beatty in the movie *Bugsy*, jowls and all, has come to look like Richard Nixon, and Richard Nixon, writing in *The New York Times* on the need to do more to help the former Soviet Union, has come to sound like Adlai Stevenson. We are threatened today more by the weakness of Russia (memories of Germany between the two great wars) than by its strength. Yet *We Were Soldiers* is a reminder that the Cold War existed, that for all the wise decisions made over four decades, there were some that were unwise as well. Perhaps the price for making the wise decisions was that we had to pay for them with the unwise ones. More, the book reminded me that there were young men such as those at the Ia Drang and at other battles in Vietnam and in Korea—those young men of the Second Infantry Division sent to the edge of the Yalu by Douglas MacArthur in his final demonic moment of vainglory—who paid heavily for the miscalculation of others, more often than not for the mistakes made by men thousands of miles away. We have a new history today, but the old history lingers on.

The Cold War persists in memory as a

"I'll be the laughingstock of the whole town when they find out my wife is a tramp!"

WE HEAT UP WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN.

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series of freeze-frames. The dates are a little less clear than those of hot wars, in which it is so much easier to tell who fired the first shot. The Cold War (its title implied that it was a war in which, if at all possible, the struggle would take place without battles) ended with the tearing down of the Berlin Wall in 1989. But did it begin in 1946 with Churchill's speech about the Iron Curtain or in 1948 with the coup in Czechoslovakia and the Berlin Airlift? Its end came so quickly that most of us were surprised. In some ways we remain surprised today. I was 12 when Churchill gave his speech and 14 at the time of the Berlin Airlift, and the Cold War seemed to be then if not a permanent condition, at least a lifetime endeavor.

Those of my generation, born a little too late for World War Two, who were in our early teens when the Cold War started, gradually came to believe it a given of our lives. It would never end, or at least not in our lifetime. The precondition of all candidates for presidential office would in some ways be a litmus test of how tough they were in terms of the Soviets. My generation came to manhood in the defining Cold War campaign of 1960, when, lest we forget, John F. Kennedy spoke more harshly of the need to stand up to Castro in Cuba than Richard Nixon did, thereby easily outhawking Nixon in at least one area. That was a campaign in which endless time was devoted to the question of which candidate cared more about Quemoy and Matsu. For his sins, Kennedy, the most modern and rational of men, found upon his election that there was a plan well in the works to send a force of Cuban exiles to invade Cuba, a force that was too large to be a covert force of guerrillas but in no way large enough to be an actual invading force. Kennedy found himself so caught up in Cold War rhetoric that he could not deal with China as if it were different from the Soviet Union, nor could he slow the American commitment to Vietnam. He may have intended one day to slay that commitment, but in the brief time allotted to his presidency he did little else but feed it.

That the Cold War could end so quickly changed the essential assumptions of American politics in a dramatic way: George Bush was a lineal heir of the hard-liners. Who could imagine that in 1992, so shortly after the end of the Cold War, the most essential rationale of recent American politics would be so quickly subtracted from the equation, thereby leaving his party with diminished purpose, and that Bush would not be able to capitalize on his new friendships with Gorbachev and Yeltsin, the good guys of the new era? Bush was, it seemed, almost paralyzed by his own good works. How strange it must have seemed to someone of Bush's background and politics that a young man who had never served in Vietnam and who had in fact been more than a little disingenuous about how he had personally dealt with the Vietnam war could challenge him for the presidency.

What we know about the Cold War is still, of course, elementary. But after 40 years of heightened rhetoric the curtain has been pulled back on the Soviet Union to reveal what is in all things nonmilitary, an underdeveloped society, albeit a Caucasian one, closer to the Third World than to the First or Second, unable to provide basic services to its population. It is, and there was always considerable evidence of this, essentially an economic, political and social failure. Its strength was its military might, yet here in the modern era, when technology is still so critical to military power, it was almost surely falling behind the West because it was so far behind in the world of technology. I tend to agree with Zbigniew Brzezinski when he says the high-water mark of Soviet power probably came in the early Sixties, when it was an early-stage nuclear power and when it had a vast traditional land army with seemingly endless tank divisions based in Europe. I do not want to diminish the reality of the Cold War but rather try to separate myth from reality, paranoia from genuine danger. The memory of the Soviet tanks crushing Hungarian freedom fighters remains real; the knowledge that the governments of eastern Europe for those 45 years effectively reflected an invisible occupation is equally real. Joseph Stalin was a truly evil man, a monstrous figure who existed in a rare time of darkness and who cast his shadow into the beginning of the nuclear age. Both the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. were new to their roles as superpowers, and each was at the start essentially isolationist. The rivalries between them were exacerbated by the coming of intercontinental ballistic missiles. In addition to the natural rivalry of nations inherent in their postwar relationship, their political and economic systems differed, which permitted greater demonology on the part of each superpower. But having said that, there were junctions that we did not see, or saw but did not choose to take.

The impulse of Soviet policies, diplomat George Kennan suggested, would reflect the anxieties, paranoia and ambitions that were historic in the Russian nation. There was, in effect, a Kennanist card to play—to see the tensions of the world in traditional terms of nationalism, and not to see communism as a monolith. By 1961 there were already significant tensions in the communist world, principally between the Soviet Union and China. Postwar capitalism was a huge, dynamic success in Europe, and it would be a great mistake to give credit to Soviet communism or monolithic communism for any successes then taking place in the underdeveloped world. The West might be temporarily in bad odor in the underdeveloped world, but that was inevitable, given the reaction of countries so recently ruled by Western colonial powers. In terms of policy there were many strong arguments for the Kennanist card. In terms of American politics, especially in terms of the bashing the Democrats had taken for allegedly losing China, it was not a playable card. The politics of the nation dominated its policies. In a nation uneasy about its new wealth and international role—and which had for domestic political reasons created a dynamic of excessive anticommunism—the reality of enlightened policy was bent to the harsher reality of domestic politics.

If there was a dynamic that caused those young men to end up in the Ia Drang, it began with the fall of China and with the yahoos who blamed the Democrats for losing it. We as a nation fed that dynamic; we who were supposed to be above all else anticolonialist wrote the checks from 1946 to 1954 in aid to the French in what was a colonial war in Indochina. We even corrupted our language in order to see the French forces as the forces of democracy and the Vietminh as communists. In fact, to the ordinary Vietnamese, the Vietminh represented an anticolonial force and the French a colonial presence. We savaged our own Asian experts and blamed them for losing China, thus making sure there would be no successive generation of experts to warn that if we went into Vietnam—no matter how great the valor and the considerable skills of men like Hal Moore and his soldiers—we could not win, for we would be fighting the birthrate of the opposing nation.

Nations have always behaved like nations. Rationality surfaces, is blurred, is refocused, is blurred again, is refocused again and blurs again. Barbara Tuchman called the Vietnam experience the folly of nations when, a decade ago, she interviewed me about Vietnam for a book of hers. Nations have always had rivals, whether they are rivals on the border to be invaded or rivals in a larger, almost abstract sense, as in the Cold War. One's own grandiosity is forever disguised as in a living dream; we comfort ourselves geopolitically with a self-portrait created with equal parts of our own innocence and the purported evil of whomever we choose as our foe. Nations have always attributed to their rivals the most egregious of morals and motivations and to themselves the purest of virtues. It is the most elemental instinct of human nature to see a rival's motives in the darkest of shades and one's own motives in the lightest.

Truth and freedom have always had their boundaries, rarely more so than during the Cold War. There was, for

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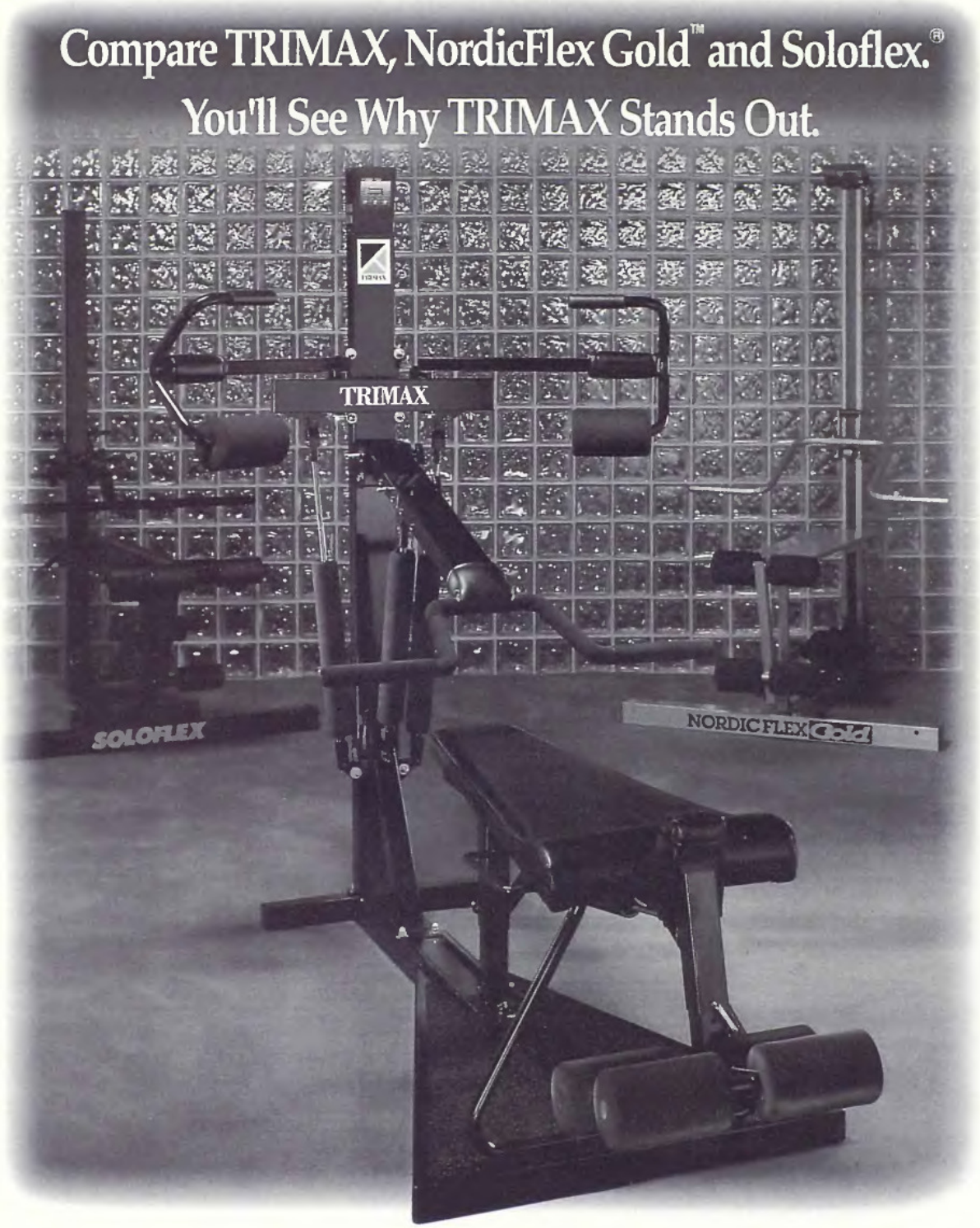

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example, a democratic nation that thought of itself as devotedly anticolonial, always wanting to be on the side of the little man against the oppressor. That nation, for the sake of the Cold War, added something of a rider to its anticolonialism: Those anticolonialists it supported had to be good anticommunists first. Only then could their anticolonial credentials be checked. This meant finding indigenous leaders who were both anticolonial and anticommunist, which turned out to be extremely hard to do, for the most basic reasons pressed on us by recent history.

In this same democratic nation, during the height of the Cold War, the highest officials of the land turned on its most distinguished native-born scientist, J. Robert Oppenheimer, a man who, under brutal deadline pressures, had headed the team that had brought this nation the first atomic weapon. When at the height of the Cold War this same scientist showed himself unwilling to be a part of the search for an even more frightening weapon, high officials of the democratic nation decided that he was a security risk.

No matter that the nation had thoroughly scrutinized Oppenheimer's loyalty and personal affiliations and that the brilliance of his service had proven that he was a loyal man. No matter that he had helped to create an awesome weapon, and that few men had served their nation so well and at such terrible personal cost during those years. It was not enough to tell him that the tides had changed, that his services were no longer needed, that his own weapon, once the ultimate weapon, would now be merely the penultimate weapon. He had, in the new order, to be found essentially disloyal, and his security clearance, for political reasons, had to be revoked. Most important, his political credibility, if at all possible, had to be tarnished. To another scientist working in this same democracy, Wernher von Braun, who had headed the rocket program of Germany during this self-same war (and who therefore most assuredly could not have passed the very same security check), the revocation of so distinguished a man's security clearance was pure madness. In England, thought Von Braun, they would have knighted a man like Oppenheimer for his achievements.

We readily see the foolhardiness of other nations. It was easy for intelligent American analysts to see the hopelessness of the French cause in Indochina and Algeria, just as it was easy for the French to see the hopelessness of the American cause in Vietnam in 1965. (In 1965 someone asked a French friend of mine what the French thought of the American decision to fight in Vietnam. "It is like the first husband hearing that his ex-wife is about to get a divorce from her second husband," he answered, quite pleased with himself.) The Americans, my friend Bernard Fall said, are fighting in the same footsteps as the French, though they're dreaming different dreams. Challenging a nation's myths and dreams is a difficult task. We understood the hopelessness of the French cause when they fought first. The French understood the hopelessness of our own cause when we fought the second time. Hanoi understood the hopelessness of both causes from the start.

This is not a uniquely American condition, though because of our missionary past, we may have a greater need than others to cloak the instincts of realpolitik in the guise of purity, democracy and liberation. But others are guilty of it, too, and have been guilty of it for centuries, long before we were formed. So as I reread the Vietnam books, in the midst of that melancholia, I remembered a trip I had made in France in 1966. I was between tours in Vietnam at the time and was posted in France, and *The New York Times* assigned me to cover the 50th-anniversary ceremonies at Verdun. I was never much for covering ceremonial acts; in general they bored me, for I viewed them with some contempt as the easiest and cheapest way of making the front page of the paper. But almost nothing I have done as a journalist has stayed with me so clearly as the events of that day.

Verdun was the symbolic battle of a truly grisly war, one of dubious purpose and certainly of dubious value for both victors and vanquished. It was a war in which the technology of arms greatly outstripped the intelligence of the commanders—a modern war in a modern era fought by men commanded by those who by and large understood nothing of the modernization wrought by technology and who sent their men into battle neither comprehending nor, it seemed sometimes, caring what was going to happen to them. It was nothing but carnage, mutual carnage.

The battle of Verdun lasted ten months. The Germans had conceived of it as the perfect site for a set-piece battle into which the French would throw far too many of their precious human resources. The Germans reasoned that, because of Verdun's historic (and to a considerably lesser extent strategic) value, the French would try to hold on to Verdun when challenged by the Germans. They would choose to reinforce their existing force and then if necessary throw virtually all their men into the battle. What Erich von Falkenhayn, the German architect of the battle, wanted was nothing less than what others would call a battle of attrition. His strategy was, as he said, one in which he would bleed the French white and thereby force them out of the war. In some of his estimates he proved very shrewd. The French did rise to the bait and they did place too high a value on Verdun. They threw as many as 60 divisions into the battle over a relatively short period of time. More than three-quarters of the French army passed through Verdun at some stage of the battle.

Von Falkenhayn was partially successful: He did indeed bleed the French

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white. He was quite correct in his assumption that in the end the French would act irrationally and invest far too much in Verdun. Where he was wrong was in his estimate that the Germans would by contrast act rationally. The Germans, too, became impaled on the idea of Verdun's importance. Eventually both armies were waging a demented war of mutual attrition. At Verdun alone an estimated 700,000 French and German soldiers were killed in a terrible battle in which the lives of countless men were exchanged for a few yards of territory. Some observers, including Winston Churchill, believed this estimate was somewhat conservative. It was in almost all ways, wrote the historian Alistair Horne, the worst battle in history.

At the end the land around Verdun bore no resemblance to the French countryside. Rather, it looked like a crater on the moon. When the war was over in 1918, local people working there began carrying off ten cartloads of skeletons a day until 1932.

Fifty years after the battle I arrived along with many of the surviving combatants. I looked at all those old men, some without limbs, almost all of them still wearing their medals, and I wondered what they now thought about those days. What did they think about the German soldiers, who had become in this modern Cold War era their newest allies? By the time we got to the battlefield itself, the French officials had, while stringing new communications wires for all the journalists there, turned up additional skeletons and more unspent shells, the last relics of the battle.

What I remember most about the day was not General de Gaulle leading the veterans in singing the *Marseillaise* but the Ossuarium. Even then, before I fully understood what it meant, the word stopped me. Ossuarium. A solarium is a place to collect the sun, an ossuarium is a place to collect bones. A house of bones. The bones of an estimated 130,000 young men, French and German alike, are contained in the Ossuarium. They fought against one another, killed one another and were destined to have their bones kept in the same grim housing for eternity. Who knows which bones were French and which German? Sworn enemies in those days, the two nations had become close allies by the time I visited Verdun. On that same tour of duty in France I had gone to a book party in Paris for Adenauer's memoirs, which to my memory De Gaulle himself attended—a jolly party for so old a man.

I walked around Verdun that day and thought about the moment 50 years earlier when two armies had faced each other, each representing a nation wanting to be a greater power, each soldier sworn to hate the soldiers of the dreaded other side. Was there greater sin in the minds of the French than being German? Or in the eyes of the Germans than being French? I thought of their bones mixed together for eternity and pondered how that battle and that war had been a tragedy for both nations, and how it had led not to a path of greater power and prestige but to an inevitable decline for both and to an apocalyptic near future for Germany. It was a vision that stayed with me many years later as I pondered what happened in Vietnam.

There is no ossuarium at the Ia Drang Valley. Hal Moore refused to leave the battle site when the battle was finally over until he was absolutely sure that everyone he had come in with was accounted for, that there were no men missing from his battalion. The battle site itself is far from the urban centers of Vietnam, a nation not celebrated for the ease of in-country tourism. Those who make a pilgrimage to it will be few. Perhaps some who fought there and some who would write further about it will return. For others the pilgrimage is mostly in their minds, and the battle for Americans, at least, will live largely because of the ability of Moore and Galloway to record the simple bravery of that day.

When Moore and Galloway revisited Vietnam they met with Moore's opposite number, Nguyen Huu An, who had commanded the North Vietnamese forces. If they were not friends there was certainly respect, and perhaps admiration, the kinship of men who had shared the battlefield and respected each other's soldiers and tactics. No one who had fought at the Ia Drang would ever again make the mistake of so many American commanders and speak with contempt of the enemy. The enemy was worthy, if nothing else. Lieutenant General An told Lieutenant General Moore how bravely the Americans fought and how much his soldiers had admired them.

Colonel Moore had known within 15 seconds of the start that it would be a ferocious battle, and he and his men were soon to learn that the other side was exceptionally large, well commanded and well led at the NCO level, and that the Americans had stumbled into the very heart of the war and into, for that matter, history. Early on, at several critical junctures when he might have committed his reserve force, Moore had held on and shepherded his manpower shrewdly. He had dared one thing as he maneuvered with his limited force: He had left his rear completely exposed. Had Colonel An come at him from behind, the battle might have ended quickly in defeat for the American forces. When Moore met An years later they talked about this. Moore told of how exposed his rear was and An asked why, and Moore said that given his limited number of men, he had to trust his instincts. An nodded and said, Yes, of course, a commander (meaning himself) can never know everything about a battle while it is going on.

It is important to understand how bravely both sides fought, what honor there was to both these infantries in those days. A civilian friend of mine received a letter from a man who was the commander of an airborne battalion that had arrived in Vietnam about the same time as Moore's. The officer described an early battle and told how well his men had fought and how proud he was of them. He was deeply moved by their courage and their strength in so terrifying a war. Their valor had greatly exceeded his expectations. But truth be known, he had written at the time, no matter how well his men had done, the other side had outfought them. The only difference, the officer wrote, had to be the passion and the sense of purpose that they felt about their cause. Men could not simply be ordered to fight that bravely. After all, he suspected, they were fighting for their own soil and their own independence; if this were true, as he suspected, and if that was what we were up against, then it was going to be a hopeless task regardless of our bravery and our technology. For the bravery of both sides was singular. One cannot admire the exceptional valor of either side without comprehending the comparable valor of the opponent. To deny one is to deny the other.

The American grunts were drawn to the Ia Drang by fate. There was that moment when someone sat at headquarters in the central highlands and pointed at a spot on a map, a landing zone was chosen and the Hueys were geared up. That was fate. That battle became, for the Americans at least, about survival and about loyalty to one another and honoring one another. To this day when the Ia Drang veterans meet, it is a celebration not so much of a cause but of one another and their bravery and the fact that they were there. They can comprehend this when so much else in a war that was orphaned seems incomprehensible. Many different military units from many different wars have their reunions, but the reunions of Colonel Moore's men are different: There is a loyalty that is special. The families of those who died there still come; the children of men who were once young now come as adults and parents themselves. Sometimes others come as invited guests, but as a friend of mine who has been to a reunion noted, it is an odd feeling being there, being warmly welcomed and handsomely treated but feeling, nonetheless, that you are always an outsider and that you do not really belong. What they have substituted for the pride and vainglory of nations is loyalty to and pride in one another, which in those days was all that they were left with and which is probably all they will ever have or need.

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HILLARY CLINTON *(continued from page 98)*

"Both Clintons are totally unsentimental about politics. Each does whatever must be done to survive."

been reluctant—and she hesitant—to maroon a world-class lawyer and model new woman in a dismal place like Arkansas, the second poorest state in the union. Yet it was unthinkable for an aspiring politician such as Bill to leave the site of all his political and emotional roots.

Inside the paradigm new woman, it seems, there had always lurked an old-fashioned girl who was now signaling wildly to get out. The time had come to "follow my heart, not my head," Hillary has often said. She would move to Arkansas, marry Bill and practice law.

With Hillary at his side, Bill's career took off. A year after their marriage, he became Arkansas' youngest attorney general, and by the age of 32 he was the nation's youngest governor. Arkansans had never seen anybody like Bill's activist-lawyer wife. She set up one of the state's first rape-crisis centers, worked as a partner at a prestigious Little Rock law firm and won recognition as one of the nation's leading lawyers. New woman that she was, she proudly practiced law under her maiden name.

Unlike many early feminists, she even managed to keep her sense of humor. When a society reporter began her interview by asking Hillary what she preferred to be called, she said, "I'm the first lady, Bill is the first man and Zeke is the first dog."

Hillary loved Arkansas right away and soon was behaving nearly as down-home regular as Bill. She stood in line at the movies, drove her own Oldsmobile and cooked for guests in the kitchen of the governor's mansion. The young Clintons lived the same kind of life as their many close friends—among them the Mack McLartys and the Vincent Fosters—modern couples who were also coming to grips with the changing of the country's rules that governed relationships between men and women. It didn't matter that Bill was the governor of Arkansas.

But Arkansans can be as backward as the people of Dogpatch about certain matters, and once their governor ran into some political difficulties, voters began to see him as "arrogant" and "out of touch." They increasingly focused on his "pushy" wife and her stubborn use of her maiden name. "What's wrong with your marriage?" they would ask Bill. "Doesn't your wife love you?" Eight percent of them pledged to throw Clinton out of office for no other reason than that he'd "allowed" his wife to keep her maiden name—even after Chelsea was born! This was flouting Scripture, they believed.

It is easy to see the hand of the religious right in all this. They played that hand so effectively that in 1980, the year Chelsea was born, her father was defeated for reelection.

The next couple of years were bad times for Bill. He couldn't get over losing. He went around the state obsessively apologizing to constituents for having let them down, and sometimes he wept openly. Ever since law school, perhaps earlier, Bill Clinton had been aiming for the governorship, then the presidency. Suddenly he was nowhere, off the path, in the ditch. Meanwhile, Hillary's career was thriving. She was a beneficiary of the many new developments in attitudes toward women's rights and status. She divided her attention scrupulously between her legal work and Chelsea, who from birth has clearly been her mother's old-fashioned first priority.

By now the Clintons' marriage was in trouble. Betsey Wright, the governor's longtime chief of staff and campaign manager, said later that her boss had developed "a defective shit detector in personal relationships sometimes," and was "also careless about appearances." The reference was presumably to Gennifer Flowers and the numerous other women who hung around the good-looking ex-governor.

But friends and counselors rallied round. Also, the Clintons were not too proud to seek professional help, and their marriage survived. By the time that Bill resurfaced politically, Hillary had dropped the name Rodham, restyled her wild, frizzy hair, bought a smarter wardrobe and swapped her owlish glasses for contact lenses. She now spoke demurely, with a faint Southern accent. This makeover could not have been entirely comfortable for the former Ms. Rodham. Much later, Hillary confessed she never really understood the symbolic importance of her name change. Neither did Bill. Neither do I. But both Clintons are astute and ambitious political animals, and they're totally unsentimental about politics. Each does whatever must be done to survive. Two years after his defeat, Bill was reelected.

•

Hillary Clinton's life is congruent with the development of feminism in the U.S. If you construct a time line of the history of feminism and make an overlay of Hillary's life, all sorts of matching points jump out. In 1963, for example, 15-year-old Hillary wrote to NASA asking what subjects to study to prepare for becoming an astronaut. NASA wrote back that no females need apply. That same year, Betty Friedan published *The Feminine Mystique*, the event that did the

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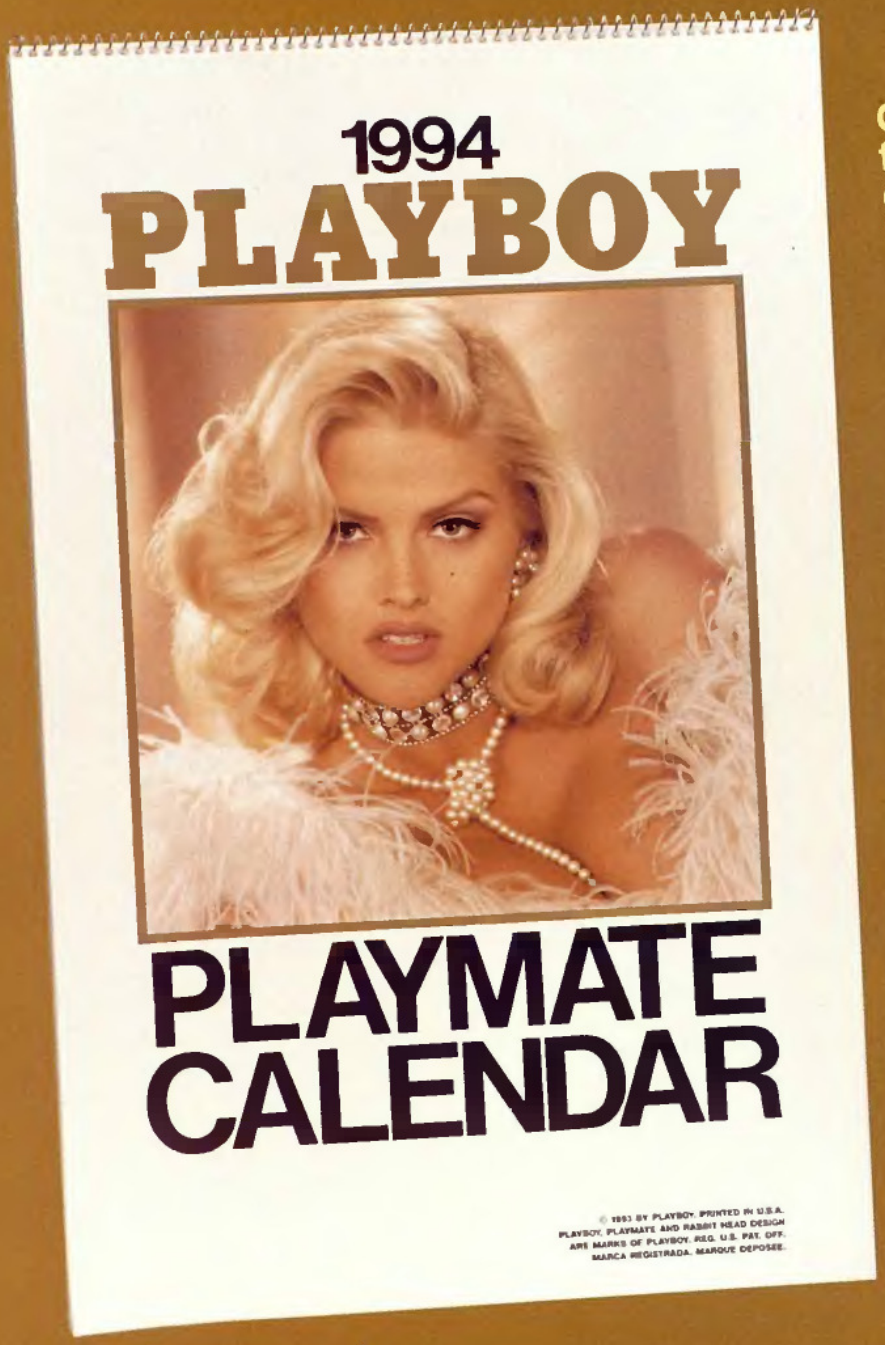

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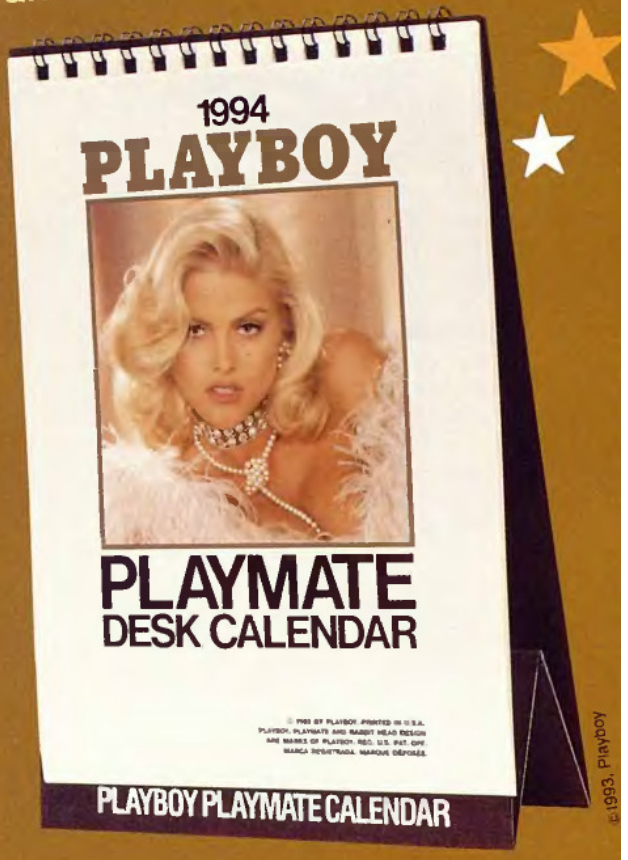

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AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

most to trigger the modern women's movement.

To see the many points where the time line and the overlay coincide, to see the pattern, you cannot be in the picture yourself. You must be an outside observer. And it helps to be a woman. Men don't really understand the women's movement. Even today, when so many men try to help women, they don't fully understand us. One cannot expect them to. Men and women are still different creatures, and I pray we stay that way. Homogeneity and unisex are "not what's needed," to use Katharine Graham's quaint but apt phrase.

Another point: To see the matching patterns clearly, it helps to be a fairly senior party, someone a generation older than Hillary, like me. So let me put thumb in mouth and try to describe my view.

•

I watched the entire women's movement happen. I wrote about it, benefited from it, occasionally participated and occasionally suffered its backlash. In the years between Hillary's birth and her college graduation, I was married twice, divorced twice, adopted a daughter and moved my legal residence from New York to California and back again, all the while supporting myself as a reporter and writer, mostly for *Life* magazine.

Among the changes I've seen: Male chauvinist pigs, as we used to call them, have all but disappeared. The workplace as snake pit, or cockpit, has changed utterly. What is now anathematized as "sexual harassment" was in my day a simple given. Anita Hill's experience was commonplace. Any woman who worked got fondled, groped, propositioned, jumped. Most of it wasn't serious, just unpleasant.

Paradoxically, men and women in the old days may have had a better idea where we stood with one another. We spoke in code then. But everyone knew the code. Now the code is gone, abolished. We prefer to speak directly; we say, tell it like it is. Indeed, some people do speak much more openly than before. But others don't speak at all. Deprived of code and euphemism, they are struck dumb. Young women complain to me about this all the time.

Another thing: The changes I'm talking about may well have happened first in the Ozarks, as the Clintons' Arkansas friend Linda Bloodworth-Thomason maintains, and not in New York or Hollywood, where I spent those years. "Everything's up to date in Kansas City" was meant to be ironic when Oscar Hammerstein wrote the lyrics for *Oklahoma!* in 1943. Today, thanks mostly to television, Oscar is merely accurate.

The same year that Hillary wrote to NASA and Betty Friedan published her book, I was a staff writer at *Life*, the first woman to hold that job, and on the way to becoming the magazine's star turn. The following year I became *Life*'s first woman columnist, a development deemed so remarkable in those dinosaur days that people began asking to interview me. The first was somebody called Pierre Burton, described to me by *Life*'s public relations people as "the Johnny Carson of Canada."

We were standing poolside at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, cameras rolling, when he asked his first question, reading aloud from a company handout. "Miss Alexander, it says here that you were *Life*'s first woman reporter, first woman staff writer and now first woman columnist. Don't you feel like the house nigger?"

Harsh days, those. But a lot has changed in 30 years. Few people today realize how different life for American women used to be. It was a more tranquil time, to be sure, but only because we had no idea how unequal we were until Friedan and her militant sisters began to spread the word. "Consciousness-raising," they called it. The law in some states 30 years ago said that a man's wife and children were part of his property, like his horse.

Political pressure from organized women gradually affected statutes governing marriage, divorce, child custody, child abuse, children's rights, adoption, abortion, rape, the sexual rights and freedoms of consenting adults, sexual harassment in the workplace, hours and conditions of work, obscenity and pornography, death and taxes. Today it's an entirely new world. The ordinary lives of all Americans have changed more profoundly in the past 30 years than in the century before. The paradox of the Clintons' perilous position today is that they themselves are both winners in the gender wars and in danger of becoming casualties of them.

Let's browse farther along the time line.

• 1964: *The Feminine Mystique* is a best-seller and is going into paperback. Outside the Convention Hall in Atlantic City, where stomping Democrats are nominating Lyndon Johnson, Gloria Steinem is leading a group of bra-burners protesting the absence of black and female delegates. Huddled in a basement pressroom, I am banging out a description of a Democratic rite in which a heroic, white-gloved Jacqueline Kennedy shook every hand in a 5000-strong reception line of invited guests. It took her five hours. Back in Park Ridge, Illinois that summer, Hillary is playing softball, which she loves and at which she excels. But the game is just for fun. No girls' high school athletic teams yet exist.

• 1966: Betty Friedan is scribbling a statement of purpose for the newly formed National Organization for Women on a paper napkin. NOW elects her its president and begins working to broaden enforcement of the Civil Rights Act so as to forbid discrimination against women as well as blacks. Hillary is at Wellesley, presiding over a student meeting called to protest the college's secret quota policy for blacks. I am interviewing Ronald Reagan, who is running for governor of California.

• 1971: Bill and Hillary are in law school. Along with Bella Abzug, Gloria Steinem, Betty Friedan, Shirley Chisholm, Liz Carpenter and others, I am working long hours to help organize the National Women's Political Caucus. I have some free time now, having just abandoned ship, or perhaps been pushed overboard, after 20 terrible months as the first female editor in 50 years of *McCall's*, the oldest and then the largest women's magazine in the world.

At the NWPC we sometimes called ourselves the Founding Mothers. But the Mothers' appalling political infighting reminded me of a basket of snakes. Not having been raised as gentlemen, women tend to fight dirty, or they did in those days, and I couldn't stand it. My first *Newsweek* column, filed from the 1972 McGovern convention in Miami, is an open letter to Betty Friedan resigning from the women's movement "to rejoin the human race."

• 1973: Bill and Hillary finish law school. After graduation, both eschew high-priced bids from Wall Street law firms and vow to devote their lives to public service. After years of agitation by the National Organization for Women, the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws and other women's organizations, the Supreme Court gives U.S. women the right to have legal abortions.

By now, sick of organized feminism, I move on from worrying about women to thumb-sucking about the explosion of sexual freedom in America. We're on an erotic binge, I write. "Pornography is sex fiction, and like science fiction it comes in all grades. Writing it becomes a problem of continually having to devise new sauces for old meats."

• 1975: Bill and Hillary marry, against the advice of many of her friends and mentors. An antifeminist backlash has swept the country and killed the Equal Rights Amendment. I have become a TV talking head, again one of few females, and do weekly "Point/Counterpoint" debates with Jack Kilpatrick on *60 Minutes*.

• 1984: NOW and the NWPC join forces to demand a woman on the national ticket. Friedan, as American feminism's founding mother, makes state visits to Pope John Paul II, Indira Gandhi, the women of Iran, Africa, Iceland and so on. Bill Clinton is well into his second term as governor of Arkansas and is already being mentioned as a presidential candidate. Hillary is first lady of Arkansas and senior litigating partner at

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her law firm, earning more than $200,000 a year. I've graduated from magazines to books and have published the stories of Patty Hearst, Jean Harris and, at last, a best-seller, *Nutcracker*, about a murderous mother.

• 1993: Women are finally equal in law and are beginning to become equal in wages. Betty Friedan is receiving rave reviews for her magnum opus, *The Fountain of Age*. The Clintons are in the White House. I am in hell trying to write about them for PLAYBOY, but at least I can now get into the movies for half price.

•

The Clintons' road from Little Rock to the White House has not been smooth. Even worse than the skirmishes with rival politicians have been their off-and-on troubles with the media. Here are just a few of the harrowing episodes:

• Gennifer Flowers goes public. Hillary's response saves her husband's candidacy. The crisis begins a full week before the crucial *60 Minutes* interview, when someone at a New Hampshire campaign rally asks whether she thinks marital fidelity should be a campaign issue. "In any marriage, there are issues that come up between two people that I think are their business," she says. The crowd applauds.

• In New Hampshire, Hillary grows cynical. In a bitter moment she refers to herself and Bill as the "freak show" and later tells a group of editors that she feels like someone "standing in the middle of a firing range."

• The up-front Clinton strategy works, and not long afterward, the Washington press votes Clinton most electable among the candidates.

• Bill tells the press, "If she would run, I would gladly withdraw." At fund-raisers, this idea grows and becomes a campaign refrain: "Buy one, get one free."

• By the time the campaign ends, Hillary vows to keep the press at arm's length. She stops giving long interviews, stops the daily press banter, answers press questions monosyllabically or in the fewest possible words, even goes out of her way to avoid saying "I."

• In a feeding frenzy by Inauguration time, the press attacks her *hat*. Reporters make fun of her friends, her clothes, her hair, her hairdresser. They were kinder to Nancy Reagan. They trash the Clintons' Arkansas friends and even urge them in headlines to go home.

• Reporters confect Hairgate. Yes, they make it up. On investigation, it turns out the only plane delayed by Clinton at Los Angeles International Airport was Air Force One. But the press gets so carried away with the phony story that Clinton winds up apologizing to reporters for something he has not done. Then Travelgate erupts, a teapot tempest blown out of all proportion.

• The press describes White House domestic tantrums, in one of which Hillary allegedly hurls a lamp at Bill.

• Reporters speculate about Hillary's sex life and sexual orientation. Rumors of lesbianism, citing "confirmed sources," are freely printed.

• One paper, *The Wall Street Journal*, both shoots down Lani Guinier, probably Clinton's best nominee, and contributes to Vincent Foster's suicidal blues. After Foster's death, the press suggests that he and Hillary were longtime lovers. The *Times* of London mentions the rumor of "a passionate affair." *The Village Voice* cites "reputable Washington journalists" and "impeccable Arkansas sources" for the story.

• Hillary occasionally gets a gratuitous trashing dressed up as a puff piece—not a hatchet job but a scalpel job. Cleverest is a *Sunday New York Times Magazine* cover story depicting her as Saint Joan. It lists all her good points—intellect, honesty, good judgment, lifelong commitment to social issues—and concludes that they add up to no good.

•

More has been written about Mrs. Clinton at this stage of the game than about any other first lady in history. The reason is simple. The Clintons are something new, and they make wonderful copy.

Nonetheless, when the reading is over, you find the rewards surprisingly scant. You have a huge pile of facts but little by way of interpretation. As the nation's most dedicated Hillary watcher, Frank Marafiote, editor and publisher of *The Hillary Clinton Quarterly*, has observed, "The more we see of her, the more enigmatic she is."

This is no accident. Before the election, Mrs. Clinton was caricatured both as a wife who couldn't hold her husband and as the pushy ringmaster of the Clinton circus. Since moving to the White House, first lady press opportunities have been minimal. Schedules are rarely issued, there is no special press plane when she travels and there are no photo ops in the Rose Garden. Most interviews are 20-minute sessions in the back of her limo as she rides from one appointment to the next. She is very, very careful. The stories in *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Vanity Fair*, *Mirabella* and other publications tell the same anecdotes: She is churchgoing, hardworking and still scrambles Chelsea's eggs.

Hillary's elusiveness now is a striking contrast to her carefree behavior as first lady of Arkansas. Searing encounters with the press during the campaign made her the wary, hidden woman she is today. This lady has been too much for burning and by now doubtless agrees with Mother Teresa that "facing the press is more difficult than bathing a leper."

Yet when she has something to say, she says it directly, up front and clearly, as she has done on health care. This quality is what I appreciate most about her.

Asked about her marriage on *60 Minutes*, for example, she said, "I'm not sitting here, some little woman standing by my man like Tammy Wynette. I'm sitting here because I love him, and I honor what he's been through and we've been through together. And you know, if that's not enough for people, then, heck, don't vote for him."

Admitting to a troubled marriage and demonstrating a willingness to work things through and stay together if at all possible is an embodiment of family values, not a flouting. Bill's approval rating rose at once.

When rival presidential candidate Jerry Brown asked whether Hillary's law practice didn't constitute a conflict of interest in a state where her husband was governor, she had a quick answer. "I suppose I could have stayed home and baked cookies and had teas," she said. "The work that I have done . . . has been aimed . . . to assure that women can make the choices . . . whether it's full-time career, full-time motherhood or some combination." Few papers published more than the reference to baking cookies.

From the beginning, Hillary has spent far more time with Chelsea than feminist theory prescribes. Children of working mothers need "quality time," the theory goes. Hillary knows better. Children need "routine time" and plenty of it, and she has been scrupulous about finding it. When Chelsea gets home from school, the first lady is said to vanish for several hours at least, no matter what else may be on the agenda. If this fact is correct, and not just White House press office propaganda, it's heroic, as every working mother knows.

•

Millions of people admire Hillary. Her friends revere her as "a missionary," meaning that she is aware she has led a privileged life and now wants to "give something back." Bill Clinton has always called her his better half. Even conservative hit man Roger Ailes allows, "If there's a real crisis, I hope to God she takes over. At least she has the courage that I think he lacks." If they are all correct, what's the problem?

To put the matter baldly, while many other presidents have been strongly influenced, and even at times ruled, by their wives, Bill Clinton is the first president to be routinely thought of as pussy-whipped. That perception is probably the biggest of Hillary's difficulties: How can she help her husband without hurting him by helping him too much, too openly and thereby adding to his unfortunate barroom appellation?

Both Clintons are aggressive, brainy, experienced politicians with a commitment to making things better. They ran as virtual co-candidates, something that had never been done before in American politics. Could either one of them have done it alone? No, they had to do it as a couple. Yet we still don't know what kind of couple they are. Hillary won't let us see the precise nature of her marital partnership. And as she says, heck, why should she?

We all know that every stable, 18-year marriage makes many accommodations. What we don't know is the Clintons' deal with each other. What have been their trade-offs? How do they divide up responsibilities? What are their no-nos? Because they are a new kind of couple in American political history, these questions are important if impertinent.

In some couples, the partners are together for mutual intimacy, support and loving warmth. Another type of couple is the partnership in which the two people are together for joint self-gain. Which kind are Hillary and Bill? The answer has to do with competition and ambition and what it is that she really wants—success on her own or success as Bill's partner. For if it is to be a viable partnership, they must have complementary roles; they cannot be clones.

If they have a newfangled, modern partnership, rather than mere intimacy, they must divide their roles and share their responsibilities. How do the Clintons play it? If she takes the more principled position, for example, and lets him be the pragmatist, the compromiser, her sense of self-worth could come from keeping him to the high road. That would both fulfill her sense of goodness and give her a worthy role.

But the whole point of feminism is to make it on one's own. It's not healthy to sit in the back of the bus. It is deforming of one's character. The irony here, and the terrible sadness, is that this splendidly gifted, dedicated, overachieving woman now has her hand on the topmost lever of power, but not in her own name.

Am I saying Hillary is trying to have it both ways? No, I'm saying she *has* to. She is caught in an impossible catch-22, a double bind. If only Hillary were not his wife!

Let's face it, thumb-sucking works only up to a point. What we really need to know if we are to evaluate this first couple is what we will never know: What kind of couple are they really? My hunch is that under the right circumstances Bill could be persuaded to open up and discuss it. He seems to be a let-it-all-hang-out sort of fellow, what the shrinks call emotionally labile.

But Hillary? Uh-uh. "Not in this lifetime."

Unterseeboot Doktor

(continued from page 104)

"And more than half of it true," snorted the alienist, eyes shut. "Did you listen? What have you learned?"

"That submarine captains should become psychiatrists."

"So? I have often wondered: Did Captain Nemo really die when his submarine was destroyed? Or did he run off to become my great-grandfather, and were his psychological bacteria passed along until I came into the world, thinking to command the ghostlike mechanisms that haunt the undertides, to wind up with this 50-minute vaudeville routine in this psychotic city?"

I got up and touched the fabulous brass symbol that hung like a scientific stalactite in mid-ceiling.

"May I look?"

"I wouldn't if I were you." He only half heard me, lying in the midst of his depression as in a dark cloud.

"It's only a periscope——"

"But a good cigar is a smoke."

I remembered Sigmund Freud's quote about cigars, laughed and touched the periscope again.

"Don't!" he said.

"Well, you don't actually use this for anything, do you? It's just a remembrance of time past, from your last submarine, yes?"

"You think that?" He sighed. "Look!"

I hesitated, then pasted one eye to the eyepiece, shut the other and cried:

"Oh, Jesus!"

"I warned you," said Von Seyffertitz.

For they were there. Enough nightmares to paper a thousand cinema

"You're home early, dear."

screens. Enough phantoms to haunt 10,000 castle walls. Enough panics to shake 40 cities into ruin. The first psychological kaleidoscope in history. My God, I thought, he could sell the film rights to this worldwide!

And in the instant another thought came: How much of this stuff in here is me? Are these strange shapes my maundering daymares, sneezed out in the past weeks? When I talked, eyes shut, did my mouth spray invisible founts of small beasts that, caught in the periscope chambers, grew outsized? Like the microscopic photos of those germs that hide in eyebrows and pores, magnified a million times to become elephants on *Scientific American* covers: Are these images leftovers from my eyelashes and psyche?

"It's worth millions!" I cried. "Do you know what this is?"

"Collected spiders, Gila monsters, trips to the moon without gossamer wings, iguanas, toads out of bad sisters' mouths, diamonds out of good fairies' ears, crippled shadow dancers from Bali, obscene finger-pantomimes, cut-string puppets from Gepetto's attic, little boy statues that pee white wine, sexual trapeze performers alley-oop, evil clown faces, gargoyles that talk when it rains and whisper when the wind rises, basement bins full of poisoned honey, dragonflies that sew up 14-year-olds' orifices to keep them neat until they rip the sutures, aged 18. Towers with mad witches, garrets with mummies for lumber. . . ."

He ran out of steam.

"You get the drift."

"Nuts," I said. "You're bored. I could get you a $5 million deal with Amalgamated Fruitcakes Inc. and the Sigmund F. Dreamboats, split three ways!"

"You don't understand," said Von Seyffertitz. "I am keeping myself busy, busy, so I won't remember all the people I torpedoed, sank, drowned mid-Atlantic in 1944. I am not in the Amalgamated Fruitcake Cinema business. If I stop, I will fly apart. That periscope contains all and everything I have seen and known in the past 40 years of observing pecans, cashews and almonds. If I lost my periscope in some shoddy fly-by-night Hollywood strip poker, I would sink three times in my waterbed, never to be seen again. Have I shown you my waterbed? Three times as large as any pool. I do 80 laps asleep each night. Sometimes 40 when I catnap noons. To answer your millionfold offer, no."

And suddenly he shivered all over. His hands clutched at his heart.

"My God!" he shouted.

Too late, he was realizing he had let me step into his mind and life. Now he was on his feet, between me and the periscope, staring at it and me as if we were both terrors.

"You saw nothing in that. Nothing at all."

"I did!"

"You lie! How could you be such a liar? Do you know what would happen if this got out, if you ran around making accusations? My God," he raved on, "if the world knew, if someone said——" His words gummed shut in his mouth as if he were tasting the truth of what he said, as if he saw me for the first time. "I would be laughed out of the city. Such a goddamn ridiculous . . . hey, wait a minute. You!"

It was as if he had slipped a devil mask over his face. His eyes grew wide. His mouth gaped.

I examined his face and saw murder. I sidled toward the door.

"You wouldn't *say* anything to anyone?" he said.

"No."

"How come you suddenly know everything about me?"

"You told me!"

"Yes," he admitted, dazed, looking around for a weapon. "Wait."

"If you don't mind," I said, "I'd rather not."

And I was out the door and down the hall, my knees jumping to knock my jaw.

"Come back!" cried Von Seyffertitz behind me. "I must kill you!"

I reached the elevator and by a miracle it flung wide its doors when I banged the down button. I jumped in.

"Say goodbye!" cried Von Seyffertitz, raising his fist as if it held a bomb.

"Goodbye!" I said. The doors slammed.

I did not see Von Seyffertitz again for a year.

•

Meanwhile, I dined out often, telling friends and strangers on street corners of my collision with a submarine commander become head doctor.

I shook the tree and the ripe nuts fell—pecans, cashews, almonds. They brimmed the Baron's lap to overload his bank account. His grand slam: appearances with Phil Donahue, Oprah Winfrey and Geraldo in one single cyclonic afternoon. Von Seyffertitz laser games and duplicates of his submarine periscope sold out at the Museum of Modern Art and the Smithsonian. With the inducement of an advance of a half million dollars, he dictated and published a bad best-seller. Duplicates of the animalcules and curious critters trapped in his brass viewer arose in pop-up coloring books, paste-on tattoos and inkpad, rubber-stamp nightmares at Beasts R Us.

I hoped that this bounty would cause him to forgive and forget. No.

One noon a year and a month later, my doorbell rang and there stood Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Baron Waldstein, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"How come I didn't kill you that day?" he mourned.

"You didn't catch me," I said.

"Oh, *ja*. That was it."

I looked into the old man's rain-washed, tear-ravened face and said, "Who died?"

"Me. Or is it I? Ah, to hell with it: me. You see before you," he grieved, "a creature who suffers from the Rumpelstiltskin syndrome."

"Rumpel——?"

"Stiltskin! Two halves with a rip from chin to fly. Yank my forelock, go ahead! Watch me fall apart at the seam. Just like zipping a psychotic zipper. Two *Herr Doktor* admirals for the sick price of one. Which is the *Doktor* who heals and which is the sellout best-seller admiral?"

He stopped and looked around, holding his head together with his hands.

"Can you see the crack? Am I splitting again to become this crazy sailor who desires riches and fame, being sieved through the hands of crazed ladies with ruptured libidos? You should have such a year. Don't laugh."

"I'm not laughing."

"Then cheer up while I finish. Can I lie down? Is that a couch? Too short. What do I do with my legs?"

"Sit sidesaddle."

Von Seyffertitz laid himself out with his legs draped over one side. "Hey, not bad. Sit behind. Don't look over my shoulder. Avert your gaze. Neither smirk nor pull long faces as I get out the Krazy Glue and paste Rumpel to Stiltskin, the name of my next book, God help me. Damn you to hell, you and your damned periscope!"

"Not mine. Yours. You wanted me to discover it that day. I suppose you had been whispering 'Dive, dive' for years to patients, half-asleep. But you couldn't resist the loudest scream ever: 'Dive!' That was your admiral speaking, wanting fame and money enough to choke a school of porpoises."

"God," murmured Von Seyffertitz, "how I hate it when you're honest—I'm feeling better already. How much do I owe you?" He arose.

"Now we go kill the monsters instead of you."

"Monsters?"

"At my office. If we can get in past the lunatics."

"You have lunatics outside as well as in now?"

"Have I ever lied to you?"

"Often. But," I added, "little white ones."

"Come," he said.

•

We got out of the elevator to be confronted by a long line of worshipers and supplicants. There must have been 70 people strung out between the elevator and the Baron's door, waiting with copies of Madame Blavatsky,

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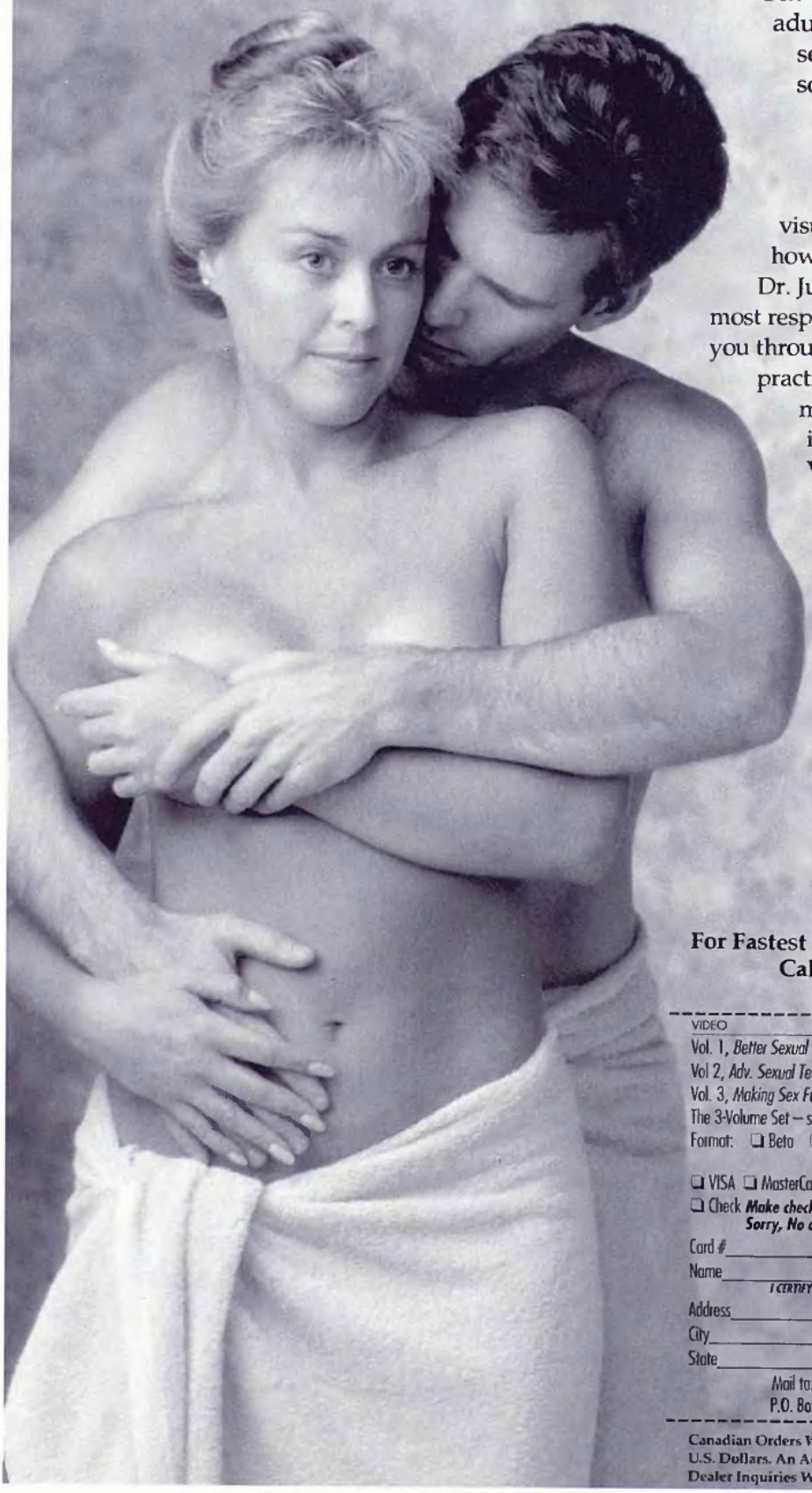

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Krishnamurti and Shirley MacLaine under their arms. There was a roar like a suddenly opened furnace door when they saw the Baron. We beat it on the double and got inside his office before anyone could surge to follow.

"See what you have done to me!" Von Seyffertitz said, pointing.

The office walls were covered with expensive teak paneling. The desk was an exquisite Empire piece worth at least $50,000. The couch was the best soft leather I had ever seen, and the two pictures on the wall were a Renoir and a Monet. My God, millions! I thought.

"OK," I said. "The beasts, you said. You'll kill them, not me?"

The old man wiped his eyes with the back of one hand, then made a fist.

"Yes!" he cried, stepping up to the fine periscope, which reflected his face, madly distorted, in its elongated shape. "Like this. Thus and so!"

And before I could prevent it, he gave the brass machine a terrific slap with his hand and then a blow and another blow and another, with both fists, cursing. Then he grabbed the periscope as if it were the neck of a spoiled child and throttled and shook it.

I cannot say what I heard in that instant. Perhaps real sounds, perhaps imagined temblors, like a glacier cracking in the spring, or icicles in mid-night. Perhaps it was a sound like a great kite breaking its skeleton in the wind and collapsing in folds of tissue. Maybe I thought I heard a vast breath insucked, a cloud dissolving up inside itself. Or did I sense clock machineries spun so wildly they smoked off their foundations and fell like brass snowflakes?

I put my eye to the periscope.

I looked in upon——

Nothing.

It was just a brass tube with some crystal lenses and a view of an empty couch.

No more.

I seized the eyepiece and tried to screw it into some new focus on a far place across an unimaginable horizon.

But the couch remained only a couch, and the wall beyond looked back at me with its great blank face.

Von Seyffertitz leaned forward and a tear ran off the tip of his nose to fall on one rusted fist.

"Are they dead?" he whispered.

"Gone."

"Good, they deserved to die. Now I can return to some kind of normal, sane world."

And with each word his voice fell deeper within his throat, his chest, his soul, until it, like the vaporous haunts within the peri-kaleidoscope, melted into silence.

He clenched his fists together in a fierce clasp of prayer, like one who beseeches God to deliver him from plagues. And whether he was once again praying for my death, eyes shut, or whether he simply wished me gone with the visions within the brass device, I could not say.

I only knew that my gossip had done a terrible and irrevocable thing to this incredible captain from beneath Nemo's tidal seas.

"Gone," murmured Gustav Von Seyffertitz, Baron Waldstein, for the last time.

That was almost the end.

•

I went around a month later. The landlord reluctantly let me look over the premises, mostly because I hinted that I might be renting.

We stood in the middle of the empty room, where I could see the dent marks where the couch had once stood.

I looked at the ceiling. It was empty.

"What's wrong?" said the landlord. "Didn't they fix it so you can't see? Damn fool Baron made a damn big hole up into the office above. Rented that, too, but never used it for anything I knew of. There was just that big damn hole he left when he went away."

I sighed with relief.

"Nothing left upstairs?"

"Nothing."

I looked up at the blank ceiling.

"Nice job of repair," I said.

"Thank God," said the landlord.

•

What, I often wonder, ever happened to Gustav Von Seyffertitz? Did he move to Vienna to take up residence, perhaps, in or near dear Sigmund's very own address? Does he live in Rio, treating fellow *Unterseeboot Kapitäns* who can't sleep for seasickness, roiling on their waterbeds under the shadow of the Andes Cross? Or is he in South Pasadena, within striking distance of the fruit-larder nut farms disguised as film studios?

I cannot guess.

All I know is that some nights in the year, oh, once or twice, in a deep sleep I hear his terrible shout, his cry.

"Dive! Dive! Dive!"

And wake to find myself, sweating, far under my bed.

"I just thought I'd call and tell you about all the things your love has given me."

VARGAS (continued from page 128)

"They are women in their moment of invitation; the confusing, wearying party of life is in the future."

spoke of his creations as "dream girls," and part of their dreamy unreality is their solitude on the page, their evident independence. Whatever they need us for, it is not to take care of them—to house them or to be a father to their babies. They are women in their moment of invitation; the confusing, wearying party of life is in the future.

Vargas began with the lean flapper ideal: lithe types with small bosoms and narrow hips. The ever-so-slight silken fall of the up-tipped handful of breast is where his early art is most honestly erotic—there, and in the almost touchingly angular fannies of his hard-dancing chorus girls. The phenomenal mammary bloom of the cushioned Fifties and Sixties, and the hip flare to balance it, overtook the Vargas Girl, but she became something of a caricature in the process. She became less vulnerable and less anatomically plausible. Some of his Twenties and Thirties legs, in semi-sheer stockings whose tops mark the boundary of forbidden territory, are marvels of loving rendering, displaying every elongated tendon and muscle.

Not that the consumers of pinup art are primarily after anatomy lessons. What they are after are glimpses of a kind of heaven, the realm of sexual fulfillment. As late as the mid-Sixties, this realm—home territory, after all, for the human animal in its progenitive function—could be glimpsed only through peepholes, through suggestive images. The movies were the great suggesters, the global masters of erotic implication and symbolism; the masses came staggering out of love-steeped melodramas into the hard light of Main Street. Cheesecake was a socially acceptable code for the sexual realities. It covered everything from Hedy Lamarr's lifted eyebrow to Betty Grable's pertly bathing-suited derriere, which made her the most popular of World War Two pinups. In that time of heroic national virtue, in a puritan country that regarded sex as naughty if not evil, cheesecake kept the hormones placated and public awareness of sexual deprivation in the military appeased. It came as a shock to discover, in James Jones' *From Here to Eternity*, that the GIs' reality was not Betty Grable's backside on the barracks wall but a sweaty Honolulu whorehouse. The art of cheesecake was to make the part suggest the whole. When the whole body could be displayed in PLAYBOY or at Woodstock, suggestiveness lost its power and that art lost its place on the front lines of realism.

For a time, cheesecake was as far as you openly could go in representing women in their role (not their only role, heaven knows) as sexual provocatrices. Whether the Vargas Girl was more aphrodisiac than the *Venus de Milo* or Titian's *Venus* or Manet's *Olympia* or, for that matter, Michelangelo's *David* is moot. One person's aphrodisiac is another person's turnoff. The Vargas Girl, for me as an adolescent, was less exciting than newsreels of women mud-wrestling in Texas or movies of Doris Day belting out a ballad at the top of her marvelous lungs. That open mouth, that starry gaze. The sexual instinct will speak whatever language is needed to make itself heard. But as for the female body in the public rotogravure, the Vargas Girl was what we had, and there is no reason not to see her, as Vargas did, as an homage to the eternal feminine.

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CRAZED URBANITE *(continued from page 214)*

"'The hatred of cities is the fear of freedom.' Dig it. There is safety in lawns! There is safety in the malls."

angry African-Americans (as well as angry Koreans with handguns). You saw the buildings burning. The looting. You saw the scary inner city on TV.

I reply: Smell the coffee—shit happens, like any natural disaster. I saw the scary Mississippi on TV. I saw hurricanes. I saw tornadoes rip shopping centers in half. I saw this gross-out frog plague down in Florida. We don't get any of that stuff in the city.

As far as I can tell, the burbs aren't really any safer than most cities. The safety theory is one of those comforting semi-myth truths. My personal experience tells me suburbia is plenty dangerous. I remember everyone in the school bus waving to Joe Lorton as he roared by on his Harley (Joe had been playing hooky). Joe turned and waved back, then drove straight into a telephone pole. Joe lived. Joe was cool. But a lot of my school chums weren't so lucky. By the time I graduated from high school, we had lost kids to drunk driving, thin ice, drug ODs and suicide. Underlying cause? Boredom. Anonymous boredom.

After the L.A. riots, Lewis Lapham, editor of *Harper's*, said, "The hatred of cities is the fear of freedom." Dig it. There is safety in lawns! There is safety in the malls. There is safety in the corporate campus.

Safety versus freedom (read: Freedom is dangerous). That's the way people see cities, whether they know it or not. Physical menace frightens people, but not half as much as the unusual, the diverse. Cities are full of lots of different sorts of people with different attitudes. My neighborhood (around Canal Street) is fully stocked with Chinese, movie stars, Italians, Soho artists, Dominicans, Hasids, African-Americans, dancers, pie makers, Wall Street players, Bohemians, straight and gay, rich and poor, old and young, all living cheek to jowl. I think people who find the city so fearsome are really afraid of all those different skin colors, those different languages and accents, those different points of view. Diversity is scary.

But diversity is why I live in the city. I like diversity. I think it's good for me to live with many kinds of people. It makes me bigger as a person. The most balanced people I've ever met grew up in the city. Contrast two men who have been in the news recently: Vincent Foster, who, according to his suicide note, found the city of Washington overwhelming. He was a Little Rock guy, and, theoretically, if he had stayed away from the big bad city, he'd be alive today. But let's look at Harvey Weinstein. He's the guy who was abducted and stuck in a deep dark hole for 12 days with hardly anything to eat or drink. Classic New Yorker: He comes out of the hole and says, "I love New York. I'm not going to change my habits. I want to be able to walk the streets of the city I love." Right on, Harvey. Guy's got guts. He's not afraid. He's a city guy.

A couple of years ago I volunteered to teach a class to some kindergartners at a predominantly Chinese school. Some of the children couldn't speak English very well. Those children were so beautiful, they were so much fun, they were so fine, they were so different from anyone I'd known in my life. One night I was walking through Chinatown and this ancient grandma came up to me and started talking rapidly in Cantonese. I didn't understand until she pointed to the child by her side, one of my students. Smiles all around, without a word of English spoken. I was transported to another world. Just for a few minutes.

I love the parade of humanity that's marching every day. There are Jewish restaurants on the Lower East Side with waiters so old they knew Moses personally. I've had a complete course on the history of Pakistan from talking to cabdrivers. In Tokyo I met a man who is one of the two or three richest people in the world. On the Bowery I've met men who owned nothing but a bag of empty cans. In Chicago I heard Buckminster Fuller speak. At One Hundred Centre Street I've listened to patronizing judges lecture sullen muggers. In San Francisco a pretty girl said hi to me on the street in 1971.

Maybe I'm a voyeur. Watching people is my favorite pastime. I like being part of the teeming millions. All these people. Each one has a dream, a problem, a life. Each one has to get up in the morning and wonder what to wear. Each one believes in something: God, dope, Oprah. Each one wants to love another one. For me it's like living inside a nuclear reactor of possibilities. It's like never really knowing what's coming next: "There are 8 million stories in the naked city." I am one of them.

Where but in a big city will you see millionaire tycoons or fashion models or hipsters with green hair or five-part street a cappella singers? Get on a bus, a subway, a ferry, an escalator . . . people everywhere, all kinds, all ages, all races. And that's true in London, Paris, New York, L.A., Bangkok. There's a word for it: cosmopolitan. There are very few cosmopolitan suburbs.

Everything good comes from cities: rap, Dostoievsky, espresso, Marty Scorsese, art, artists, bands, bagels, pizza, hot dogs, Frank Zappa, the Algonquin, the Tour Eiffel, Andy Warhol, Broadway, Muscle Beach, Patpong sex shows, boulevards, the Bulls, street vendors, the Ramones, museums, delis, parks, park benches, canals. Even Walt Whitman

"Last night he told me to open my mouth and close my eyes—and, like a fool, I did!"

and Jack Kerouac, great singers of praise to the American heartland, lived in cities.

From surfboards to dollhouses to rubber bondage outfits to aroma-therapy massage oils, it's all there if I want it. Virtually every movie, every play, every opera, every dance company, every circus comes to the big city. There's a store that sells every record, every CD, every book, every magazine, every poster, every videotape, every computer program, every comic book. You can get hold of every cigar, every cigarette, every coffee bean, every ethnic food, every plant, every seed. You can play pool, swim, play pinball, bowl, meditate, learn to box, work out, play ball, Rollerblade and mud-wrestle in the city. Every sexual kink and every spiritual sect is here. You can be damned or be saved, it's your choice. It's called freedom.

For me it boils down to the courage to take a look, to try new things. If you're moving scared, your life gets smaller. If you're living large, your life gets bigger. Courage shapes and forms you. A subway train arrives at a platform. It is filled with people. Who are they? Is there someone on this train who might change my life? Love me, befriend me, kill me? When you live in a big city the deck is constantly cut and dealt, over and over, every day. A new hand is laid before you—do what you will.

Of course, there's a little bit of scariness to all this noise and diversity and unpredictability. What's the alternative?

"Let's move to the country!" But the country, country living, "away from it all," is a myth. First of all, the real country is called the country because no one lives there. Even people who think they live in the country don't live in the country. They're really just outside the suburbs. To these people, country means there are farm stands in the summer, the local people speak with some kind of Southern accent (even if they're from Newark), flannel is big, there's an antique store nearby and there is a trailer park over the next hill. Country means you have to fight for the Sunday papers at the local country store. The big fat Sunday papers, the ones that come from . . . that's right, the big city.

I've lived in the country, and the vast majority of people who live there never set foot in the woods, don't really walk anywhere, don't farm or go fishing or do dick. They just stay in the house, turn on the TV and think how nice it is that they live in the country. "It's so nice and quiet here. And safe." Ever see that movie *In Cold Blood*? It was quiet where those folks lived, too.

Everyone needs a break, but you don't get automatic serenity when you move to the country. The country is where toxic waste dumps are, where interstate highways roar with semis, where you have to

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wonder if radon is seeping up from your basement or if there are raccoons in your attic.

What is this safety thing, anyway? The same generation that used to stick out its collective thumb and grab a ride to nowhere has turned into a generation of timid couch potatoes. The wild teenagers who made *Easy Rider* and *Born to Be Wild* into monster hits have grown into adults with fantasies about escaping to some sleepy Alaskan boondocks, living out a *Northern Exposure* episode. Or grabbing a snug three-bedroom "with easy access to transportation." Or the pinnacle of fantasies: gardening. Growing zinnias. Raising a herd of zucchini. Debating compost technique. Shopping for a trowel. An entire generation shifted from crystal meth to methadone.

Weeding the garden is a good thing. I've done it. I like doing it. It's very Zen. But it's not a life. It's retirement. You're 35 years old, for God's sake!

Have you become so traumatized that your best shot is occupying a couch? Mowing the lawn? Having the early-bird salad-bar special at the Sizzler? Come on, you can do that stuff after your first heart attack. You're not burned out, you're just a big baby!

When I'm strapped into my wheelchair parked on the front porch of some firetrap senior-citizen home, listening to the traffic whiz by on the interstate and hoping my children will stop by to see me after they take their kids to the mall, I'm sure I will really appreciate the manicured lawn and the fresh air. But until then I'm hitting the pavement and taking the A train, because the suburbs are a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there.

"That's what I like about women. They're never satisfied."

GAMBLER FOR LIFE

(continued from page 180)

this not "staying together for the sake of the children"?

Tight but aggressive.

I walked into an apartment on the Upper East Side of New York. It was overpriced, but I thought I'd give it a look. I opened the door and there before me, down the corridor, was a magnificent and unexpected view of Central Park. So I paid the man off. One year later, when circumstances required me to liquidate the place, I jacked up the price—on spec and against a falling market—and listed it, and it sold to the first prospect, who, like me, walked in the door and saw the view. But first he pointed out that the market was falling and the price was much too high. He suggested a reduction, and, heart in my mouth, I said "No" and waited, and he paid me off. Tight but aggressive. I had the best hand, and I made him pay. With thanks to Yardley.

•

There is a stunningly vicious book called *Poker: A Guaranteed Income for Life Using the Advanced Concepts of Poker*, by Frank Wallace. He writes that the purpose of play is to win money, that the educated player should school himself to win all the money and that to do this one must take every legitimate advantage. A legitimate advantage is anything that is not patently illegal.

The author, like Sun Tzu in his non-card-oriented *The Art of War*, exhorts us to treat our adversaries as if they were our employees and to control and motivate them to do our bidding at all times. The advanced concept being sold by the book is super game-control. The reader is advised to make himself the linchpin of the home (or "friendly") game—to maneuver himself into position to choose the venue, the time, the food appropriate at the game. To develop a reputation for service, to create an appearance of impartiality. If, we are advised, the game forms the habit of referring small decisions to one man, they will be ripe to heed his request to refer large decisions to him and will, in fact, be inclined to so act without his request, through simple force of habit.

The practitioner, we are told, should, for example, bring the food, inquire as to the particular likes and dislikes of each player and supply them. The players will feel gratitude toward this man. He can, for example, say, "Dave, I'm going to get the cigars you like, so I will be late. Could we not play at nine rather than eight?" Who could refuse him? As this man becomes, in effect, the game's "parent," decisions as to conduct of play will be referred to him. Why should they not? Everyone else at the table is out for himself. Our hero is the only one who

has demonstrated that he can behave magnanimously and impartially. This person can now, from "cover," as it were, exsanguinate the home game. And the way to do it, we read, is like the old saying about boiling the frog: Don't put your frog in hot water, it'll hop out. Put it in cold water, and turn the heat up real, real slow.

If the behavior described above seems transparent, I, having once been that frog, can only report that, correctly practiced, it is effective in the extreme and, as Job's messenger said, "I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

I played over many years in a rather high-stakes home game. One day a stranger, young Lochinvar, came out of the West all smiles and service. He asked if he could sit in. He told a good story, he brought the groceries, he went out of his way to bring so and so's favorite cigarettes. Quite soon we, members of the old home game, were deferring to him. It took more than five years and an amount of money both sickening and embarrassing to remember to face the fact that we'd been had. And then all that money was gone and we'd been shown up to ourselves, and the 20-year-long game broke up.

Why did the game break up? Lochinvar had revealed to us that we were not playing poker, which, like war, can have but one legitimate aim. No, we'd been engaged in a most enjoyable club and calling it poker. Lochinvar had most assuredly read the book on the home game and had practiced it by the numbers, and it busted us out. Near the end of our game he called me and said that he was concerned about my style of play and worried about my losses. He asked if we could get together, and we did. He coached me for the better part of an afternoon and made suggestions that, in fact, did improve my play. At the end of the session I thanked him, and he said I was most welcome. Now, my play improved. But what, I ask you, was my attitude at the table toward this man, this mentor, who cared enough to seek me out in my disgrace?

Pretty smart fellow.

So Lochinvar's lesson in the Great Game was: Call things by their names. That was the Advanced Concept of Poker. A further lesson might be: If you're going to be in charge, *be* in charge. I here refer the reader to what may be found to be a good book on poker: *Home Dog*, by Richard Wolters.

His observations on the retriever are, I think, applicable to behavior at the game. While teaching the puppy to sit and stay, he suggests, walk away a few feet. After a short while the pup will become fidgety and want to come to you. Just before it does, say "come."

One trains the dog by being smarter than the dog, by anticipating its needs and using its pursuit of them to accomplish one's own goals, and, thus, both triumphing and avoiding that least thrilling of family observances: finding out who's boss.

Yardley says, Look around the table. Find out who's the victim. If you can't tell, it's you.

And so I recommend the literature. It will inform you to be humble, be aggressive and, in the book by that genius who may or may not have been named S. W. Andrews, be *wary*.

In the small game, and in the Great Game, the wisdom in these books will, unfortunately, only be appreciated after one has suffered sufficiently to acquire it independently, but there you have it.

Businesspersons got all giddy in the decade now past over Musashi, Tesso, Sun Tzu and other Asian strategists and warrior-sages. But I cleave to the books above. To which I add that of Thomas "Amarillo Slim" Preston, who tells of a game in Arabia. He was asked and he went. But before the game the Big Boys came to his hotel and asked for 25 percent of his take in exchange for protection and for insurance that his winnings would be collected and paid to him. I remember reading about this bit as a child, and I expected the next paragraph to reveal his rage and indignation. But Slim tells us he thought not at all and accepted their terms. His lesson, that one hand full with quietness will beat two hands full with vexation of spirit, has served me well every time I remember to remember it.

My last citation will be from that Mr. Andrews who, at the risk of blowing the gaff, was the premiere card manipulator of the Victorian age and, perhaps, of any other age:

"In offering this book to the public the writer uses no sophistry as an excuse for its existence. . . .

"It may caution the unwary who are innocent of guile, and it may inspire the crafty by enlightenment on artifice. . . .

"But it will not make the innocent vicious, or transform the part-time player into a professional; or make the fool wise, or curtail the annual crop of suckers."

I personally belong or have belonged to several of the groups referred to above. I am now close to my father's age at the time he asked me if I still was gambling with cards.

I, in fact, seem to have stopped gambling with cards.

I think back over those years when poker was, if not the most important, arguably the most exigent thing in my life. I recall some few instances of triumph and many of its opposite, and I reflect that "learning the hard way" is a lead-pipe tautology. Trust everyone, but cut the cards.

"Say! This looks like a pretty exciting place!"

JAZZ & ROCK *(continued from page 130)*

"If only Sam Phillips could find someone white who sounded black—or close to it. Enter Elvis."

Maybellene in his Ford, and of the pains of school in *School Days*, and told Beethoven to roll over and dig these rhythm and blues. His consummate celebration of a guitar-playing rocker whose mother had told him—as Chuck's mother really had—that "maybe some day your name will be in lights" came on *Johnny B. Goode*, in 1958.

By 1956 several forms of rock and roll had been established. Charlie Gillett, in his landmark history, *The Sound of the City*, identifies five distinct styles: northern band rock and roll (exemplified by Bill Haley), the New Orleans dance blues (Fats Domino, Lloyd Price), Memphis country-rock (Carl Perkins, Elvis, Jerry Lee Lewis), Chicago rhythm and blues (Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Elmore James) and vocal group rock and roll (the Meadowlarks, the Flamingoes). As he points out, "All five styles, and the variants associated with each of them, depended for their dance beat on contemporary Negro dance rhythms."

And while, just as in jazz, the bottom line was the blues, several of these styles owed more than a little to white country music—a form of popular music that never intruded much on jazz. But this new collision in the late Forties and early Fifties of white country and black rhythm and blues—in terms both of music and sales—was like atomic fusion, with rock and roll as the H-bomb result.

Between the beginning of World War Two and the late Fifties, technology was changing even faster than the music. Electric instruments—which could be played louder—were elbowing aside traditional ones. The saxophone, lead instrument in jazz and R&B, gradually gave way to the electric guitar. By the mid-Fifties, it was becoming the preferred lead instrument in rock and roll. In 1951 the Fender company introduced the electric bass, popularized on Link Wray's *Rumble* from 1958. Wray's song was a simple but enjoyably ominous instrumental featuring the new Fender bass, which revolutionized the bottom on rock songs, quickly making the fat old standup acoustic obsolete.

Along with developing the jet engine and the unmanned rocket in World War Two, the Germans came up with cellophane recording tape, which was far superior to the wire recorders developed in the U.S. Until then masters had been cut on acetates, which pretty much required the performers to get it perfect in a single take or start all over again—though the performances could be spliced crudely. But with tape, fidelity was better and splicing was a relative breeze. Overdubbing was not far away—in fact, it was first popularized in the early Fifties by guitarist Les Paul and his wife, singer Mary Ford.

They made pop hits such as 1950's *Tennessee Waltz* and *Mockin' Bird Hill*, on which Paul sounded like half a dozen guitarists playing at once; and he developed the reverb-echo sound that's been used ever since, reaching its zenith in the work of Phil Spector in the early Sixties. Les Paul also designed electric guitars that are still collector's items among rockers who can afford them. A good guitarist in the mold of jazz and country, Chet Atkins style, Les Paul was never a rocker himself. But his technical innovations profoundly influenced the sound of rock and roll to come.

The technology had been there for a few years, but in 1948 Columbia Records introduced the long-playing record, which moved at 33⅓ rpm instead of at 78.

Until 1955 long-playing albums were chiefly aimed at the adult pop market, on the presumption that teenagers couldn't afford either the price of an album or the new equipment needed to play it on—even though Webcor put out a cheap three-speed portable that was in a lot of teenagers' bedrooms. The Fifties were also the beginning of the hi-fi mania that continues today. Stereo was introduced in 1957.

The first rock-and-roll album on a major label wasn't released until 1956, when Decca put out Bill Haley's *Rock Around the Clock*. But later that year rock albums by Elvis, the Platters and others were making the charts.

Meanwhile, Columbia's rival RCA had come up with another technical innovation aimed at teenagers—the 45 single, along with its inexpensive loss-leader RCA player with a fat plastic stump of a spindle that played only 45s.

For a while, 45s and 78s slugged it out in record stores, with most companies putting out singles in both formats. The 45s were clearly superior—plastic, practically indestructible, smaller and novel. But it took a while from their introduction in 1949 for them to send the 78 the way of the Edison cylinder.

•

Elvis, for better or worse, is the king of rock and roll—in terms of sales and popularity at any rate. But without Sam Phillips, he might never have been crowned.

Sam Phillips was a white Memphis radio engineer who in the early Fifties started a little recording studio called Sun and began recording black R&B artists. In the years before Elvis came bopping in to record a song for his mama's birthday—as in the now threadbare story—Phillips had recorded Howlin' Wolf (selling the masters for distribution to Chess Records in Chicago), Elmore James (with that distinctive raw slide-guitar style best known on his *Dust My Broom*) and James Cotton. All of them are now more associated with the Chicago blues scene of the early Fifties than with Sun Records.

Like Alan Freed, Phillips began thinking about the growing white audience for this black music. If only he could find someone white who sounded black—or close to it.

Enter Elvis. The sides he cut for Sun Records before moving on in 1956 to RCA are the sound of rockabilly being born. The music had that country feel, but was bluesier, less stiff than Haley's. It was a sound that inspired generations of rockers.

Presley's 1954 Sun recording of *Milk Cow Blues Boogie* is a brief lesson in the evolution from country to rockabilly. He starts out doing the old country standard in the traditional leisurely acoustic style, but after a couple of bars abruptly cuts it off, saying, "No, let's get real *gone* for a change!"—whereupon the tempo doubles into jump blues, the electric combo kicks in swinging and Presley turns the old tune into something else entirely—country rock.

Not too long afterward, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis and Johnny Cash were also recording for Sun. There was the famous Million Dollar Quartet improv session, where these three plus Elvis jammed for the fun of it in the studio while Phillips kept the tapes rolling.

But while the other three remained true to their school, Elvis—unfortunately, many feel—went on to other things.

Up until 1955 he'd been a regional hit, appearing on TV's *Louisiana Hayride*, with his records selling mostly in the South—his *Mystery Train* was climbing the country charts at the same time *Maybellene* was becoming a hit. During a swing through Texas he played a club in Lubbock where Buddy Holly was in the audience, and they talked between sets. Holly gigged around Lubbock playing Western swing and current R&B and country tunes—including some of Elvis' Sun hits. The next day both Holly's group and Elvis played the opening of a Pontiac dealership in Lubbock, no doubt the most musically auspicious Pontiac dealership opening on record—and a sign of Elvis' relative obscurity at the time, despite his modest hits on Sun.

The major labels had done their best to ignore all forms of this new teenage music. Decca, however, was an exception

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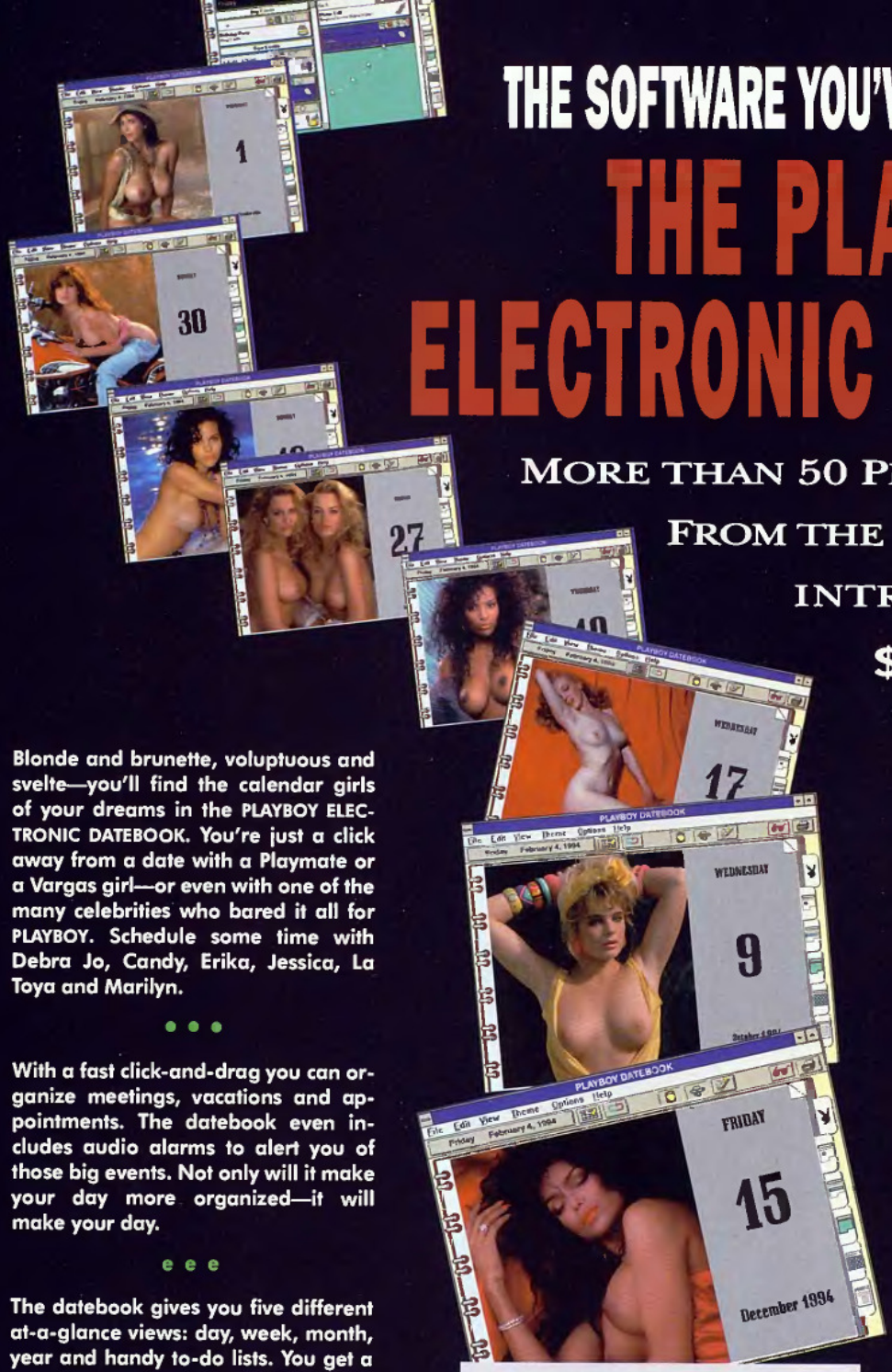

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and had signed Bill Haley away from his small independent label. In late 1955 RCA paid Elvis the unheard-of sum of $35,000—with a new Cadillac thrown in—to sign with them. The deal included the rights to everything he had recorded on Sun.

With the RCA release of *Heartbreak Hotel* early in 1956—which went on to become the number-one best-selling pop record of the year—Elvis became a national phenomenon the likes of which hadn't been seen since the early Forties, when a young Frank Sinatra made an entire generation swoon.

But *Hound Dog* and its flip side, *Don't Be Cruel*, which wound up as the number-two pop record of the year—a costly miscalculation for RCA, which could have released them as two separate 45s and doubled its money—were the beginning of the end of Elvis as a true rocker. Many hits followed, but few caught the unconstrained spirit of his Sun sides—largely because Sam Phillips basically gave the musicians free rein and let the tapes roll. But at RCA, producers ran things—and Elvis soon had a corny backup group called the Jordanaires and was singing sentimental nonsense such as *Love Me Tender* and *Old Shep*. He developed such a huge, loyal following that in the early Sixties even dreck like *Rock-a-Hula Baby*, *Bossa Nova Baby* and *Viva Las Vegas* became hits.

By 1957 much of what passed for rock and roll was also sliding downhill into pop with electric guitars. That year Elvis, already on his way to being a pop musician, had a number-one album called *Elvis' Christmas Album*. The original raw wildness of the music between 1954 and 1956 was blanched out as the major labels took over the form and pushed most of the indies out of the picture.

The standard reading on the years between 1957 and 1962 is that rock and roll went into a decline—with certain magnificent exceptions, of course—and bottomed out in 1959 or 1960. It was saved from certain death in 1964 by the Beatles and then the Stones—Brits who rediscovered the excitement of the first rock and roll—mainly Chuck Berry in the Beatles' case, and mainly the Fifties Chicago bluesmen in the case of the Rolling Stones.

The notion that rock languished between 1957 and 1962 ignores the occasional interesting single that appeared during that time—even during the most fallow period between 1960 and 1962. But the notion is persistent because it's almost true. As people realized how much money was to be made in this African-American music done by white people, they jumped on the bandwagon—or should we say *Bandstand*? The result could only be a degradation of rock's essential energy and integrity.

From wild and crazy Alan Freed pounding on a phone book and slugging Scotch in the radio studio late at night, we went to clean, decent, soft-spoken Dick Clark in a suit on afternoon television. True, Clark always had the hottest new groups on his show—those that were selling, no matter how good or awful—but he was also responsible for a number of rock-Frankenstein creations, as epitomized by Fabian, a handsome 16-year-old from Philadelphia who had no observable talent or feel for the music, but whose lamentable *Turn Me Loose* and *Tiger* were both big hits in 1959.

From 1957 on, we entered the era of the manufactured star, created in hopes of pleasing those unpredictably strange but profitable teen tastes in music.

The Coasters were a manufactured group, but a great one. They were put together by Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller, a songwriting team that had a knack for teen songs—they had written *Hound Dog* back in 1952—who had moved on to producing records on their own label, Spark. In 1955 they raided one of their own groups, the Robins, and created the Coasters—so named because they'd all met on the West Coast—and signed them to the new Atco label with themselves as independent producers, one of the first such deals ever cut. The Coasters had a remarkable string of hits in just five years, starting with 1957's two-sided wonder, *Searchin'* and *Young Blood*, and continuing through *Yakety Yak*, *Charlie Brown*, *Poison Ivy*, *Shoppin' for Clothes* and 1961's *Little Egypt*.

But if the top 100 singles of 1960 were studded with Frankie Avalon, Bobby Rydell, Paul Anka, Freddy Cannon, Bobby Vee, Brian Hyland and Neil Sedaka, as well as Chubby Checker doing *The Twist*—and while the number-one record

"Just think—two hours ago I was only a wrong number."

of the year was Percy Faith's *Theme from a Summer Place*—there were also hits by the Everly Brothers, Jimmy Jones' *Handy Man*, Roy Orbison's *Only the Lonely*, *Finger Poppin' Time* by Hank Ballard, Fats Domino doing *Walking to New Orleans* and others fit to listen to. There were also the beginnings of new sounds.

Near the bottom of 1960's top 100 was Barrett Strong's *Money*, which had been co-written by Berry Gordy, Jr., and was the beginning of what would become Gordy's Motown empire during the Sixties.

But perhaps the most enduring rock between 1960 and 1963 was the girl-group sound, the best of which still sounds fresh today. Phil Spector was responsible for some of the best. A group he molded called the Crystals defined the form with their hits *He's a Rebel*, *He's Sure the Boy I Love*, *Da Doo Ron Ron* and *Then He Kissed Me*. Another of his groups, the Ronettes, had a 1963 hit with *Be My Baby*. There were also the Shirelles, the Cookies, the Orlons, the Marvelettes (a Berry Gordy group), Martha Reeves and the Vandellas (whose 1963 *Heat Wave* is all-time) and of course the most shining example of all, the Supremes, who were around in the early Sixties but whose biggest hits didn't start coming until 1964.

The California sound was coming, too. From January 1962, with the primitive *Surfin' Safari*, until the end of 1964, the Beach Boys registered ten hits.

So things weren't quite as bad as they were supposed to be in rock between 1960 and 1964, even if, in general, they were pretty dismal.

But early in 1964, there was a bright spot on the horizon. The Beatles were coming, and boy did we need them. Starting in January 1964, they had an unparalleled string of hits. The early ones were directly influenced by classic American rock, or were reworkings of the new standards—including their own March 1964 hit version of Chuck Berry's *Roll Over Beethoven* and Carl Perkins' *Matchbox* from September 1964. But even those first singles—beginning with *I Want to Hold Your Hand*—had a special quality, a newness. The band's reception on *The Ed Sullivan Show* recalled that of Elvis, turned up several notches. Audiences at their stadium shows during their first American tour simply went berserk. Perhaps most remarkable about them was their swift evolution. Within two years of their American debut, they went from innocence to experience—from 1964's *I Want to Hold Your Hand* to 1965's *Yesterday* and 1966's *Eleanor Rigby*. The next year brought *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Few could dispute that the Beatles had ushered in the modern era.

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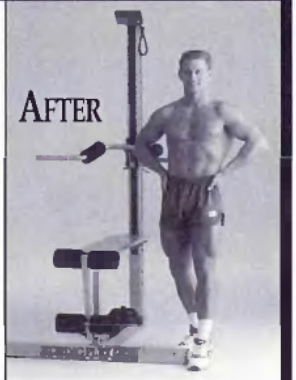

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SHAQUILLE O'NEAL *(continued from page 175)*

"I don't know why people talk about mothers. Kids used to do that and I just used to beat them up."

of the team when they smash a store window or turn over a police car?

O'NEAL: Stuff that I can't control, I can't worry about. If I go out and win a championship and the whole town tears up the city, it's not my fault. What do you want me to do—stop winning championships? I'm not worried about my property getting torn up. I have insurance. And I live in a protected area, so I'm not even worried about that.

7.

PLAYBOY: Which NBA stadiums offer the best locker rooms and amenities? Which are the worst?

O'NEAL: The best are Phoenix, Orlando and Utah. Boston's the worst. It's kind of old.

8.

PLAYBOY: As a connoisseur, name the top three martial arts movies. And what makes a great bad kung-fu movie?

O'NEAL: The three best are *Kung Fu Genius*, *Dragon Lord* and *Enter the Dragon*. No Americans. Ancient Chinese with long white beards and long robes. And the kind of movie where the lines come out after they move their mouths.

9.

PLAYBOY: Modifications in style, from baggy shorts to black shoes, have emerged in NBA uniforms. Do you follow the league's fashion trendsetters?

O'NEAL: No, I've always liked baggy shorts. I like them real long, real baggy. They make me look longer. Pinstripes make me look longer, too. Love my pinstripes.

10.

PLAYBOY: As part of your Army brat upbringing, you spent your early teens in Germany. Which phrases in the native tongue was it helpful to memorize?

O'NEAL: *"Brauchen Sie Hilfe, bitte?"* That means, "Do you need any help?" I used to work for the Department of Engineering and Housing, and we used to cut grass. If I finished my part, I'd go to the guy on the other part and say, *"Brauchen Sie Hilfe, bitte?"* and he'd say, *"Ja"* or *"Nein."* And *"Machen Sie lauter, bitte."* That means, "Make it louder." We would ride on the bus and I'd give tapes to the bus driver. Sometimes he'd turn them down low, and I'd tell him, *"Machen Sie lauter, bitte!"*

11.

PLAYBOY: Which academic subjects did you miss when you claimed hardship and passed up your senior year as a business major?

O'NEAL: I was taking an entrepreneurship class, a government class, a tax class, an accounting class. I dropped 24 hours when I left.

12.

PLAYBOY: A lot of trash-talk is just that—verbal garbage. Are there acceptable subjects in trash-talking, and which are taboo? Is denigrating your opponent's mother out of bounds in the NBA?

O'NEAL: It's good to have trash-talk. People pay to see that. If it's a big game with Karl Malone and Barkley, people pay to see Barkley intimidate Malone, or to see Malone intimidate Barkley. Most of the time it's just for fun. But a few times it does get out of hand. Barkley's a good trash-talker. There are a lot of good trash-talkers in the league. Each team has one.

I've never heard anyone talk about anyone's mother. If they do, then they're probably real, real good friends: "Hey, you can't score—your mother. . . ." But I've never heard two enemies just say, "Your mother." That's not done. A fight would probably break out. And most of the time guys want to stay in the game. That's the only subject you avoid in trash-talking. I don't know why people talk about mothers. I never knew why. But kids used to say stuff about my mother, and I just used to beat them up. I guess it's a respect thing. Respect me: Don't talk about my mother.

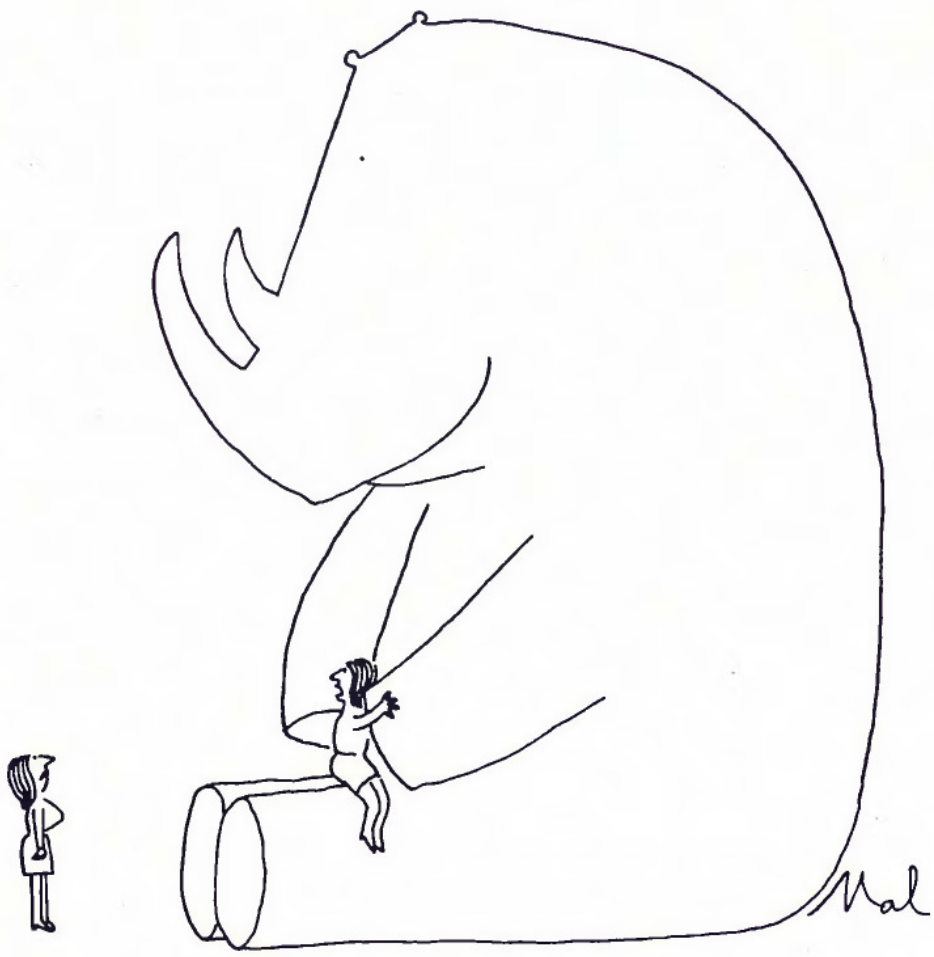
13.

PLAYBOY: How do you tell the difference between a fan who wants your autograph for his sick nephew and one who plans to sell your signature to make his car payment?

O'NEAL: Sometimes they'll say, "Sign this for my sick nephew, but don't put, 'Get well soon.'" Or they'll say, "Sign this for my nephew." What's his name? "Uh . . . uh . . . uh. . . ."

14.

PLAYBOY: You and your roommate have a contest to see who can scare the bejesus



"My parents would die if they knew I was involved with a rhinoceros."

out of the other. What is the ultimate goal: cardiac arrest, an audible scream? And is there anything that can truly frighten a man of your size?

O'NEAL: Yes. A lot of things. If you walk in your house by yourself and you didn't see any cars out front, and then you walk around a corner and somebody jumps out, you'll be scared. I don't care how big or strong you are. But the goal is to get each other to scream. No heart attack. Just a scream.

15.

PLAYBOY: You've played with the league's top players in the All-Star game. Is there a significant difference in energy levels between veterans and rookies? And how do older players compensate for their declining stamina?

O'NEAL: Older players know when to go all out and when to relax. Younger players give 100 percent all the time. Older players go at 92 percent, then 95, then 100, then back down to 95. Younger players try to stay at 100 all the time, and they get so burned out that by the fourth quarter they're down in the 70s.

16.

PLAYBOY: What is holding us back from better relationships with the women in our lives?

O'NEAL: Men, especially athletes, need to treat women better instead of calling them the names we call them. I've always treated women with utmost respect because I have four sisters and I wouldn't want anyone calling my sisters those names. So we just need to treat them as they are—and they're queens. We want to be treated like kings, so we need to treat them like queens. Fifty-fifty. I'm sure back in the old days it was 80–20, but times change. We've got to give them what they want. They want to know more and they want to do more. Back then, they didn't mind just staying in the house and taking care of the kids; now, they want to work and make their own money, so we've got to communicate with them and ask them what they want. We have to cooperate with each other.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've said that you would never date Robin Givens because the only woman who will get your money is your mother. What can women who date you expect to get? Consider this your opportunity to describe your other qualities for women.

O'NEAL: A woman who goes out with me will get someone who will respect her and who will treat her like she wants to be treated. If I'm messing with a woman and she asks me for money, I know what she's all about. But if I want to buy a woman a gift or give her a few dollars, it's because I want to do it, not because she wants me to do it. So I really don't believe it when people say, "She only wants you for your money"—because if I'm not giving her money, she's not going to get it, and if she asks me for money, I'm not going to give it to her.

18.

PLAYBOY: You were 6'8" as a high school sophomore. How many of your classmates failed to achieve their potential because they sat behind you and could not see the chalkboard?

O'NEAL: None. I always sat in the back row. Always.

19.

PLAYBOY: You've achieved your goal of being the first player to pull down the stanchion that supports the backboard during an NBA game. What improbable objective are you aiming for this season?

O'NEAL: I want to shoot eight threes. I don't know if I can do it this year. We'll have to see. But if I can get at least a couple of threes, it would get me started.

20.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that white men can't jump?

O'NEAL: Some of them can't jump. Some black men can't jump, either.

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LITTLE ROCK *(continued from page 186)*

"'The real trouble with Little Rock is that we do not have a niche. Hogs are not a niche.'"

never rise above the peon level."

So maybe the city isn't quite as caring as I wanted it to be. At lunch, Rose Crane, the girl-next-door to Clinton when he was a boy in Hot Springs and who served in his gubernatorial administration, summed up Little Rock this way: "It's a wonderful place to be poor."

•

It's a place to be touchy, too. Built into the character of the city—and of Arkansas in general—is a sensitivity about its past and its reputation, in H. L. Mencken's phrase, as a "miasmic jungle." It was a place, according to lawyer Marion Hughes in 1904, where "the men drink moonshine whiskey, the women chew and dip, the big gals go barefooted, with tobacco in their lip." In the past several decades, Little Rock was a symbol of snarling racists, Governor Orval Faubus and the notorious standoff at Central High in 1957. Much of that self-consciousness has been erased by having a son of Arkansas in the White House—a Kennedy look-alike at that, with a steel-trap mind—but the Arkansas skin remains thin. Hillary Clinton is said to become infuriated when someone says "I'm just from Arkansas."

"For *The Wall Street Journal* to question our mores——" a leading Little Rock businessman said to me, and then couldn't continue the sentence. It was as if he had been shot in the stomach. Foster's office had been just down the street from this rock-ribbed conservative's. The White House deputy counsel came from a state that's touchy about its past, its politics and its image in general. The first joke Arkansans hear is that it's a good thing Mississippi exists—so Arkansas doesn't have to be last in everything. In this context, it's not difficult to imagine Foster, who obviously lacked the rhino hide his friend Clinton is blessed with, becoming increasingly dispirited as the *Journal* poured it on. THE LEGAL CRONIES FROM LITTLE ROCK. THE CLINTON CREW. THE ROSE CLIQUE. ARKANSAS' PECULIAR MORES. WHO IS VINCENT FOSTER?

•

Had Foster made it back to Little Rock in July, he would have returned to a city in which the mood was one of mild hurt and abandonment. Half the world had descended on Little Rock on election night and for the Inauguration celebration, and it was not uncommon for a local resident to sip a cup of coffee opposite Peter Jennings, to trade niceties with Gordon Liddy or to watch Ivana Trump sail by in a stretch limo. Restaurants and hotels were filled to capacity, the money flew and there was a feeling that Little Rock was about to become Boomtown, U.S.A. But by June, Wolf Blitzer and the Secret Service were gone, Richard Dreyfuss was back home in Beverly Hills and the city seemed bewildered and shell-shocked.

"It's been three months now," an executive said to me at the Capital Bar, "and Clinton hasn't done a damned thing for us."

"What can he do?" his friend asked with genuine curiosity.

"We've got all that rice," the first man said, then muttered something about tax credits for small businesses, but it was all spoken without conviction.

"The real trouble with Little Rock," he continued despairingly, "is that we do not have a niche. Milwaukee's got beer, Chicago's got the Bulls and I do not have to tell you about Orlando. . . ."

"What about hogs?"

"That's exactly my point. Hogs are not a niche."

•

After Foster's death, I got back in touch with some of the people I'd spoken to in the City Without a Niche. Beth Arnold, a journalist and longtime resident, said that most of the people she knew were resigned to the fact that Foster took his own life, plain and simple. There were some, however, who took seriously a story circulating in Little Rock that Foster's death was linked to a series of alleged suicides in the military that he was investigating—suicides that were really cover-ups for murders related to drug smuggling through the armed services. Four of these "suicides" were Arkansans. Alan Leveritt, whose *Arkansas Times* covered the bizarre theory, personally discounts it. "I grew up in a right-wing family, so I'm not a stranger to conspiracy theories," he said. "But I don't believe there's anything to it. Foster was tremendously idealistic

"Oh, if you'd only listened to your old mother! How I begged you . . . reasoned with you . . . pleaded with you—'Have the getaway car overhauled!'—But no. . . ."

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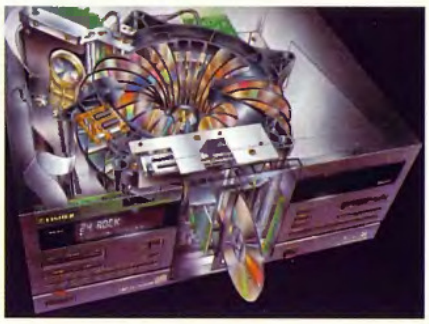

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about the move to Washington. When Hillary made her farewell speech to the Rose law firm and told how they were going to make a better life for America, Vincent was the only one in the room crying. When he got to the White House and felt he'd let down a man who was not only his closest friend but also the president, he shot himself. That's all there is to it."

A man who was terribly shaken by the Foster suicide was the leading Little Rock businessman I'd spoken to, one of the three most influential in the city. He'd been to see Clinton three times in the White House and returned home leery of the "ozone" and the way it seemed to affect the people around the president. He received the news of Foster's suicide while he was vacationing in the Carolinas. Returning to Little Rock, he assembled his staff, and they all concluded it was something that could have happened "to any one of us." That night, atypically, he sat beneath the stars and drank a bottle of fine California wine and concluded: "This is what's important, not what *The Wall Street Journal* thinks of you."

•

There are roughly 30,000 suicides in the U.S. annually (most of them white males in their 40s), yet the Vincent Foster death lingers. Few question that Foster was the "wonderful man in every way" that the president made him out to be, and the grief in Little Rock and across the nation was no doubt genuine as well. But as with every suicide, there were other more complex feelings attached. This was a White House suicide (the first since Secretary of Defense James Forrestal in the Truman administration). As such, it held out the promise of scandal and skulduggery in high places. Indeed, there were plenty of rumors—an aborted homosexual tryst at Fort Marcy, an affair with Hillary and something truly explosive that was about to be revealed in *The Washington Times*—yet none of them ever panned out. Possibly this left a cable-TV-hardened public frustrated, determined to hold on to the Foster story until given the tangier scenario it's been led to believe it deserves.

When we anoint our fellow Americans and send them off to Olympus, a.k.a. Washington, D.C., we assume they've shed their banal concerns and are ready to lead—on our behalf—a gilded, trouble-free existence. When it turns out that this hasn't happened, that they've fallen victim to the same concerns that we have to deal with—loneliness, overwork, feelings of failure—there's a sense of sadness, of course, but also of betrayal.

That the privileged Vincent Foster went to the White House and remained one of us is unacceptable. That he found a way out is even more so.

FIXING IT

(continued from page 192)

organize the necessary investments. To be effective, of course, the R&D system must first know what is wanted. Simply telling researchers to do good things doesn't work. America has to decide where it wants to play the game. We can't lead everywhere.

America has little choice but to recognize that, in today's global game of man-made comparative advantage and brainpower industries, technology strategies are central. Others will force it on us with foreign strategies for conquering the key industries of tomorrow. Europe's Airbus Industries, a corporation chartered by the German, French, British and Spanish governments, is the best current example of this reality. Airbus is designed to break the American monopoly in civilian aircraft production (America's largest export industry and a generator of a lot of our remaining high-wage industrial jobs). Airbus has succeeded in gaining worldwide market share.

What is the U.S. answer to Airbus Industries? Whatever one's views on industrial policies, there has to be an answer. Despite arguments that claim to prove Europe has wasted too much taxpayer money in developing the Airbus, the planes exist and aren't going away. The strategy worked in aircraft manufacturing and similar efforts will be organized in other industries.

Even if Americans decide not to have offensive industrial policies, we will have to develop defensive policies to deal with situations where the rest of the world targets key American industries. But playing defense alone isn't a viable strategy. You can't win if you never play offense.

When historians come to look at the Seventies and Eighties, they will observe a major mystery. Americans seemed to care less about their own futures in these two decades than they ever had before. Personal savings rates declined from 7.8 percent of disposable income in the Seventies to 4.4 percent in the past five

"Don't get anything started that I can't handle, my boy."

years. When it came to providing for its own future, the American family wasn't interested—saving far less than half the 14 percent saved in both Germany and Japan.

Corporations similarly reduced their investments in plant and equipment (a measure of their attitudes toward the future) from 13 percent in the recessionary years of 1981–1982 to ten percent in the comparable recessionary years of 1991–1992. As a result of such inadequate investment, there were seven times as many industrial robots in 1990 in Japan as there were in the U.S. The American corporation, like the American family, wasn't interested in its future.

No country can be successful investing far less than its competitors. The results of those individual, corporate and governmental decisions are well known: falling real wages for much of the population. In America the issue is not the division of spending between private and public but the division of spending between consumption and investment, between investing in the future and consuming in the present. Some of the consumption that must be held down is in the government sector and some is in the private sector. Similarly, some of the investment that must increase is in the government sector and some is in the private sector.

Health care is a good example. It is a consumption expenditure that is exploding in both the private and public sectors. Its growth drives out the long-term investments needed in both sectors. If the U.S. spends 14 percent of its GDP on health care and Japan spends six percent, Japan has more of its capital to invest in the future. If American firms must build that premium into the prices of the products they sell on world markets, they will be less competitive than foreign firms.

In an era of man-made comparative advantage, the economy requires planning. This means that the government must promote world-class investment in skills, infrastructure, R&D, and plant and equipment.

The necessary changes are not going to occur unless the president leads America in a benchmarking exercise. Americans cannot become Japanese or Germans, but they have to learn to match the quality and productivity standards of their best competitors. If they want high wages, they have no choice. America must find out where its standards are not the world's best, and then locate something in American history, tradition and culture to allow the U.S. to top those performances.

During the Cold War, Americans regularly measured our military forces against those in the U.S.S.R. With every weapons system, we wanted to know how we performed; and if we were not the best, we made the investments necessary to become the best. But we are out of that habit in the civilian economy. Our media reflect this reality. They give us hours and hours of Bosnian coverage but almost nothing about everyday economic life in the rest of the world. Unless Americans see the world as it is—and see themselves as the world sees Americans—they will never change what needs to be changed.

It is here that the president plays an important role. He essentially dominates the media. If he talks about something, we all talk about it. Vice President Dan Quayle got us talking about Murphy Brown. If the president will lead us in a benchmarking exercise, he can get us thinking about our future.

The 21st century will usher in a new economic game with different rules requiring new strategies. If Americans want to succeed, they will have to look outward to determine the needed standards of performance. External benchmarking must become a way of life. Our country will then have to be willing to make the commitment to become world-class in all dimensions of economic performance. Anything less just won't be acceptable.

"We'd rather you didn't smoke here, Senator."

DAVID LETTERMAN

(continued from page 80)

cigars, I would probably gain back all my weight, and I'm fighting that daily. It's very difficult.

PLAYBOY: You've been criticized for picking on fat people.

LETTERMAN: Well, I don't know why a fat person gets fat, but I know from my own efforts that weight loss is the single hardest personal undertaking I've ever endured.

PLAYBOY: Even Willard Scott is losing weight.

LETTERMAN: Good for him. Good for Willard. But I found in my experience that I'm always hungry. I try not to eat so much during the week—then on the weekends, once I start, I guess you'd better call the paramedics. Because you'll find me face down on the kitchen floor.

PLAYBOY: Women in our office have said, "Dave's too skinny." Have you ever heard that?

LETTERMAN: Oh, yeah. That's their problem. When I came to New York in 1980 I weighed 173 pounds. My sophomore year in college I weighed 153. So I am, by nature, skinny. I'm not a large-framed person. Then, when I got on the scales a year ago and I was like 205, I was stunned. Because I'd never paid any attention to it. I just thought I had a high metabolic rate. I thought I could eat as much as I wanted, any time. Apparently, somewhere in my late 30s all that changed. I could still eat all I wanted, but then I'd end up weighing 210 pounds. And I just thought, Good God, I can't be walking around weighing 210.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wonder what you would have done if your ratings hadn't been good the first week? How would you have tinkered with the show?

LETTERMAN: We would have done something, because there was too much at stake to ignore it. I was pretty certain that the first night would be OK, because CBS had stuffed those promos down everybody's throat. And two weeks before we went on the air we were in Chinatown videotaping a piece to do on the show, and elderly Chinese people were coming up to me, saying, [*Chinese accent*] "You go to channel two." And I said, "How do you know that?" "Oh, channel two. Channel two."

So the first night I felt OK. I thought we could get through the first night. And I fully expected the bottom to drop out on the second night. I really did. I was driven more by a sense of obligation than by a desire to get in there and do the best we could. I just thought, OK. There's a lot of money and I have to have a job and here it is. We'll do the best we can. Then, when the ratings didn't go down, it became like a whole new universe. It was like, Oh, my God! You mean we actually have a chance of success here? And that has kind of been the mood since. The prevailing mood here has been: Let's get in the harness and plow.

PLAYBOY: You still get standing ovations every night.

LETTERMAN: Oh, we're all sick of the standing ovations. But you know what it is? The standing ovation the first night was OK, that made some sense. But as I said the first night, all I really did was take the summer off. Then it hit me that these people were standing because: Oh, Dave has a job. Then, of course, anybody watching the show sees the standing ovation and thinks it must be written on the sign. They have to have a standing ovation. Tonight they didn't stand and I thought, Thank goodness. And then all of a sudden they were standing again. It was sort of like it had slipped their minds. "Oh, yeah. Stand up. All right." But it couldn't be more embarrassing. They're very sweet. The audiences have been great, but I think it's Pavlovian more than anything.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry when things are going too well? Do you think a safe is going to fall on your head?

LETTERMAN: Absolutely. I think any reasonable person would. Don't you?

PLAYBOY: But doesn't that keep you from enjoying your success?

LETTERMAN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Then what's the point of having it?

LETTERMAN: I suffer from anhedonia.

PLAYBOY: Why struggle to get it if you can't enjoy it once you have it?

LETTERMAN: Well, I think the exercise is the struggle. If life isn't hard, you're doing something wrong. Don't you think? And I'll sleep when I'm dead. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Anything else before we turn off the tape recorder?

LETTERMAN: Please don't make me look like a dweeb in this. I can tell from your line of questioning and your tone that you're making me out to be a total fucking dweeb. You're not exactly dealing with a chimp here.

PLAYBOY: You're being ridiculous.

LETTERMAN: Because if you do, I'll come down there and kill you. And you know I can do it. I can get on the goddamn train and be down in two and a half hours.

PLAYBOY: All right—we'll print that.

"When I think of all we've done for that dog."

GOLF-BALL-SIZE HAIL

(continued from page 212)

"'I'll go see Wayne Newton. I'll do everything but throw him our house key wrapped in my underwear.'"

of the tough, real instructions of secretarial school—the shorthand and the Palmer and the formal business letters and 70 to 80 and more words per minute without mistakes and without looking, the mastery, I mean, of that infinite keyboard (or, at Taloo's level, even palette) of the 100 different numerals, characters, punctuation marks, underscore keys, percentage, dollar and ampersand signs and all the uppercase, lowercase conditions—was as savvy and street-smart as someone who had never even seen a reservation. A thoroughly ignoble savage these days, wily as a wife.

"So then, I may make a reservation?"

"Sure. Go ahead."

"*Way*unn."

"I *said* go ahead, didn't I?"

"On your birthday?"

"You drive a hard bargain, Taloo."

"Wayne, there's nothing, absolutely nothing, to fear."

"I told you," I said. "Go on, go ahead."

"There's nothing to it, honey. You'll see."

"Listen to me, Taloo. I'll see him. I'll applaud along with everyone else at exactly the right time and won't anybody there take it into his head to shame us. I'll go see him, I'll go hear him, I'll do just about everything but throw our house key wrapped in my underwear up on the stage to him. Only but don't you dare tell me there's nothing to it. That song-singing, bankrupt man up there singing for his creditors, for all his unpaid lawyers and horse veterinarians and pneumonia docs, for the S&Ls and the banks and the back payments on his mortgage, for the I, R and S people and the Douglas County property-assessor people, right on up to the unpaid balance on his American Express card, represents *me*. There's to it, there's to it, all right!"

"That's Engelbert Humperdinck you're thinking of."

"My grandfather?"

"The singer. He's the one the ladies throw up the keys to their rooms to."

"Don't change the subject, Taloo. And you, an Indian! You of all people! You know how I feel. Or ought to. It isn't as if you were born with a Christian name. It isn't as if you came into the world and your mommy said, 'Oh, look, it's a girl. Let's call her Elizabeth, let's call her Jane.' Am I right, Spirit of the Maize?"

"Please, Wayne, stop it. Stop it, Wayne!"

"Big medicine. *Big*. Immense heaping spoonfuls!"

"Please," said sad Taloo, "please?"

I hate it when a grown woman cries. All you can do is try to jolly her out of it.

"Oh, come on, Taloo," I said, "I didn't mean it. Hush. Hush, now. Big red Indian girls don't cry. You're supposed to be all stoic and stuff. Goldarnit, Taloo, dagnabit, gal, give us a smile, why not? Grin us a grin here. Dadgum, pretty lady, why you got to go all mourney-face on me? What you got to look that way for?"

I'd slipped into my prospector routine for her, my all-purpose scout, surveyor, dowser, salty-old-hermit mode—my high-plains-drifter one. But she wasn't buying.

I waited till she was calmer and then, tentatively, called her birth name again, only tenderly this time, as a brave of her tribe might have done. Murmuring, "Spirit of the Maize?"

"What?" she asked in the sort of sexy, pouty, crazy, wide-eyed, headbanded, fringed and mini-buckskinned way she put on sometimes, more like an Indian maiden from vaudeville and imagination and the picture on the pound carton of Land O Lakes butter than any real Indian woman. "Whatum great white daddy wantum? Great white dad wantum fetchum reservations for Wayne Newton show on him's birthday?"

It was as inevitable as a syllogism. All men are vulnerable. Woody Allen is a man. Woody Allen is vulnerable.

Taloo made reservations. Getting me to agree had been like pulling teeth, she said. She had thought it would never happen, she said. It was a real occasion when it did. One real occasion deserved another. That's why she insisted it fall on my birthday. I had thought she'd been kidding, or was at least being hyperbolic, merely indulging some vestigial war whoop of the heart.

•

I mean, if I were called Woody Allen, or Lee Harvey Oswald or Hitler, or the name of any of a dozen thousand fate-humbled guys, tragically flawed, or maybe with a gene turned up missing in the character, that'd be something else, a different story, a horse of another color. But here I was, only Wayne Newton, misfortune's merest aftershock, a teensy blip in the history of disgrace. What's the big deal? You're dealt a hand like that, you live with it. You don't just pick up, quit Corinth and light out for the territories. As Kenny Rogers (the singer, not my brother-in-law) says, you gotta know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em.

So looked at this way, viewed philosophically, I offered no resistance when Tallulah told me she'd made reservations. Indeed, once it was done and we'd fixed on that famous date certain Taloo so loved throwing around, it was actually me who got anxious and started to make preparations for the evening. I made an appointment to get my hair cut. I shopped for a shirt, a new suit, the first I'd bought in years. Las Vegas ain't Paris, France. It's no fashion capital. The dress here is casual. Very few bother with suits and ties, and if most of the men wear jackets it's because of the air-conditioning. The only people you ever see in a tux are the stars and the waiters and the guys who work the gaming tables. Even the high rollers look like folks got up to go to the ball game. I didn't care. If I were to err it would be on the side of more rather than less, feast rather than famine.

And Taloo, too. I gave her money to have her hair done. I plunked down $175 for a dress, new shoes. I considered a corsage but decided against it. Too prom night.

Well, it was all too prom night, but hey, I'd already lost or at least surrendered that argument. So, gritting my teeth, on the appointed hour of the appointed day I put on my top hat, my white tie and my tails, and me and Taloo sallied forth toward the Strip. It was a nice evening, clear, peculiarly mild for Vegas, balmy, possibly even a little on the cool side. As I say, Newton performs only a few blocks from where we live. We decided to walk.

It's strange. Everyone's seen pictures of Vegas' neon storm, its 2 trillion bulbs like galaxies in some squeezed electronic universe. So intense, so bright is the light here that it seems to give off its own climate. Las Vegas is desert country, of course. You couldn't fill a soup can with its mean average rainfall. And on the Strip, even after one of our rare downpours, the streets are dry not ten minutes after the rain has stopped. On TV, on the local news, we don't have meteorologists. The anchor gives the high and low for the day, and the numbers for Philadelphia, Chicago, Nashville, Detroit—whatever the hometowns happen to be for the tourist contingents in town. And always, snidely with relish, the lows in Atlantic City, the snowfall in inches, small-craft advisories, the golf-ball-size hail that elsewhere has fallen.

So there we were, me and Taloo, not hand in hand but got up in our Sunday-go-to-meeting, almost, out there in the spit and polish of that umbrella of light, practically strutting, looking for all the world either as if we were slumming or fresh from one of the town's joke wedding chapels, like newlyweds.

We passed the Aladdin with its minarets and its great, fat doormen got up as eunuchs and genies. One smiled at

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me, stepped away from his door and, out of the blue, apropos of absolutely nothing, nothing at all, told me, "Wayne Newton once tried to buy this place but he couldn't, I don't know, come up with the dough—something. Now we never even see him. *Somebody's* name is mud."

Well. Why was he telling me this stuff? Me, of all people? I tell you, I felt this frisson, this sudden chill. As if there'd been some topsy-turvying in the ozone layer, some climatic breakthrough—new, cool meteorologies under the sequenced lamps on the marquee of the Aladdin Hotel. "Hey," he said, holding Taloo's elbow, "want me to open the door for you anyway?"

"Get away," I said. "Don't touch the Indian."

"He didn't mean anything, Wayne," Tallulah said when we were again on our way. "He's either crazy or drunk. It's nothing. Don't use this as an excuse to ruin our evening."

And I wouldn't have, I had no intention. In for a penny, in for a pound, as we say here in Vegas. Then, there, up ahead, outside the Las Vegas Hilton, plain as the nose, was his sign, the big bold black letters crying out his name—our name—like a headline. I'd seen that sign hundreds of times, but mostly in daylight when it wasn't lit up, and never when the name stood by itself without at least the warm-up act accompanying it. This was like the defiance of a tradition. It was more. It was hubris. A sharp, solid slap in the puss of show business itself.

"Look," I told Taloo, pointing to the sign, "it's a sign."

"Oh, Wayne," she said, "it isn't a sign, it's a *sign*."

But she'd gathered my meaning, she'd caught my drift. You can take the Indian off the reservation, but you can't take the reservation off the Indian. Something like that. And, beneath the balminess of the pleasant, almost-room-temperature evening, I felt this second frisson. One frisson can generally be explained away, but two in ten minutes? That's definitely new conditions in the world.

The doormen at the Hilton are dressed less exotically than the fellows at the Aladdin. In their tall, stiff hats, long jackets, waistcoats and trousers that tuck into their boots, they look almost like gents in a gothic romance. They're less threatening than genies, traditional, almost conventional. One stepped out to greet us. He touched his forefinger to the brim of his hat. "Good evening, madam," he said, "good evening, sir."

The dollar bill was already folded in my hand.

"This is for you," I said, "here."

"*Danke schoen*," he said, pronouncing the name of the signature song.

"Wayne Newton is in excellent voice tonight," he said as we started through the door he held open for us. "You'd think he hadn't a care in the world."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Wayne!" Taloo said, pulling me away.

"Whose side are you on, Taloo? You heard him! You heard what he said."

"He's just being polite," Taloo whispered. "They train them to say that. He's just plugging the show."

"I *am*!" said the doorman. "But you wouldn't, not a care in the world, madam. Woody Allen should have that kind of guts. It would be a better world all around. I say step up to the plate. Instead of moaning in your beer, sir, or giving out interviews and cover stories to every Tom, Dick and Harry, or calling press conferences, do your duty, step up to the plate, get *on* with it!"

I turned to the doorman 15 feet behind us. "Woody Allen hasn't missed his gig at Michael's Pub since this first started."

"His gig," he laughed, "his *gig*?"

I took Taloo's arm and moved off through the bright maze of polished slots and green-felt gaming tables, all the clink and clatter of loose change and chips.

We were close to the Showroom, where Tallulah had made reservations.

"I don't know about this, Tallulah," I said. "He heard what you said and you were whispering."

"Some people's hearing is more acute than other people's. On the reservation, when I was a girl, my hearing was very acute."

"Yes?" said the maître d'.

I looked at my wife. She looked right back at me. I gulped. Literally. I gulped.

"Table for two at 7:30 for Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Newton," I said. The five singles were already folded in my hand.

The guy didn't turn a hair. He didn't. Then he took only three of my singles. They got me, I was thinking. The sons of bitches. They got me again!

"You and madam can have something at the bar while you're waiting. I'll let you know when your table is ready."

The place was practically empty. All they *had* were tables. Our reservations were for the dinner show; we were almost the only ones there. At the few tables that were occupied, two or three people in casual street clothes were counting chips, laying the blue, red and green chips out in piles like runs in rummy. I would have left right then and right there, but Taloo was holding tight to the sleeve of my suit coat. She still had acute hearing. She could hear a lizard step on a stick, or hear it cross a leaf a hundred yards off. She could hear the human heart.

"Oh, what a good idea," my wife told the guy. "I'd just love some champers, wouldn't you, Wayne?"

"You're playing right into their hands, you know that, don't you?" I said when she held out her champagne glass for me to clink. "Jesus, Taloo, you saw the dust

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on the bottle when he opened it. They don't sell four glasses of this shit from one New Year's to the next."

"Oooh. The bubbles tickle my nose."

From where I was sitting I could see the Showroom fill up.

"You look so nice in your suit, Wayne."

"Yeah, well, the suit was a mistake. I'm the only one even wearing a tie in here."

"It's a *nice* tie."

"You think? It doesn't have any writing on it like their T-shirts."

"Your table is ready, Mr. Newton. If you'll just follow me."

He'd put us up near the front. We were practically ringside. Although we rarely hit the hot spots, I'd have to say they were probably some of the best seats in the house. I should have seen what was coming.

•

I have to admit, the food and drink they serve in these places are terrific bargains. Well, it's not hard to figure. They're setting you up is what. These places, even swell places like the Hilton, make their big dough on the gambling. The heaping portions they give you, the opulent guest rooms and suites, are loss leaders. All that firestorm of electric and neon is. So I should have seen what was coming, I *should*. And, in a way, maybe I did. Sure I did. Or what was that dread all about? The sense I'd had not only all evening and not even only since she'd started nagging me about it but even before the Sunday-go-to-slaughter of my shirt and my suit, her hairdo and dress. Maybe ever since Wayne Newton out of Svetlana by Elvis came to consciousness out of, by, with and through all the other thoroughbred prepositionals of my and Tallulah's star-crossed fates. This was the date certain, I was certain.

Taking no solace, not letting up even after a trio of humming waiters brought out, shining brightly in the light-dimmed room, a blazing birthday cake, the waiters' voices amplified by the black battery packs hidden on their hips and the dark collar mikes pinned to their tuxedos as they ostentatiously weaved in and out, past and through the tables in the packed, sold-out Showroom, coming toward ours, close, closer, closer, until, at the last minute, they suddenly swerved away from our own and set the cake down a few tables over, where they broke out of their hum and into "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you." Relieved at first, of course, but taking no solace, toying with the good food, picking at the delicious appetizer, picking at the splendid salad, nursing the grand soup, stalling, understand, trying to ward off for a little while, postpone the moment, a moment when they would be at *our* table, singing for $5 or $10 or $15 or however many dollars Tallulah had given them to sing *my* birthday so that me and everyone else in the room, too, could know the measly bottom lines of my saved-up, new-suit, shined-shoe life.

So that was at least part of the dread. I was letting all this great chow get cold and warming the chill off my lettuce, and. . . .

It's not that I'm shy. I'm not shy. Otherwise I could have changed my name, Taloo says, I always had that option. Although I've told her at least a thousand times that I couldn't have.

"You could," she tells me, "you could change your name."

"Let him change his."

"You could. Why couldn't you?"

"I am what I am."

All that's part of the dread, too. It's all part of the dread. Meanwhile the busboys are trying to clear the dishes from the tables. I'm not finished, I tell them, I'm still eating my lamb chop, I'm still sipping my wine. But the show, they say, it's almost time for the show.

"Damn it, not yet. I paid good money for this stuff. I have no intention of wolfing it down."

"You can take *my* dishes away," Taloo says, looking at them desperately and trying, I even think so at the time, to send some frantic signal, almost the way somebody kidnapped, say, and held at gunpoint by her captors might make the squeezed, gnarled semaphore of her urgency to the attendant wiping her windows or filling her tank, or push the international body English for personal emergency at the cop who stops her for speeding.

It was done in an instant. I saw it all. There wasn't a thing I could do about it. Busboy number one hands off to busboy number two. Busboy number two high-signs our waiter. Our waiter makes some prearranged pass at the other hummer-singers in the outfit, pulls a lighter from one pocket of his tux and a cake candle from the other, plants the blunt end of the candle into the dwindled summit of

"I'd smile, too, if everything my company owned were tax-exempt."

my mashed potatoes, ignites the business end with the cigarette lighter, gives the two other guys the pitch, and the three of them render the official Las Vegas battery-pack-amplified, mike-augmented version of *Happy Birthday to You* to me, to Tallulah, to the people around us, to the whole damn still-lit-up room.

It goes:

"Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday, *Wayne Newton*,
Happy birth-day to yooo!"

Everyone in the room joins in.

Then the room goes dark. Then this disembodied voice, come up out of the bowels of the universe could be, the burning bush, proclaims, "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. THE MANAGEMENT OF THE MAGNIFICENT SHOWROOM IN THE FABULOUSLY BEAUTIFUL LAS VEGAS HILTON TAKES PRIDE AND GREAT PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING THE STAR OF OUR SHOW: THE ONE. THE ONLY—MR.!—WAYNE!—NEWTON!"

And two spotlights go zigging and zagging around the room, are joined by a third, punching limelight holes in the darkness and filling them in again the second they pass. How they manage to avoid colliding is a mystery.

I can't help it. Involuntarily, I am thrilled. The hairs stand up. Whatever it is about show business, drumrolls and fanfares, awe, wonder, something ever-so-faintly religious, the sprung, suddenly unbanked fires of some brassy human patriotism come spritzing up out of the wellsprings and I'm a goner, like someone cheering at a parade, as into it as any fan in the room who has all his albums, the serenade of waiters forgiven, forgotten, when suddenly, almost like a sour note, somebody says something and the music of the band unravels, collapses.

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It takes me a moment to reconstruct it, to hear what I have already heard, to realize that it's Wayne Newton himself who has spoken, none other. The three spotlights have found him, converging on him like a special effect in movies, the trebled light focusing him so clearly, so sharply, he is almost difficult to look at. I have the impression that were I to touch him in that light I would cut myself on him.

He stands forth in the limelight in a tuxedo so carefully fit to his body it seems—the jacket and trousers—as if it's been cut from a single, continuous sheet of fabric. For a cummerbund he wears an enormous strap and buckle of silk and diamonds that looks for all the world like the belt a championship wrestler would wear. "But it's not my birthday," he says cheerfully, "it's not. It's not my birthday. My birthday isn't for another five months yet. Who put you up to this, audience? Steve and Eydie put you up to this? Buddy? Frank? Bobby Goulet?"

Although I can't make out who it is in the absolute darkness that embraces but does not pierce Wayne Newton's customized limelight, someone must be there because the entertainer inclines his head in an attitude of attention toward the right edge of his spot, losing, it seems, an ear, a piece of his head.

"What's that?" he says. "Say what?" He leans even farther into the darkness, taking off half his face. "Really?" he says. "Really, no kidding? How do you like that, what d'ya know?

"Bring up the houselights. Houselights, please."

All the lights in the Showroom come on.

"Where?" Wayne Newton says. "Show me."

Busboy number two points right in my direction. He's still holding one of our dinner plates in his hand.

"Hey," Wayne says, "are you really Wayne Newton? Are you?"

I can't speak, I'd choke if I tried. My mouth feels as if it holds three tongues. All I can do is nod.

"Let's give him a great big Las Vegas Hilton Showroom round of applause. *Wayne Newton*, ladies and gentlemen!

"Come on up here, Wayne! Wayne Newton, *come on up*!"

Inexplicably, the houselights go down and the spotlight pins me to my chair, its beam so narrow and focused that not even Taloo is illuminated.

"Come on, I won't bite you, come on up. Really," he coaxes, "come on. Folks, I think Mr. Newton needs a little encouragement." And starts this rhythmic applause like they do. Clap clap. Clap clap clap. Everyone in the room takes it up. Clap clap. Clap clap clap.

"Go on up, Wayne," Tallulah tells me, "be a sport."

But I'm frozen in place. I couldn't have moved if I'd wanted to. It's my worst dreams come true. Worse than my worst dreams.

"*You* did this, Taloo," I snarl at her. "This is all on your *head*."

Then they did something I couldn't have expected. Using a device they brought in from the wings, a couple of stagehands lowered this sort of ramp from the stage to the dance floor, and Wayne Newton started down off the stage toward me. For some reason I couldn't let that happen, and I forced myself to stand, rising through and pushing against layers of heavy limelight like someone drowning might have kicked, flailed and pulled toward air.

And something I'd *never* have expected: The dread was gone. As absent from my ambience and atmosphere as enemy bombers from the sky after the all-clear has sounded. I wasn't angry or embarrassed, or wondering what was going to happen to me once I was up on that

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stage. I was thinking, My goodness, they have a ramp for this sort of thing, correcting myself even while it occurred to me, the perception clean, bright and burning as the light that led me. No, not for this sort of thing at all—for the showgirls to come down into the audience, the path the chanteuse uses when she approaches the fat, balding guy to sit in his lap. Amazed not only by the infinite number of tools available to us but by the various improvisational uses to which they could be put in an emergency. And, My, I'm thinking, mankind is such hot stuff. Me too, I'm thinking.

And then, all of a sudden, guided, emboldened by the guy in the light booth expertly manipulating the spots, I was strutting toward my fate. They were still clapping, louder than before even. I don't even need the ramp, I was thinking, I could get up on that stage using nothing but the damn limelight itself. But checking myself, thinking as soon as I thought it, Uh-oh, ain't this just what they mean by hubris? Checking myself, trying to take it back but knowing it was already too late, that a miss is as good as a mile, that all errors are fatal errors, that the great Manitou doesn't hear apologies.

Knowing one's sin, calling it by its name, means nothing, nothing at all. Hubris had done in much better guys than me. So what that the spotlight didn't quit at just burning my skin but went right on through my fancy new clothes? So what that it may actually have raised my temperature a few degrees? So what that I choked on the limelight now, that it oppressed my lungs like fog, damp air, that I coughed on its queer, electric stink? So what that I spit out my hubris the instant I recognized that that's what it was? *I kept on coming, didn't I?*

Like Woody made no apologies, offered hardly any justifications, or even explanations, for what he did. Poor Woody, poor Woody Allen. You can't quarrel with the heart, he said, or with glands. Something like that. And me, I just kept on coming, and kept on coming.

•

Until I was up there with the man himself, and we were two discrete beams of limelight now in the otherwise darkened house.

Wayne Newton stuck his hand out for me to shake. We must have looked, in our spots, like the two interlocking circles on a Master Card.

"Well, pardner," he said, "never thought I'd meet *you*!"

He put his hand mike up to my mouth.

"Never thought I'd meet *you*!" I said.

He chuckled. "Hey," Wayne Newton said, "how do I know this isn't some six-degrees-of-separation thing or something? Have you got any identification?"

He held out his microphone again.

"I am what I am," I murmured. Unaccustomed to using one of those things, I actually jumped when my voice sounded out like a thunderclap. The audience thought it was some kind of fright-take. They laughed and applauded.

"No, but really," Wayne Newton said, "have you? I ask for a reason."

"Identification?"

"Yeah. A driver's license, your Social Security. Even a credit card."

I took my Nevada driver's license out of my wallet and passed it through our twin circles of light.

He examined it like a cop. I reached across for his mike.

"You fixing to give me a ticket?" I asked, and everyone in the Showroom laughed. A man could get used to this, I thought. Try to remember this, I told myself. It's never going to happen again, ever. Ever. Unhappiness covered over the dread and the euphoria and even the thought of my hubris and I was this empty vessel of expectation, like a guy on a table waiting for his massage.

But he wasn't listening to me or, when he finally spoke, speaking to me, either. He was addressing the audience, and if I were still part of the show, it was because I had turned into a prop—or no, not a prop, exhibit number one. It was that Nevada driver's license that was the prop.

"I knew there was some mistake. I *knew* there was!" Wayne Newton said. The man in the booth covered him in still another spotlight, splashing him in a corona of light. "Hey," he said, "a man in my position, a man in my position runs through attorneys, business managers, accountants. Books get scrambled, so futzed up it'd take the head librarian at the Library of Congress to straighten them out. Honest mistakes, some lakeside property here, a piece of pasture for a few horses there, a chunk of investment capital somewhere else, getting, spending and the press of business, and before one can say Jack Robinson one's creditors are all over one. You're a singer and recording artist, you don't read half the things you put your hand to. Before you know it you're filing for bankruptcy on the advice of counsel."

Slowly, deliberately as someone turning toward danger, Wayne Newton, pulling his with him, joined me inside my circle of light.

We were, we were *candescent*! He's an old trouper and, as for me, not only was all this new to me but, as I say, I could have lived another hundred years and it would never have happened to me again.

What can I tell you? I was blinded by the terrific light. I stumbled in light—the wine and champagne, the applause, the attention, the height of the stage—floundering there in the Vegas desert like a fish introduced.

Wayne Newton in my circle of light, up in my face. Newton and Newton. The Wayne Newton boys. The real Wayne Newton is talking. Only talking to *me* now, the mike still there in his hand, though you could tell from the angle by which he held it he wasn't conscious of it anymore. And me, blind in the bright I could feel like a heat wave, knowing as a blind man knows things, by the ricochet of presence, the modification of voice.

"So I *knew* there had to be a mistake. Well, but what the hell. They show you a water bill, they tell you you owe on a place with an address you don't even recognize except it must be in some part of town you're sure you ain't ever been unless maybe to pass through in your limo when the Strip is crowded and the chauffeur drives you to the club the roundabout way.

"I mean it never even *occurred* to me. Really. It never did. Except in some idly probing, vaguely speculative sense on the drifting borders of sleep, say, some only mildly interesting daydream any even only-heads-up resident of a place like this might entertain once in a while. Like, oh, well, Vegas ain't exactly any shining city on a hill or something, never mind the bright lights, its cutesy wedding chapels, its resort-endowed churches, synamagogues and all its whatnots. What, it ain't connected, it ain't? It don't draw—no matter how all its excellent, highly skilled PR people, world-class security and advanced top-drawer, top-gun sheriffs and blue-ribbon gaming commissions squeaky-clean its image—a certain (no disrespect) element? Pshaw and fiddle-dee-dee, it *draws* its element. Never mind the girls are inspected and the chicken ranches on the outskirts of town have this reputation that the johns go there as much to take the waters as to get themselves laid. I mean, let's not kid ourselves, folks, this town is *about* money. So of *course* it draws a certain element, of *course* it does.

"When they show me a water bill, or want to collect on garbage, on sewage or some piddling fee for a hunting or fishing license I *know* I don't owe, I figure, what the hell, what's a guy to do? It's just your simple nickel-and-dime vigorish on some ordinary human scale. It's actually a little touching, if you want to know. Because greed is no respecter of the numbers, of the dollars and cents. It takes whatever it can get from whomever it can get it from.

"I don't make a stink, I don't put up a fuss. It just never even *occurs* to me I'm hauling water for some *other* poor Wayne Newton son of a gun. I just step up to the plate, pay the two dollars and get on with it.

"I don't worry my pretty little head.

"I don't even think about it.

"Until——

"Until——

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"Well, until happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday Wayne Newton, happy birthday to you. Which I overhear while I'm still in the wings waiting to be called on, waiting to run out and hit my mark when the house goes to black and the spotlight finds me."

I don't even remember when he ceased to look at me, when he stepped out of his spotlight and took it back with him like this wide lariat of light. I don't even know that, left on my own, I am actually a few degrees cooler, maybe even a bit chilly. All I can be sure of is that Mr. Newton's mood has changed, that, though I don't understand his reasons, he may actually be a little sore at me, as if, well, as if he'd been willing to write off abstract vigorish and platonic greed but was incapable of dealing with them when they came embodied in an actual true-to-life, full-blooded, full-scale human being.

And before I knew what was happening he had me involved in this sort of zany catechism, this, well, minstrel interlocutory. (I don't recall how it happened, how I came by it or who gave it to me, but somehow there was a microphone of my own in my hands.)

The real Wayne Newton was speaking.

"Your name is Wayne Newton?"

"Yes, sir."

The audience in the Showroom howled with laughter.

Wayne Newton said, "Were you at any time billed for services or did there ever come a time when you believed or suspected that you were being improperly charged for items and obligations that you knew you had not yourself properly incurred, even though you may have recognized that the name on the invoice was apparently the same name as your own?"

"No, sir."

They were wheezing, slapping their thighs, they were banging their tables.

"Not so much as a phone bill?"

"No, sir."

"Flowers? Opening-night bouquets for a fellow performer?"

"No, sir. I got no call to send flowers to fellow performers."

"Congratulatory telegrams? BREAK A LEG? HAVE A HERNIA? CATCH FLU? GET MUMPS AND DIE?"

I just looked at him.

It seemed that they couldn't get enough of me. Maybe it was my timing, I was thinking.

"So no phone bills? No roses and telegrams? No complimentary gift certificates for casino chips in $1000, $3000 or $5000 amounts?" Wayne Newton said.

"Absolutely not. No, sir! Certainly *not*!" I waited for the laugh. Nothing happened. "I'm just an ordinary working man, sir," I put in. "I don't even *have* that kind of money." It was my best delivery, the best reading I knew how to give the line. They sat on their hands. Dummy, I thought angrily, miserably, what do you expect with such lousy material?

And, just as quickly as I had entered whatever delusion it was that had permitted me to believe I was anything but a kind of window of opportunity for this guy, I snapped out of it and was only another Wayne Newton again. I'm not exaggerating when I say I sensed that the mood of the audience had shifted, that it had become restless. I sensed even Tallulah's restlessness.

"Well," Wayne Newton said, "that's about that then, kiddo. Even though I only found out about you by accident this evening, I want you to know that I'm sick and tired of carrying you. How do I know you ain't the straw that broke the camel's back? Once I built a tower to the sun," he said, "my, how that tower could climb. Yeah, yeah," Wayne Newton said, "once I built a tower, now it's done. Sure," he said, "six bits here, a dollar and a half somewhere else, $17.39 down between the sofa cushions, and all of a sudden I'm a known human bankrupt."

As I've tried on occasion to tell my wife, Tallulah, there's a pattern in show business, something between ritual and timing. You can't explain it, whatever it is—"mood" is as good a word as any—that controls this stuff, but somehow I knew Wayne Newton was through with me, that even if I'd tried to express dismay or answer his charges, it was out of my hands, that they'd probably turned off my mike.

At the same time that I understood that they never let you go away empty-handed!

Prizes, there'd be prizes. He'd tell me he'd only been kidding. He'd tell me what a good sport I'd been.

"Franco," Wayne Newton said, "put this gentleman's bill on my tab. If, as a bankrupt, I still *have* a tab. He's a good sport," he told one and all. "Let's give him a great big Las Vegas Hilton Showroom round of applause. *Wayne Newton,* ladies and gentlemen!"

My chest cramped. Sharp pains shot up and down my left arm. Even though I was being led down the ramp, conducted toward gravity by some big gorgeous showgirl suddenly materialized beside me, I felt this dizziness, this horrible shortness of breath.

"Oh, and happy birthday," the real Wayne Newton called after me, "many happy returns."

I didn't acknowledge his good wishes. I couldn't.

"Oh, yeah," he said, "*many* happy returns."

•

Maybe because I stumbled. Maybe because the guy working the spot in the light booth saw I was in trouble. Maybe because every trade makes its

preparations for contingency. Or maybe just because it's one thing for them to find your table with the houselights full up and another for them to find it again in the dark. Or maybe, maybe really, because the journey forth is always simpler than the journey back, the spotlight had been extinguished and the Showroom was lighted up again like any ordinary restaurant.

Here and there throughout the room people were still applauding. When we reached the dance floor the showgirl guiding me squeezed my arm and gave me a sisterly kiss on the cheek before handing me off to someone else, probably Franco, who waited at the bottom of the ramp to escort me back to the table. First, though, he held out the bill for the show, for our drinks and our dinner, in his hand. Automatically, I move to accept it, and at just that moment he ripped it in half, tore the two halves in four pieces, the four into eight, building this confetti of forgiven obligation.

The son of a bitch balled it up and lobbed it at me. It settled about my head, in my hair, along the shoulders of my new suit like freak weather, like snow, dangerous ice, and I felt this chill.

Wayne Newton, behind me, rendered *Happy Birthday* and *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*—you know, the Good Sport medley—a cappella.

The applause was louder than ever.

The people a few tables down who had earlier that evening received the blazing birthday cake and been the subject of the waiters' initial serenade (while I sat squirming) gave it up for me. They waved their forearms in a furious circular motion. They went "whoo whoo whoo whoo whoo."

Tallulah, risen at our table, gave me a standing ovation. I hardly saw her for my tears.

"Come on, pal," Franco said, "I'll take you to her."

I removed his hand from my arm and, when he turned toward where Taloo still stood, I just kept on going toward the exit.

"No, Wayne," Taloo cried, "over here. Over here."

Franco, thinking maybe I was lost, doubled back for me. I shook him off. I still felt tiny shards of the bill he'd torn up stinging my scalp. They lay along my new duds like chips off a cold humiliation. It was the evening's fourth or fifth frisson. Thick and fast now, a blizzard of frissons, frissons like a stalled front.

"Wayne," Taloo called, "Wayne? *Wayne*?" Then, taking it to a higher court, she appealed, "Where's he going, Mr. Newton?" I didn't even have to look. Her voice, her *voice* was blushing. Our time together and city ways had leached all stoicism from her. Business college had, dictation, those 80-plus words per minute she typed, the time she spent in front of her computer terminal. Even

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

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QUARTERBACK CHIC

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Page 166: "Troy Aikman": **Boots** by *Code West*, available at all Thieves Market locations throughout southern California. **Tuxedo** by *Bill Kaiserman*, available at Tyrone, 76 Spruce St., Cedarhurst, NY, 516-569-3330. **Formalwear shirt** by *Joseph Abboud*, at Joseph Abboud, 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200 and 1335 Fifth Ave., Seattle, 206-223-1331. **Bow tie** by *Sulka*, available at Sulka, 430 Park Ave., N.Y.C., 212-980-5200, 55 E. Oak St., Chicago, 312-951-9500 and 262 N. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills, 310-859-9940. **Studs** and **cuff links** by the *Antique Jewel Box*, available at 703-978-2376. Page 167: "Warren Moon": **Tuxedo** by *Joseph Abboud*, available at Joseph Abboud, 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212 and 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200. **Vest** by *Joseph Abboud*, available by special order only at Joseph Abboud, 325 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT, 203-869-2212, 37 Newbury St., Boston, 617-266-4200 and 1335 Fifth Ave., Seattle, 206-223-1331. **Formalwear shirt** by *Ike Behar*, available at Ike Behar, 201 S. Biscayne Blvd., Suite 107, Miami, 305-539-1475; Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Bow tie** by *Donna Karan New York*, available at Louis, Boston, 234 Berkeley St., Boston, 800-225-5135. **Formalwear shoes** by *Cole-Haan*, available at Cole-Haan stores nationwide. **Studs** and **cuff links** by *Cole-Haan*, available at Cole-Haan stores nationwide.

ON THE SCENE

Page 277: "Vintage Smoke": **Cigars:** By *Partagas*, available at fine tobacco shops nationwide. By *Ashton*, available at fine tobacco shops nationwide. By *Macanudo Vintage*, available at fine tobacco shops nationwide. By *Romeo y Julieta*, available at fine tobacco shops nationwide. By *Dunhill*, available at your closest Dunhill dealer. For more information on vintage smokes, order a copy of *The Ultimate Cigar Book* for $38.50, postpaid, from Richard Carleton Hacker, P.O. Box 634, Beverly Hills, California 90213.

the twice-vitiate magic of her assumed name. *Where's he going, Mr. Newton, where's he going?* Pathetic. The whole goddamn room was lit up! I was heading for the exit sign, a visible, moving target, for Christ's sake! Where were the vaunted skills of her people? This was one neutralized, nullified Navaho.

Still, she couldn't let it go.

"Stop him, Mr. Newton," she called. "Oh, *please* stop him!" as fish-out-of-water as the time we were both caught napping and didn't stand for the *Hallelujah Chorus*, or clapping her head off before the symphony was finished, or in the museum gift shop one time when she asked the lady behind the counter if they stocked reproductions of those cute poker-playing dogs. Out of place in this venue, too, a Las Vegas casino, classless as a filling station. I don't know who I felt more embarrassed for—Tallulah, myself or Wayne Newton.

"Come back, Wayne. *Please, Wayne*," Taloo cried out, "*we haven't seen the show yet!*"

If only he hadn't responded. If only he hadn't complied. If only he'd remembered just where he was and that at this casino alone there must have been two or three people a night who'd gotten in over their heads and went belly-up and would have to make arrangements just to handle their hotel bill. Maybe he was thinking of his own sad story. Let's give him the benefit. Let's *say* he was thinking of his own sad story. His unpaid bills, all those songs he had yet to sing before he even began making a dent in what he still owed to his creditors, all those doctors and lawyers and IRS folks and now maybe even me and Taloo for our drinks and our dinners. Maybe he was thinking of everyone with their hands down his throat. Maybe he didn't mean what he said. Maybe he didn't even know what he was saying. Oh, if only he didn't know what he was saying!

"Hey," he shouted, "*you*! You know what you are? You know? *You're not even fit to be in the same room as Woody Allen!*"

•

If I ain't actually sobbing, there's salt in my mouth. I'm gagging on the vulnerable phlegms and secretions. How is it practically all anyone in this town has to do is just look at me or chat me up for a few minutes to recognize my troubled bottom lines? From the humblest doormen to the biggest stars. One look and my name's down in flames next to the Woodman's. How is this? What is it with us? Do flawed, fate-humbled guys like us wear our *schmutzig* genes on our sleeves, or what?

I'm thinking these things. You can do this. Taloo is standing at our table acting out, carrying on, Wayne Newton is still up there on the stage, and me, I'm passing right by the cashier, heading straight for the exit, already within earshot of the first crisp slap of the cards, all the metallic noise of the gambling, the shrill din of the literal bells, whistles, clacks and whirs of all that money machinery and, choking on my wet foreboding and grief, posing ultimate, eschatological questions.

I don't take it in that I'm in the hotel lobby making a spectacle, I don't take it in that I'm in the foyer, I don't take it in that Taloo is right there behind me. I don't take in the doorman who snaps to attention to open the big door for us, or that this ain't the same doorman I did business with before, the one with the acute hearing who urged me to step up to the plate and get on with it and then laughed to break the bank in Monte Carlo when I said "gig" and mentioned Michael's Pub in passing.

I didn't even take it in when the new man (but still dressed in the same Heathcliff suit—which I also thought I hadn't taken in—as the first one was wearing) held an open umbrella over our heads, mine and Taloo's (who I now noticed for the first time), and asked if he could get us a cab.

He had to repeat the question.

"What, a cab? No, no cabs."

"But, sir," he said, "it's pouring rain, sir. You'll catch your deaths."

"The fresh air," I muttered. "Too stuffy in there."

"But, sir," he said.

"All right," I said, "they cleaned me out! Are you satisfied? I'm as bankrupt as what's his name."

Didn't even take in the rain. Which, as it happens, was not appreciable at that moment. And it was true what I'd said, it *had* been stuffy in the hotel. Despite the air-conditioning. Although only now, in the cool air—which I hardly noticed—did I notice retroactively.

"Brr," said Taloo.

"What? What?"

"It's so chilly."

"You think?"

"Don't you?"

"As a matter of fact."

"This isn't Las Vegas weather."

"Is that your considered, Indian opinion?"

"*Wayne!*" Taloo said.

"Don't call me that."

"It's raining too hard. It's coming down cats and dogs."

Sometimes in the desert you get these freak bouts of weather. We were walking under a cloudburst.

"Let's get a taxi," Taloo said. "Please, Wayne? I am soaked to the skin. It's so cold."

"Sure," I said. I'd noticed how cold it was, but I'd been having those frissons all evening. Maybe I was used to them. "All right," I told Tallulah, "I'll flag one down." But there wasn't a cab to be had. In this weather they were all taken. It was a traffic jam of occupied taxis.

"There's lightning and thunder," said Tallulah. "Let's get in out of this."

"We're both soaked to the skin. We'd catch pneumonia if we went into air-conditioning now."

"Please," she said.

"We're almost there," I told her. "We're better off if we just make a dash for it. That way we could get out of these wet clothes."

"It's ruined my perm. My perm is all ruined."

"Come on," I said. "Run for it!"

"Oh," my wife squealed, "my poor dress."

"I think we turn at the corner. Isn't that our corner? Isn't that where we turn?"

"I don't—I don't—" Taloo said, out of breath. "I can't see a thing."

It was true. The terrific deluge had obscured everything but itself. The Strip was practically extinguished, its fantastic neon flares, all its primary pyrotechnics muffled as the blunt, exhausted tones of late-autumn foliage, indirect lighting. You couldn't hear traffic, ambulances.

At the corner—maybe it was our corner—I turned. I pulled Taloo after me. Huffing and puffing, she pulled up short, stooped, placed a hand on each thigh. If anything, it was raining harder than ever.

"Taloo, please," I begged. "It's only a little farther. I promise you. On my life, Taloo. We can't stop now, for God's sake, we'll goddamn drown. All right, rest a minute, catch your breath. That's right. Are you rested? All right, let's please beat it out of here."

I tugged on her arm, but she stumbled. I think she said she couldn't take another step.

"We don't have to run," I said. "We'll walk. Come on now, Taloo. Taloo, listen to me, you don't have to run. We'll just stroll."

I felt her resist, pull against me.

Then I felt a sting across my face. My first thought was that Tallulah was slapping me. Then I felt other blows, across my throat, in my own ruined hair, on my face, on my hands wherever I threw them up to protect myself. They were sharp, they pricked me, they bit, they cut into my flesh. I had to be bleeding. My skin felt whetted, honed, stripped, filed down to bone. I couldn't think why she was doing this to me.

Though she hadn't touched me, of course.

She was collapsed at my feet.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the cloudburst was over, the quirky, arbitrary sky avalanche. Although this time the streets would not be dry ten minutes later. There were flash floods in the roads and gutters but the stars were as distinct and bright as I'd ever seen

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them. They twinkled like stars in a nursery rhyme.

Tallulah lay collapsed at my feet. I knew she was dead. The queerest, oddest thing. What I noticed first was that she was still wearing her high heels. High heels, I thought. You'd think, if she was going to have to run like that, she'd take them off. She should have worn moccasins. Or at least gone barefoot. *Typical*, I thought. I thought, *pathetic*. This seemed stranger to me than that her head was on a pillow of huge diamonds. That immense diamonds covered part of her face. Well, I thought with some satisfaction, diamonds. Diamonds were a step up from beads and trinkets, from hand mirrors and shiny coins. But still, I thought, it's betraying one's birthright.

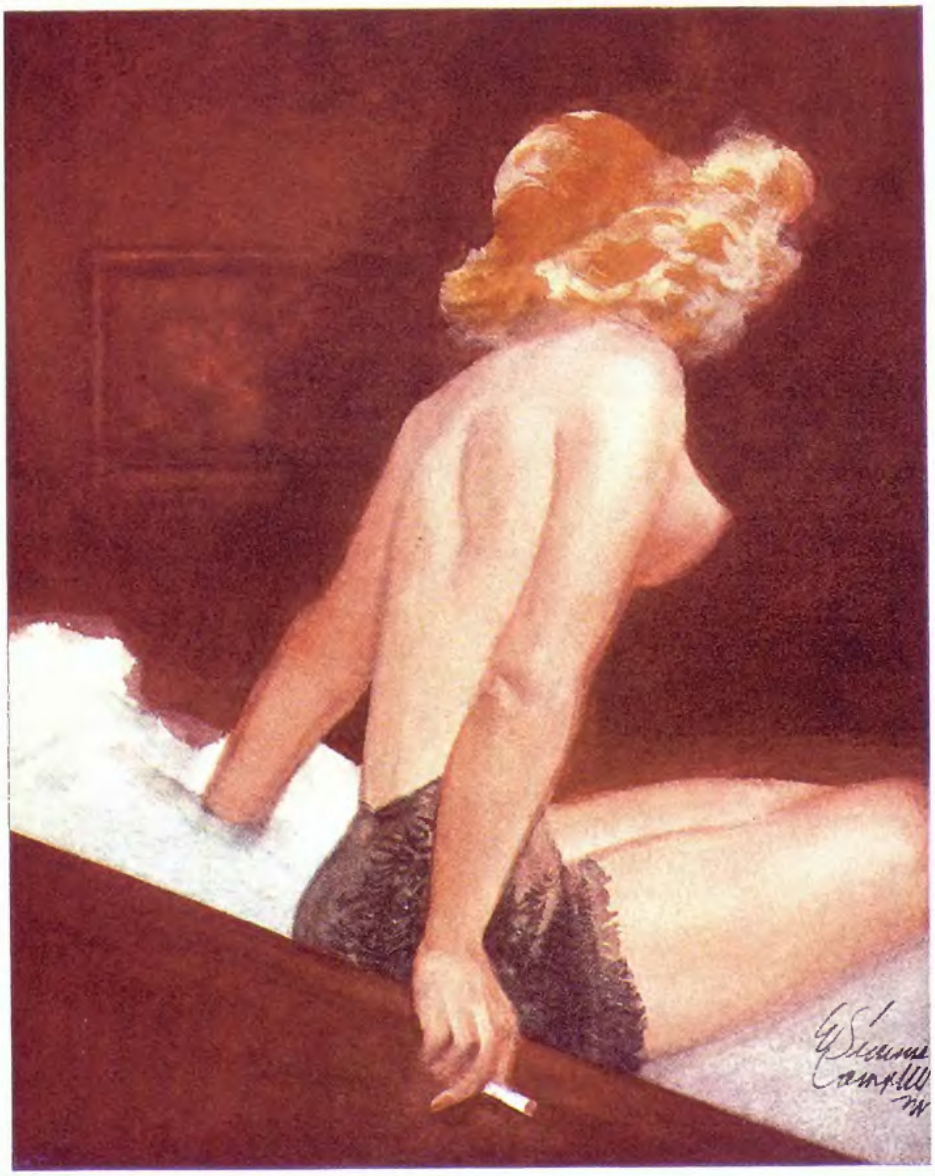
Although, of course, they weren't *really* diamonds. Diamonds weren't nearly that big. That I'd ever thought they were diamonds was part of the same illusion as Taloo's sharp, stinging blows.

It was hail. It was golf-ball-size hail. And on closer inspection I saw that even that was hyperbole. Golf-ball-size hail. It's what you hear all the time. But I bet that in the whole history of climate there hasn't been enough golf-ball-size hail fallen to supply one lousy driving range. Yet that's all you hear. "Golf-ball-size hail. Golf-ball-size hail."

I tell you, it's a sin to be called out of your name, a kind of swearing, a sort of cursing.

I'm Wayne Newton, but not *that* Wayne Newton. As Tallulah was never *that* Tallulah, or ever *any* Tallulah, really. It's a sin, it's a sin and it's tragic, too. Never to have your own good name, or to have it taken away from you.

So I feel for the Woodman. As I grieve for myself. As I mourn for Tallulah, née Spirit of the Maize. Whose whole crop of hope was wiped out on the night of the golf-ball-size hail.



"I remind you of your mother?!"

GOLDEN DREAMS

(continued from page 122)

On June 12, 1953, I opened a bank account in the name of HMH Publishing Co. and started a simple ledger, with debits and credits. I deposited Eldon's $2000, plus the $300 I had in my checking account.

I wrote my first company check the following day: $500 to John Baumgarth for the picture of Marilyn Monroe. In the next few weeks I paid out another $1706 for various expenses—for photographs, including an overdue bill for my aborted 3-D pictorial, for the printing of stationery and envelopes and for the reply cards and postage for all the correspondence that summer on behalf of *Stag Party* and Nation-Wide News.

But by the end of July, we had only two outside investors. Eldon had talked one of his uncles into investing $50, and Max Hardy, a friend who played bridge with Eldon, Millie and me, also bought $50 worth of stock.

With total deposits of $2400 and an outlay of $2206, HMH Publishing was almost out of money. I realized that unless I found additional financing somewhere almost immediately, my little venture would fail before it began. I was reluctant to ask my parents for money because I knew they wouldn't approve of the publication I was planning, but I was truly desperate.

The first Sunday in August, I took Millie and Christie and drove out to my parents' house on New England Avenue, ostensibly to give them a chance to play with their granddaughter. But I cornered Dad before dinner and told him about *Stag Party*. He told me what I already knew, that magazines are costly to produce and slow to turn a profit, and few of the new ones survive the first year. He felt it was too risky an investment for him because he was having economic problems of his own. Unemployed in his 50s after a long career at Advance Aluminum Corp., my father had been forced to accept a job with another company at a significant reduction in salary and position. He had believed in the American dream and had been screwed by it.

Even though he was unwilling to invest in my company, Dad still wanted to help. He volunteered to take over the ledger, see to it that my corporation's books were set up properly and do the accounting until I could afford to hire a full-time bookkeeper. If my magazine were successful, I decided that night, I would hire my father to serve as the treasurer of my company—for more money than he had ever earned at Advance Aluminum.

After dinner, my mother took me aside and told me that she had a little money of her own put away and could give me $1000 as an investment. She

didn't believe in a publication called *Stag Party* but she believed in her son, and she wrote me a check for $500 that very night and promised another just like it the following week. Thanks to Mom, HMH Publishing was back in business for another month.

My kid brother, Keith, had been discharged from the Army in February after serving in counterintelligence at Fort Holabird, Maryland and was now a television personality in Baltimore, appearing as Mr. Toby on his own children's show on WAAM, an ABC-TV affiliate. As soon as he heard about my plans for the magazine, he sent me a check for $300, with a series of additional checks for $100 each time he had money to spare, until he had invested $1000.

With almost no money in the bank, I was trying to persuade as many of the magazine's contributors as I could to accept their payments in stock rather than cash. Only one, artist Richard Loehle, agreed to that at first, taking 70 shares in July for two full-color cartoons. But in the weeks that followed, my enthusiasm and absolute conviction that I knew what I was doing were contagious enough to persuade a few others to take a gamble. Al Stine wanted a check for $25 for his first cartoon, but he accepted stock as payment for his next five. Former *Esquire* copywriter Bob Roderick wrote a food-and-drink piece for the first issue and I paid him with 75 shares. Clarence Schroeder, an artist who retouched a number of the photographs for the first issue, took 50 shares as payment.

But despite my best efforts, some of the contributors preferred payment in a more practical form. One of the most important initial contributors, Julien Dedman, was among those. I told him that I wanted a full-page cartoon in every issue, and probably a satirical piece as well. That was worth $125 a month. "I ought to mention money—a rather dirty word in these parts at this particular time," I wrote to Julien, explaining that I wanted certain special people to have an added incentive. "We are permitting them to take their payment in stock. That's better than it sounds. The company is being incorporated at a point several times below what best estimates indicate its worth will be in a very few months. Common stock should be worth approximately four times its par value by the end of 1954. If you prefer the cash, you are welcome to that, too—paid on acceptance." But Julien said no to my offer of stock. "I appreciate your generous stock-sharing offer and am tempted to take you up on it," he wrote back. "However, New York is a very expensive place to live and I am presently in need of extra spending money and would prefer the cash."

As it turned out, more than half of the writers, illustrators and cartoonists who contributed original work to that first issue accepted stock in payment for their efforts. It proved to be a wise decision.

For the people who purchased those shares of HMH Publishing for $1 or accepted them as payment for an article or illustration in the first issues and held on to them until 1971, when the company went public, it was the investment of a lifetime. In the 18 years the company was privately held, the stock twice split ten-to-one, and when the company went public, the stock split again, 3.5 to 1. With those splits, 100 shares of the original stock were worth about $750,000.

OTHER VOICES: BURT ZOLLO

When Hef told me about his newest dream—starting a magazine called *Stag Party*—I thought he was nuts. I remember standing with him for a moment on a bridge over the Chicago River as he asked me if I wanted to be part of the project. By then I was doing well in the public relations business, so I was noncommittal.

But as plans heated up, he called me again, and I felt obligated to help him out financially, remembering how he had paid me $300 to promote *That Toddlin' Town*. I sent him a check for $300 worth of stock. I had the feeling it was a long shot, and I wasn't sure I would ever see any return on it.

Then he did something that ticked me off. He asked me to write an article on what a young man should know about marriage and said he'd pay me $100 for it. When I gave it to him, he not only completely rewrote it but he also asked me to take the $100 in stock. I put the stock away until the company went public. I sold it the first day it was traded and became a millionaire.

•

Responses from newsdealers kept pouring in. By midsummer, I had orders for almost 70,000 copies. My plan was to use them as leverage to win the credit I knew we were going to need. With the orders in hand, I drove to Rochelle, Illinois to meet with Richard Sax, owner of the Rochelle Printing Company.

Sax recognized that this was a healthy response to a first-time solicitation. He had just bought a new press and needed to find additional work to keep it running. He was willing to take a gamble and agreed to print the 32-page letterpress section and the cover of the magazine for $6000, with the first half due on delivery and 90-day credit on the rest. Rochelle would also handle the binding and shipping. That made it a very sweet deal, indeed. The 90-day credit was worth more than all the money we had managed to raise.

But Rochelle's presses couldn't handle

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the full-color pages I was planning. For those, I went to Owl Printing, a small offset printer that I was using for some promotion mailings for *Children's Activities*. I wanted them to print the eight-page insert that would include the full-color, full-page picture of Marilyn Monroe. They had never done editorial printing before—let alone nudes—but they were willing to try. They agreed to accept a half payment of $1100 on delivery, and the other half in 60 days. If there was any question about how well Owl's four-color-process reproduction would turn out, it was a chance I would have to take. I was lucky just to get them to agree to those terms.

Having just persuaded two printers to print the magazine on partial credit, I had more reason than ever to believe that it might just be possible to start a national magazine on virtually no capital. And so, while still holding down a full-time job, I pushed ahead at full throttle, working every waking moment, juggling the schizophrenic demands of two magazines as different as *Children's Activities* and *Stag Party*.

At the end of my long hours on the job, I'd come home and peck Millie on the cheek, wolf down a sandwich, play with Christie for a few minutes—she was learning to walk—and then begin a hard day's night at my card table, pounding out letters to potential contributors and their representatives, reading manuscripts, writing and rewriting copy. Every surface in sight—chairs, couch, tabletops, floor—was piled high with books and papers, layouts, illustrations, cartoons and photographs. Millie kept the refrigerator stocked with Pepsi-Cola and I consumed vast quantities, with sugar and caffeine supplying energy as I worked feverishly into the wee hours, frequently dragging myself grudgingly to bed for three or four hours of sleep just as dawn was breaking.

I had never bought or sold a story, let alone edited or published a magazine, but I knew exactly what I wanted and how to go about getting it: by acquiring low-cost, top-quality reprints and material in the public domain—short, tightly plotted and preferably by a recognizable name. I personally preferred stories of suspense, mystery, fantasy, science fiction and satire, so that's what I sought for my magazine.

I had been a Sherlock Holmes fan since early adolescence, so one of my first purchases was an excerpt from a story concerning the great detective's deductive powers and his cocaine addiction. I picked it up for $25 from the estate of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle after an exchange of letters in which I pointed out that the material was now in public domain. For an additional $50, I bought two other stories, *A Scandal in Bohemia* and *The Adventure of the Copper Beeches*, for subsequent issues. As a second piece of fiction in the first issue, I chose a haunting tale of the Civil War by Ambrose Bierce titled *A Horseman in the Sky*, in which a Confederate soldier is killed by his own son. It was so clearly in the public domain that it cost me nothing. For a taste of erotica, I planned to publish a series of ribald classics starting with tales from Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

Despite my attempts to convince them that we were the hottest new event in publishing, the agents and publishers for Robert Benchley, James Thurber, Thomas Wolfe and Ernest Hemingway refused to deal with a magazine named *Stag Party*, even for reprints. I wanted to publish Hemingway's *Up in Michigan*, but Scribner's said they would not consider it until my magazine had "demonstrated its character." Random House informed me that I could reprint a John O'Hara short story titled *Days* for a fee of $1000, but that was more than I could afford to pay. I hoped to have contributors of that caliber appearing soon in my magazine on a first-time basis.

Since cartoons were going to play such an important role in the magazine, I went first-class in that department, too, by feeding gag ideas to established Chicago illustrators Richard Loehle, Ben Denison and Al Stine. They would do cartoons for me that would look like slick magazine illustrations. Denison supplied our very first full-page cartoon: two shapely girls in lingerie, one writing in her diary as she asks her friend, "What's the past tense of virgin?" Besides publishing these new artists-as-cartoonists, I wanted to include reprints of the best work by well-known cartoonists long associated with the top of the market. In correspondence with Gardner Rea, he refused my offer of $25 to let me publish a cartoon from *Stag at Eve*, the book that had been the inspiration for the title of my magazine. He insisted on a minimum payment of $100. So I suggested that I pay him the $100 he wanted, but for the rights to reprint several of the cartoons in my early issues. That way I could afford the deal, I said, explaining, "I'm not a cheap S.O.B., and someday soon I hope to be able to pay the best rates in the business." Rea accepted with the reply, "You sound like my kind of guy."

I got Virgil Partch, Claude and Cobean to agree to let me use their cartoons on the same basis. Then I had what I considered to be an inspired notion. My childhood idol, Milton Caniff, creator of *Steve Canyon* and *Terry and the Pirates*, had drawn a sexy cartoon strip, *Miss Lace*, for Army papers during World War Two. I had read that the Army had rejected several of those strips as too sexually suggestive, so I wrote to Caniff, requesting permission to publish them. To my surprise and delight, Caniff sent me copies of the censored comic strips with his blessings and permission to print them.

The contents of the magazine were starting to take shape, but I still had to find someone to give the publication the distinctive design I wanted. I needed an Art Director. I discussed the problem with Norm Sklarewitz, a writer and a friend, and he suggested two names—one as an illustrator for my Sherlock Holmes stories, the other a free-lance artist he knew who specialized in design. I made an appointment to see the guy I thought was the illustrator. His name was Arthur Paul and his studio was on the south side of the Loop, on Van Buren Street. The building was dark and dirty, and the elevator wasn't working, so I walked up to the second floor.

The tiny studio had a great view of the elevated train tracks outside. Every time a train rumbled past, bits of plaster fell from the ceiling, dust filled the air and the noise made conversation almost impossible. But when I looked at the layout on Paul's drawing board and at other work pasted up on the walls, I realized I had confused the two names Sklarewitz had given me. "Is all this your work?" I asked. He nodded. I was overwhelmed by the diversity of the illustrative styles, typography and design. It was clean and fresh and brilliant, exactly the look I'd been searching for. I knew in that moment I had found my Art Director.

OTHER VOICES: ARTHUR PAUL

I was a 28-year-old free-lance designer, a graduate of the Chicago Institute of Design, with a wife and a kid on the way, a few good accounts and a studio that looked like a place Sam Spade would have as an office. I had never worked for anyone else and didn't want to.

But then Hefner arrived, uninvited, into my life. He didn't present a picture that was designed to instill confidence. Here was this guy with a growth of beard, wearing unpressed clothes, looking exhausted and in need of pocket money. He was carrying an oversized briefcase crammed with drawings and copy. He always carried everything around with him in order to help him explain his project.

He also had a stiff neck, which gave him a kind of Igor-from-the-monster-movies look. I could have been excused for thinking he was an off-the-wall eccentric, especially when he told me the magazine he was planning to start would be called *Stag Party*. That title, combined with his appearance, was not what I was looking for that particular day.

But the guy was intense and bright. He had an impressive sense of purpose and a definite idea of the kind of magazine he wanted to produce. He was talking about the sort of contemporary art and design that I was already doing in my own work. The whole idea was terrifically appealing, despite my reservations about the title. I just wasn't sure

what I wanted to do. We had a long conversation about it.

I finally decided to hedge my bets. I told him I'd help him on a free-lance basis, but I wanted to keep my other accounts. I told him, "You're going to have to do my legwork so I can get my regular work done." I just didn't have the time to run around town picking up copy or illustrations for him. He agreed. He said that was fine with him and that's how we began: He'd work at home and run back and forth to my place with all the layouts. He was in and out of my office all the time.

There were days when he should have stayed in bed. He'd have a terrible cold and it would be pouring rain, but he'd have another stop to make, another delivery, someone else he had to pitch an idea to. Nothing stopped him.

I was working by the hour, and all the work soon added up to a couple of thousand dollars. Money was very short and, to sweeten the pot, he offered me stock in partial payment. "Art," he said, "I want you to have a real stake in our future." But I still wasn't convinced the magazine would make it. Not with that name. So Hef paid me half my free-lance fees in cash and let me postpone my decision on how I wanted the other half, cash or stock, until later on. But the more I got to know Hef, the more certain I became that he was going to succeed. We started working together in August. It was a real race against time to get the first issue ready before it had to go to press in October.

One night in early September, I was drawing a little stag as a logo when Hef called and asked me what I thought about a new name for the magazine—PLAYBOY. "That's marvelous," I said. "Why didn't we think of it before?" He said he had just received a threatening letter from a lawyer for *Stag* magazine.

He asked me to turn the stag in the logo into a rabbit and add a white tie for elegance. The rabbit symbol would be both playful and sophisticated, Hef said—but I always suspected it was because he had owned a bunny blanket when he was a little boy. I drew the new logo in a few minutes. If I had known how famous that trademark was to become, I would have taken more time with it—and it probably wouldn't have turned out as well as it did.

•

The registered letter from *Stag* magazine was a shocker. They had read a mention of our plans for a new magazine in *American Cartoonist*, and four weeks before we were scheduled to go to press a lawyer was informing us, in no uncertain terms, that the name *Stag Party* was an infringement on his client's trademark. I didn't know whether *Stag* had a case or not. I knew only that the claim could sink my magazine before it was even launched. But with all the reservations various people had expressed about *Stag Party* as a name, I considered the lawyer's letter a positive sign instead of a setback, and decided to find a better name. I spent the evening with Millie and Eldon, pacing the apartment, exchanging suggestions. *Top Hat*, *Bachelor*, *Gent*, *Gentlemen*, *Satyr* and *Pan* were all considered, and then Eldon suggested PLAYBOY. Eldon's mother had worked briefly for a short-lived motorcar company with that name.

The Playboy Motor Car Corp. of Buffalo, New York was one of several companies that sprang up immediately after World War Two, trying to break into the booming postwar automobile market. Although the Playboy, priced at $985, was advertised as "the nation's new-car sensation," the company managed to produce fewer than 100 before going out of business. Some people might have considered that an omen, but I didn't. I liked the name and said so immediately. Millie worried that it might conjure up images of the Roaring Twenties—but that was precisely why it appealed to me, suggesting the fun and high living that I wanted to convey in the magazine.

As a symbol to replace the stag, I immediately thought of a rabbit. *Esquire* and *The New Yorker* had human symbols in Esky and Eustace Tilley, and I thought an animal would be a nice variation. The rabbit is a playboy of the animal world, noted for both its playfulness and its sexual prowess. And to add a touch of sophistication, I put him in a tuxedo.

By the time I got to Arthur's studio the next afternoon, he had already drawn up a rabbit trademark to replace it, and I thought it looked better than the stag. Like Arthur, I had no idea that at that moment I was holding in my hand a drawing that would soon become world-famous.

I also asked Arv Miller, an old friend and cartoonist, to change the stag he had drawn to illustrate my introduction to the first issue. The rabbit had considerably more personality than the stag, so I decided to use him on the cover of the second issue. He has been there—in one form or another, sometimes as a collage and sometimes as a barely visible highlight in a model's eye—on the cover of every issue since.

Millie suggested Playmate as an alternative to Sweetheart of the Month, and I changed the title on the feature with the second issue. Over the next several issues, the Playmate began to evolve. At first, the Playmates were professional models in typical calendar poses, but as time went on, I tried to add an element of erotic reality to them. PLAYBOY moved away from traditional pinups and art studies toward the girl-next-door types. However, it wasn't until Charlaine Karalus entered the picture in 1955 that I realized how important this new direction would be.

Charlaine Karalus was a statuesque 21-year-old blonde with the face and figure of a young Betty Grable. She told me a divorced girlfriend had suggested that she apply for a job at PLAYBOY, but Charlaine had never heard of the magazine. Her girlfriend had bought a copy at a newsstand, then had taken Charlaine into the ladies' room of a nearby

"And if I die before I wake. . . ."

restaurant, locked both of them in a stall and opened the magazine to the center spread. "Oh, my God!" Charlaine exclaimed, blushing as she slammed the magazine shut. But not long after, she showed up looking for a job.

"I'd like to work in your subscription department," she said to me. "I have experience in that kind of work and I have a feeling PLAYBOY can be a lot of fun." What she didn't know was that we didn't yet have a subscription department—and that she would be it. I hired her for $60 a week, and before long, I began inviting her out for an occasional lunch or drink after work. Charlaine had just ended a romance with the son of Chicago's political boss, Jake Arvey, and seemed flattered by my attention. Soon, we were enjoying a casual but pleasant affair.

By that time, I knew my life with Millie was in trouble. When the magazine was two years old, I wrote in my scrapbook journal that my work "has put a real strain on my marriage. PLAYBOY consumes seven days of every week, more than a dozen hours a day, and when I knock off at 1:30 or 2:00 in the morning, I often stay right there, sleeping in the small room behind my office, in order to be there again and ready to go at 9:00. Millie has been wonderful about it, but it can't help but make a difference. It can't and won't continue like this indefinitely, of course, and we both hope things will straighten out in the not-too-distant future."

The scrapbook, a diary-like collection of memories, drawings, photos and odds and ends that documented my life for family and friends, often substituted diplomacy for candor in describing my feelings about the marriage. I tried to get home on weekends, but I didn't always make it. But the larger truth was that even when I was at home my mind was back at the office. The magazine and the life I was starting to build around it were my all-consuming interests. I was an inept bridge burner who didn't want to hurt Millie or incur the wrath of our parents. I shared the prejudice of my generation against divorce, yet I also bridled against the obligations involved in staying married, especially in a relationship that for me was no longer romantically meaningful. Occasionally, Millie complained about not seeing me for weeks at a time, but mostly because she felt I was neglecting Christie. I had my magazine to keep me busy, but she had no diversion other than her parenting, and I knew she got bored and lonely being on her own so much.

When I did spend a night at home, we still slept together. Millie seemed to be more receptive to sex now that we were living apart. For the first time since early in our marriage, she was ardent in her lovemaking. Unfortunately, it was too late. We were friends and partners, but being her lover no longer held much interest for me.

In the fall of 1954, we had gone back to the University of Illinois campus for a football weekend, and not long after that, Millie discovered that she was pregnant. But the shaky state of our marriage made both of us ambivalent about becoming parents again. I wasn't thrilled, but she seemed resigned. It seemed to me that from the moment children were introduced into a marriage, the entire relationship was forever altered: Parenting replaced romance as the dominant theme in the relationship. In my youthful naïveté, I had envisioned marriage as the apex of romance for a couple in love, a haven for erotic and romantic bliss until death do us part. But that naïveté on my part had died a cruel death, and I was finding it increasingly difficult to honor the conventions of society rather than to follow my own convictions.

When Millie asked me if I was seeing other women, I said, "Of course." But we both knew that wasn't the whole story. I had no special lover whose charms kept me from going home at night. I was an equal-opportunity employer. I had sex with any of the female staff members who were interested, but the truth was that I mostly slept alone at the office because the women whose favors I occasionally enjoyed went home at night.

One evening after work, a group of us were sitting around discussing the constant problem of finding exciting Playmate prospects and I half-teasingly proposed Charlaine. Amid laughter and banter, she agreed to pose if I bought an Addressograph machine to help ease her subscription chores. I agreed, and right then and there I decided to feature Charlaine as a PLAYBOY employee—and even tell the story of her posing in exchange for an Addressograph machine.

Not everyone agreed with my decision. Art Paul urged me not to reveal her occupation, which he said was too mundane and unglamourous. The Playmates, he thought, should remain romantic fantasies or they would lose their sex appeal. Exactly the opposite proved to be the case, and Charlaine—using the pseudonym I provided, Janet Pilgrim—became the most popular Playmate to appear in the magazine in the Fifties.

Janet Pilgrim was a name consistent with the nice-girl concept that I was trying to promote with our Playmates. I chose the name "Pilgrim" precisely because of its puritan connotations, which I thought would help to deliver our editorial message—that nice girls were sexual beings, too, including a puritan daughter named Pilgrim. Rather quickly I realized that I had in this Playmate feature a symbol for attacking the Madonna–whore, double-standard hypocrisy of our society. If the girl next door, a "nice girl," would pose in such an erotic context, the significance seemed clear. If the girl-next-door were sexually aware and active, as depicted in a monthly pictorial feature in the center of an increasingly popular men's magazine, traditional Christian values might be perceived as being in serious jeopardy.

"We suppose it's natural to think of the pulchritudinous Playmates as existing in a world apart," I wrote in the copy accompanying Janet's pictures showing her at work in the office. "Actually, potential Playmates are all around you: the new secretary at your office, the doe-eyed beauty who sat opposite you at lunch yesterday, the girl who sells you shirts and ties at your favorite store. We found Miss July in our own circulation department, processing subscriptions, renewals and back copy orders."

Janet's Playmate pose showed her at a mirror preparing to dress for a date, while in the background her escort is shown in soft focus, leaning in the doorway in formal attire. The guy in the doorway was me. Thus was born the girl-next-door concept of pinup photography, fully realized and expressed in the copy accompanying the pictures. And from the moment her Playmate pictorial was published, Charlaine simply became, for most of us at PLAYBOY, Janet Pilgrim.

OTHER VOICES: JANET PILGRIM

It took guts for me to go over to PLAYBOY to see if they had any job openings. I was shy and insecure, but I was also young and ambitious, so I worked up my courage and went. Hef looked like an ordinary guy, very thin, surrounded by dozens of empty Pepsi bottles.

I got to know him more and more because everyone worked together so closely. He's magnetic, and I couldn't help becoming attracted to him. I like to think it was mutual. We were intimate rather quickly, within a month or two. I wasn't a virgin, but I was an old-fashioned kind of girl. I didn't want to go into a relationship unless it was meaningful. But I had the feeling that Hef wanted to experience everything. He once told me that he had ten years of wild oats to sow, and if I wanted to stick around until then, maybe I could become his mistress, but he would never marry again. Once was enough, he said. He made that clear. But he was very sweet and kind and I cared deeply for him. Every time I went into his office and closed the door, every other woman in the place was walking around with hankies and red, swollen eyes.

Occasionally, I would stay with Hef overnight, usually on weekends, and early one Sunday morning we were awakened by someone knocking on the front door downstairs. Hef put on a robe and went down. It was his parents! Glenn and Grace paying an unexpected visit! I panicked. Where in hell could I

hide? My God, I was so scared I thought I'd have a heart attack. I grabbed my clothes and found a rear door leading into the backyard, which was entirely enclosed by other buildings. I heard hammering in the next building and pounded on the back door. Some workmen let me out. Hef couldn't believe I got away. When his folks came upstairs, he thought I was hiding in the shower.

PLAYBOY in those days was totally informal, like a close-knit family. There was no punching a time clock. We were all young and deeply committed to PLAYBOY and Hef. Everybody wanted to make the magazine the best. Often, after work, we'd sit around in Hef's office and talk. One night he was complaining about the quality of Playmate pictures he was buying; he wanted something new and different and special for the magazine. Suddenly, he said, "Maybe we ought to use Charlaine." He was grinning, but I could tell he had actually thought about it. It was a daring thing to do in those days, which made it kind of a turn-on. But mostly I did it to please Hef.

He went with me to a photo studio downtown, with a window facing the El so that every trainload of people that rumbled by could see me posing half naked. Hef set up the picture. I stared directly into the camera, which was supposedly a mirror. I was wearing a dressing gown with almost nothing showing but cleavage. I was modest, and I was relieved that I didn't have to take off my panties. I did my own makeup and hair.

I got $50 for doing the Playmate picture and $25 more for the cover, which I posed for that same afternoon. Since it was for the July issue, the cover showed me supposedly sunbathing, with the outline of the Rabbit Head on my sunburned back. The Rabbit Head was my natural skin tone and the rest of me was dark makeup.

I was still living at home and I figured I was going to get killed when my mother found out. Hef let me take home some color transparencies to show to her. That softened the blow a little. I was so young and naive. I was stunned by the attention when that July issue hit the stands. My picture was in all the newspapers as the employee who posed in PLAYBOY. Requests for personal appearances just flooded in, especially from college campuses. I was an instant celebrity. To celebrate, I took my mom to dinner at the Pump Room, having made the reservation in the name of Janet Pilgrim. The maître d' greeted me: "Good evening, Miss Pilgrim," and everyone in that elegant restaurant swiveled around to get a look at me. I'll never forget that moment. Mom was very proud.

•

I'd known LeRoy Neiman during my days as a copywriter for Carson Pirie Scott, where he had been doing freelance fashion illustrations. He had been dating one of my fellow copywriters, but I hadn't seen much of him since I left Carson's ad department. Then one night in 1954, as I was walking to dinner on Chicago Avenue, I ran into LeRoy and we stopped to talk. He was tall and built like a boxer, with short-cropped hair and a bushy mustache. As often as not, he had a cigar butt clenched between his teeth, and his T-shirt and khakis were splattered with paint. That day was no exception. He told me he lived right around the corner.

LeRoy took me to his apartment, where he also worked. It turned out to be a basement—the walls were brick, the floor was cement, and he shared the space with the building's big boiler. He hung his clothes on hangers from pipes overhead and his furnishings were sparse. There was a piano, too, but he used it as an easel. The paint ran down and clogged the keys, but LeRoy said what the hell, he didn't play piano anyway. This was the classic starving-artist scene and he obviously loved it.

That basement room was dominated by LeRoy's paintings. Dozens of them were leaning against the walls and against one another in disorder. He was painting on giant slabs of wallboard, using enamel house paints from half-empty leftover cans that he'd commandeered from the janitor next door after the building had been painted. Several of the brightly colored paint cans sat open on the floor in front of the painting he was working on at the moment. His work was all quite marvelous to behold, with a bold and brilliant use of color obviously inspired by Cézanne, Van Gogh and great European impressionists.

I loved LeRoy's paintings. His specialty—then and now—was capturing people engaged in the pursuit of pleasure, with a special emphasis on the glitz and glitter of nightlife, show business, sporting events and café society. Wealthy men and fashionable women enjoying their wealth. Boxers at Johnny Coulon's South Side gym. Late-night action at the strip joints along Clark Street. Gamblers, pugs, bars, high life and low life—from the Pump Room to the seediest Rush Street dive.

LeRoy's art packed enormous energy, and I was certain I had discovered a major talent who could play an important role in my new magazine. Although I had no idea of it then, from that chance encounter on the street one night, on my way to dinner, began a lifelong personal and professional relationship with a man who would become one of the most famous artists and illustrators of our time.

OTHER VOICES: LEROY NEIMAN

When we met on the street, Hef told me about his magazine, which I was only vaguely aware of. I'd heard of it, but I

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hadn't checked it out. At that time, I had very lofty sensibilities. I was a painter, and I wasn't really keeping track of, you know, girlie magazines.

When we went down to my basement, Hef took an instant liking to my paintings. In a lot of them I had used my girlfriends as models. That was one way I'd get my place cleaned—have the girls I was painting come over to the studio. Hef thought that sounded like an enviable lifestyle. But he told me about starting this terrific new magazine and said I was exactly the right guy to paint for it. It took no coaxing to persuade me.

I used to invite Hef to parties at my place, but he was too consumed with his magazine that first year. He'd drop by occasionally, and we'd watch the Friday-night fights together on TV. He was a big fan, as I was. I started spending a lot of time over at PLAYBOY because that's where the action was. There was a lot of action on the Near North Side in those days, with all the clubs and strip joints. With what everybody had been through in the war, people were looking for good times. Art itself was very explosive, very animated, very exciting in those days. Everything was possible.

It was just a time for a lot of action, including sex. That was the big thing. It was still a repressed era, but there was a lot of energy waiting there right beneath the surface, waiting to break out into the open. All that was required was for someone to give it an intellectual content, to serve as a catalyst. And here was Hef leading the way.

The strongest thing Hef always had going for him was that he's such a visual person, and a visual society was just then exploding. Television hadn't been with us all that long. Hef was tuned into what was happening. He had vision that was fantastic, about form and color, about flesh and tone and shadows and all that kind of stuff. When he decided what he really liked, he didn't have to discuss why. He didn't have to go into some art review. That was the way it always was. He had the vocabulary, but he didn't have to use a lot of superlatives.

The main reason I got involved, like any other talent, was for the opportunity to have my work used. The money wasn't as special as the opportunity. I don't even remember what the pay was for those first pieces. That had nothing to do with it. There was nothing else like it in my life before, nor anything else like it since. For me, it was, for want of a better word, a spiritual experience—a down-deep feeling that made PLAYBOY completely different from all other magazines.

•

Back when I began working on PLAYBOY in earnest, I warned my boss at *Children's Activities*, Clifford Schaible, that I would be leaving, and he asked me to stay through the fall promotion mailings. When they were completed in September 1953, I went in to tell him the time had come for me to move on. He asked about my plans and I told him I was starting my own magazine, but he wouldn't have to worry about me competing for his audience. He didn't seem to find that amusing. When I told him my venture would be operating on "a short shoestring," the coldness of his response surprised me. "Hefner," Schaible said sternly, "if you're not successful, you won't have even a shoestring left." His voice and manner seemed to suggest that failure was a virtual certainty and I could expect to be in debt for a very long time. Thanks for the encouragement, I thought.

I told Millie about the incident. I guess I had been anticipating some small word of support from a compatriot as I set off on my journey into the unknown. But this conservative, gray-flannel executive probably perceived me as an upstart for daring to leave an established, respectable publishing company to start my own magazine—and a "girlie" magazine at that. Logic was certainly on his side. I confessed to Millie, "If a businessman looked at our books, he'd say we're so badly underfinanced that we have about one chance in a million of making it." Millie knew as well as I did that to be a success, we needed nothing less than a publishing miracle—to become the first magazine ever to make a profit on its very first issue. But we both believed in miracles.

In the final few weeks before going to press, I seemed to be in perpetual motion, gaining momentum as I went. I hardly slept. I hardly ate. I was on a creative binge, operating at a pitch of excitement more intense than anything I'd ever experienced before. My workdays had escalated into around-the-clock bouts at my typewriter, interrupted by trips throughout the city, taking care of every detail as the final pieces of the first issue came together.

For the cover, of course, I had decided on Marilyn Monroe. Since her new film, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, had just opened to great reviews and a strong box office, and her romance with Joe DiMaggio was getting major play in the newspapers, I felt the timing couldn't be better. For $15, I bought two black-and-white wire-service news photos of Marilyn from United Press. One of them showed her waving to a crowd from the top of a car. After a retoucher eliminated all of the background detail surrounding Marilyn, Art Paul managed to create a striking black-and-white cover design with a red logo. This was just the first example of how Art took ordinary pictures and, through inventive design and the addition of illustrative details, made the magazine and its covers innovative and interesting. I knew this cover would serve its

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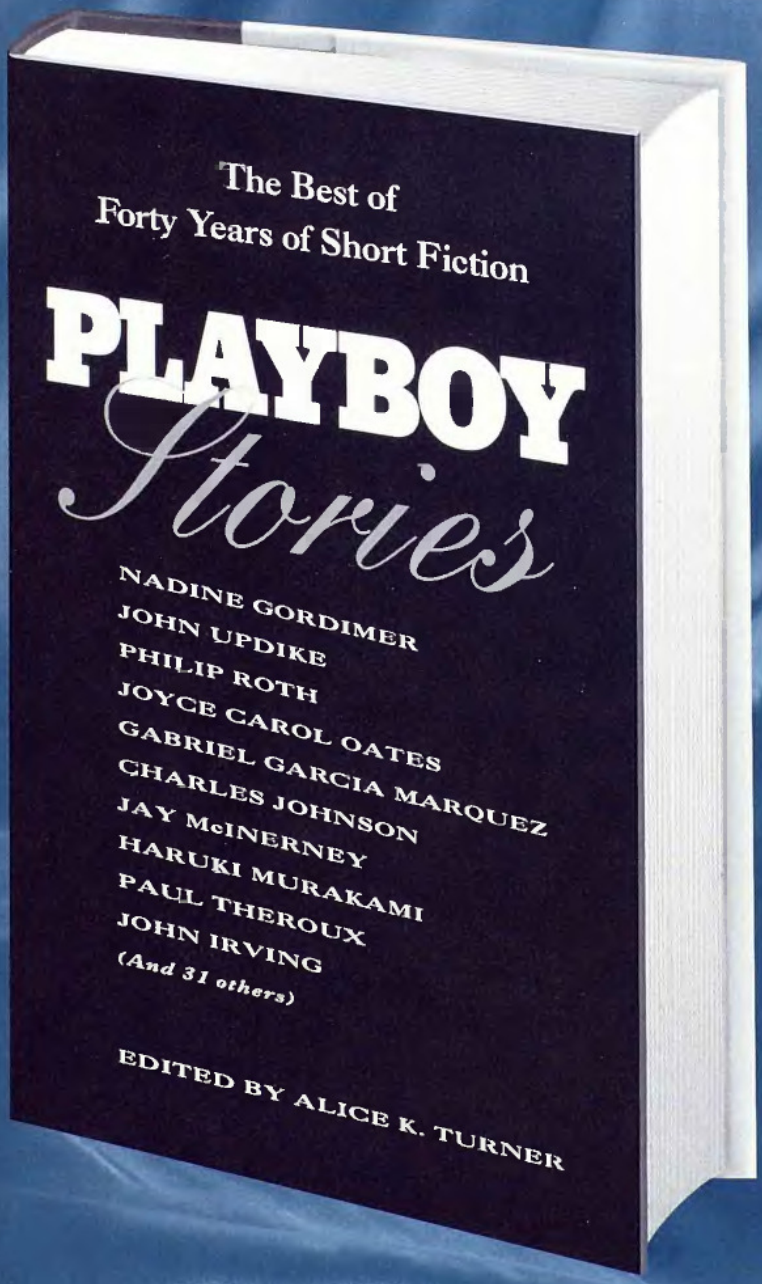

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purpose: getting people to pick up the magazine, open it and get a load of that sensational calendar shot. In the editorial salute I wrote for Marilyn, I described her as "the juiciest morsel to come out of the California hills since the discovery of the navel orange," promising readers a similar full-color "unpinned pinup" in every issue of PLAYBOY. The last piece I wrote for the first issue was the introduction to the magazine that was to appear in the opening spread. I pecked out the prose in my usual two-finger fashion and, when it was finished, I read it aloud to make sure it sounded right before sending it off to the typesetter:

> If you're a man between the ages of 18 and 80, PLAYBOY is meant for you. If you like your entertainment served up with humor, sophistication and spice, PLAYBOY will become a very special favorite.
>
> We want to make clear from the very start, we aren't a "family magazine." If you're somebody's sister, wife or mother-in-law and picked us up by mistake, please pass us along to the man in your life and get back to your *Ladies Home Companion*.
>
> Within the pages of PLAYBOY you will find articles, fiction, picture stories, cartoons, humor and special features culled from many sources, past and present, to form a pleasure-primer styled to the masculine taste.
>
> Most of today's "magazines for men" spend all their time out-of-doors—thrashing through thorny thickets or splashing about in fast-flowing streams. We'll be out there, too, occasionally, but we don't mind telling you in advance—we plan on spending most of our time inside.
>
> We like our apartment. We enjoy mixing up cocktails and an hors d'oeuvre or two, putting a little mood music on the phonograph and inviting in a female acquaintance for a quiet discussion on Picasso, Nietzsche, jazz, sex.
>
> We believe, too, that we are filling a publishing need only slightly less important than the one just taken care of by the Kinsey Report. The magazines now being produced for the city-bred male (there are two—count 'em—two) have, of late, placed so much emphasis on fashion, travel and how-to-do-it features on everything from avoiding a hernia to building your own steam bath that entertainment has been all but pushed from their pages. PLAYBOY will emphasize entertainment.
>
> Affairs of state will be out of our province. We don't expect to solve any world problems or prove any great moral truths. If we are able to give the American male a few extra laughs and a little diversion from the anxieties of the Atomic Age, we'll feel we've justified our existence.

I wasn't as confident of our future as this introduction sounded, of course. I didn't sign the introduction and the issue didn't include a masthead, so my name didn't appear anywhere in that first issue. Nor was there a date on the cover, since we planned to keep the magazine on the newsstands for as long as it took to turn a profit. There was no subscription blank either, not only because I didn't want to face any unnecessary hassles from the Post Office but also because there was no guarantee that we would last much more than a couple of issues.

Whatever the future held, I was proud of what we had managed to achieve in so short a time with such limited resources. It was rough around the edges, maybe, but PLAYBOY was a damned good little magazine. With luck—make that a lot of luck—I thought it might grow into something more.

Later that week, Eldon and I went to Owl Printing to watch with awe and anticipation as they turned out our full-color section, which included Marilyn, the Sherlock Holmes story, a Virgil Partch cartoon spread and a full-page Richard Loehle cartoon. When the first sheets began coming off the press, we picked one up to see how Marilyn's picture looked in the light, and I breathed a deep sigh of relief. The reproduction was perfect; Marilyn was magnificent. If anything, I thought, the picture looked even more beautiful on the softer offset paper than it did on the enamel stock used by Baumgarth on his calendars.

Then Eldon noticed something we hadn't seen before. When we held the printed sheet up to the light, the cartoon feature on the other side showed through. An oversized face of one of Partch's Picasso-like men appeared in highly suggestive juxtaposition with the nude of Monroe. The cartoon caricature, eyes closed, lips puckered, seemed to be kissing Marilyn between her legs.

I panicked. In the repressive climate of America in 1953, if the self-appointed censors thought we had intentionally turned this nude pinup into an obscenity, the magazine would be confiscated and burned. I imagined my dreams of a lifetime going up in smoke along with it. We could always explain that it had been an accident, but who would believe that? "Maybe nobody will notice," I said hopefully.

"If anybody does, it'll just help to sell the magazine," one of the printers suggested, wiping the ink and the smirk off his face.

I went home that night feeling apprehensive but mostly excited by how well the color reproduction of Marilyn had turned out.

On a cold, gray October morning a

few days later, Art Paul, Eldon and I piled into my beat-up 1941 Chevy and drove the 75 miles to Rochelle Printing to put the rest of the issue to bed. The Rochelle plant was a real printing establishment, with sheetfed, flatbed, letterpress presses and its own Linotype, collating and binding machines. The distinctive smell of printer's ink was in the air. Stacks of uncut press sheets of the cover, printed on heavy enamel stock, were lying on movable wooden skids. Marilyn beamed up at us enthusiastically, waving encouragement.

We spent all day and much of the night seated at a long table copyreading the last galleys and page proofs. Finally, we watched as the presses delivered the 32 pages of letterpress that, along with the cover, would wrap around the eight pages of full-color offset. At long last, finished copies of the magazine—printed, folded, cut and stapled—came out of the bindery, bundled and all ready to ship.

One of the great moments of my life was finally having a copy of my own magazine in my hands. The weeks between my purchase of the Marilyn Monroe photo in June and the first issue of PLAYBOY coming off the presses in October were the most critical and decisive 18 weeks of my life, and now the stress and tension of the past months evaporated and I felt overwhelmed by the pure joy of accomplishment. My eyes filled with sweet tears. I had produced my own miracle—nothing more, nothing less. What had once seemed a pipe dream had become a tangible reality. I sat down in a quiet corner and thumbed slowly through the pages that were by now so familiar but which somehow looked so much better, and meant so much more, in final form.

Art and Eldon were thumbing through their own copies, savoring the turn of every page, lost in their own sense of disbelief. When Eldon finished going through his copy, he turned to me and said, "This is great, but what are you going to do for the next issue?" I laughed because I had the next several issues already planned out in my head, and I was sure that they would be better than this one. Later, Art called the first issue a sketchbook for what the magazine was really going to be. He and I were already hard at work on the second and third issues.

We had taken time off for dinner at a restaurant down the road, and on the way back to the plant we'd stopped at a roadside liquor store, where I purchased a bottle of cheap champagne. Now I popped the cork as Eldon passed out paper cups, and we toasted the historic moment with the pressmen. Then we climbed back into the Chevy coupe for the long, cold drive back to Chicago.

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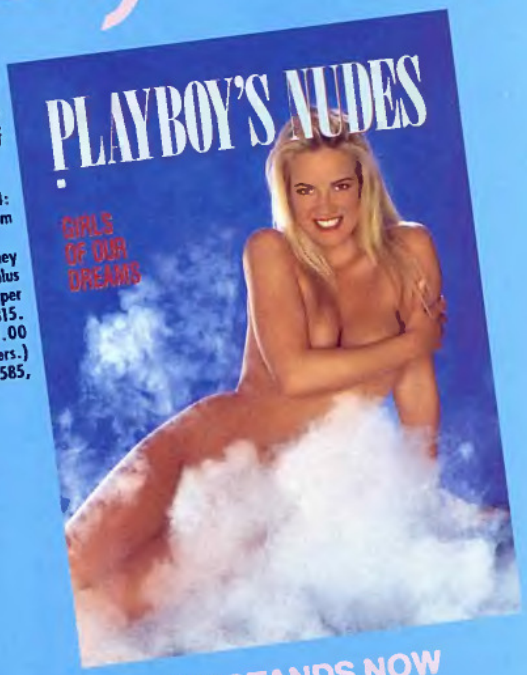

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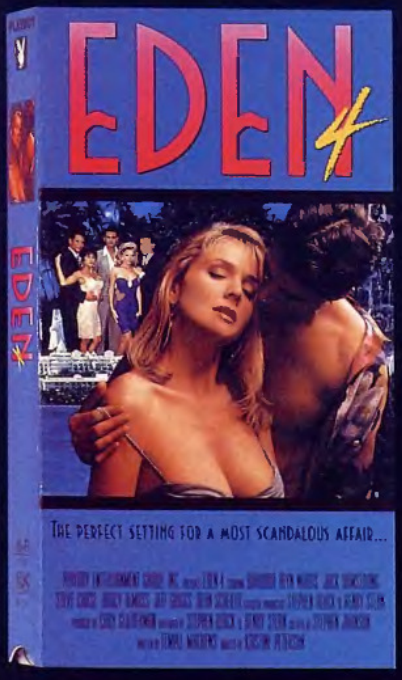

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week in November. Eldon and I prowled the newsstands and magazine racks of Chicago to see how it was being displayed and whether or not it was selling. I liked the way PLAYBOY stood out from the competition, or so it seemed to me. Often when a newsstand operator wasn't looking, I'd move our little pile of magazines into a better position. I watched guys browsing, thumbing through to grab a free peek at Marilyn. I silently cursed those who put us back and cheered those who bought us. I actually saw a couple of women buy copies, too.

After a few days, the stacks of PLAYBOY were definitely shrinking, not just in Chicago but all across the country. Our distributor, Jerry Rosenfield, confidently predicted that we would sell better than 60 percent. He was wrong: We sold 78 percent—an impressive number for any magazine, but especially for a new one launched without any publicity or promotion. We distributed 69,500 copies and sold 54,175 at 50 cents each.

Jerry thought Marilyn's picture had done it for us, and that the real test would be issues two and three. The second issue went on sale in early December, and by the Christmas holidays we knew that it was actually outselling the first. It ended up selling 56,601 copies.

I was optimistic enough to believe that those figures indicated PLAYBOY was here to stay. With the second issue, my fear of government reprisal had vanished, along with my fear of bankruptcy. I not only included my name in the magazine but also ran a two-column ad soliciting Christmas subscriptions. That took a certain amount of chutzpah. Other magazines with nudity, such as *Modern Man*, never offered subscriptions because of the uncharitable attitude of the Post Office toward any form of nudity in the mails. But going into the holidays, I was simply too bullish to be deterred.

Just before Christmas, on the day after our trip to Rochelle to put the third issue to bed, my battered Chevy coupe finally gave up the ghost. It died in the middle of the street and had to be towed away for scrap. The next day, the new editor–publisher of PLAYBOY went out and bought his family a sporty Raymond Loewy–designed Studebaker.

"What do you say when a dream comes true?" I wrote in my scrapbook for January 1954. "What words do you use? How can a guy possibly express a thing like this?

"I own a magazine—a magazine of my very own. Or, more precisely, I am president of, and hold a majority of the stock in, a corporation that owns a magazine. Of course, we have very little money in the bank, and the road ahead will be a rough one, but nevertheless, the dream has become a reality—and whether we succeed or fail in the months and years ahead, I'm getting my chance to *try*.

"It's all very, very unreal. The dream has come true too quickly to be fully appreciated. I work 12, 14, 16 hours a day—seven days a week—but I've never been happier in my life. Perhaps I'll wake up in a few months and it will all be gone. But in this January of 1954, life is just a little more wonderful than I ever really believed it could be."

OTHER VOICES: MILDRED (HEFNER) GUNN

Hef and I spent New Year's Eve at a friend's house in the suburbs. I remember Eldon made his special punch and we played some strip games.

Everyone was very excited because of PLAYBOY, and our friend Bob Haugland told Hef, "You're going to be a millionaire." And Hef replied, "That's great if it happens, but the main thing is for PLAYBOY to make it." The money part really didn't mean very much to Hef. Fame interested him, but having his own magazine was what really counted.

I was so proud of him. The accomplishment was all his. Not ours. His. He worked all night while he was working his day job full-time. He had terrific instincts and was very creative. He saw the possibilities in the Marilyn Monroe picture and went for it. And his letter to the wholesalers. I mean, he got the magazine off the ground on the basis of one letter. He had absolutely no money, no prospectus, nothing. Look what he did with Rochelle—how he got them to do his printing. He was persuasive and logical, not slick. When people became aware of his determination and his ability, they really reacted positively to his personality.

He did a brilliant job putting that first issue together. That's the only reason everything fell into place. One mistake could have resulted in a disaster. But the truth is, I never had any doubt that he would make it. The thought never occurred to me that he would fail. He had a great idea, great instincts, perfect timing and he worked harder than anyone else. There was never a moment when I suddenly thought, "Oh, God, what if. . . ."

Christie was about a year old, just learning to walk, when the first issue came out. We had nothing except a couple of rooms of furniture and about $2000 in debts. But I remember how excited Hef was the first time he saw PLAYBOY on the newsstands. I was so happy for him. The birth of the magazine didn't really affect the marriage one way or the other. We were already on borrowed time as husband and wife, even though neither of us really wanted to face that reality. We certainly weren't thinking about it in the midst of our celebration. It was a great, great Christmas holiday—and the moment it was over, Hef went right back to work.

 (continued from page 84)

"I like to think that women were quicker than men in taking the measure of Hitler and Stalin."

women who walk across Niagara Falls on a tightrope.

But other factors come to mind. The stoicism alluded to earlier suggests a control of the emotions, and this in turn suggests the superordination of the mind over the body. This is a key to longevity. How do I know? Because, manifestly, I know everything.

But women do have, on the whole, a better perspective on things, so that what looms especially large for the man looms in more realistic dimensions for the woman. When Randall Jarrell wrote his wonderful novel *Pictures from an Institution*, about Benton College, he gave us a scene that is of course caricature, but caricature doesn't work unless it plays on something we are prepared to acknowledge as the true seed of that caricature.

We are talking about Flo, who is the wife of a sociologist and who is dominated by her ideological commitment to be tolerant. "If she had been told that Benton and [her husband] Jerrold and [her son] John and [her daughter] Fern *and* their furniture had been burned to ashes by the head of the American Federation of Labor, who had then sown salt over the ashes, she would have sobbed and sobbed, and said, at last—she could do no other, 'I think that we ought to hear his side of the case before we make up our minds.'" This is high derision at the cult of toleration—but even so leaves us sensing a truth that militates, if not exactly toward tolerance of the world at large, at least toward a certain fatalism about life's bumpiness. And when you understand that, you are on the way to nurturing the capacity to make peace with it. "Let's hear his side of the case" suggests that there is such a thing as another side of the case. Granted, that other side can be random evil, or divine caprice, if that term is not too disruptive of the idea of divine order. And life's hard knocks, understood in this way, tell us that no inequity, no anomaly, will rock the sufferer's basic cosmological anchors: "Let's hear his side" is a cry against uprootedness. What has just happened to Flo is the kind of thing we are instantly prepared to describe as intolerable, and in doing so, all we have really done is remind ourselves that, almost always, those who use the term intolerable to discuss certain human arrangements, ranging from the tax code to serial murders, are usually saying that what is intolerable they will continue to tolerate. They have no alternative, and I count this as a distinctively feminine insight. We are left with the insight Flo bequeaths us as the quintessential woman. It is only the woman who experiences the tragedy of a miscarriage and is prepared to put it down as a part of the overhead of life on earth.

We are left with the recurrent phenomenon of what we lightly refer to as the woman's intuition, an experience so workaday we tend to take it for granted.

"I don't trust him."

"Sounds nutty to me."

"I say it's spinach and the hell with it."

I can't prove it, but I like to think that women were quicker than men in taking the measure of Hitler and Stalin, though that insight was probably disciplined by their fatalism. (We're stuck with Hitler, we're stuck with Stalin, and there isn't all that much we can do about it—even as so many women put up with the outrageous behavior of so many men to whom they have the misfortune to be married.) It is a concurrent phenomenon that, through it all, they can, so many of them, remain so wholesome, so beautiful, so desirable, perhaps in no small part because they can refract so much of what men do to make life so odious so much of the time. Whether life would improve if ever they got effective hold of the basic institutions of life—government, family, the infrastructure of getting and spending—remains problematic.

"OK, OK, OK," the dispossessed male says, handing over the reins of power, "so how're *you* going to do it?"

"Differently," is as much as we can safely count on getting from women.

"Goodness, no! It's for the water cooler."

NIGHTLIFE

(continued from page 40)

and some heterosexuals don't like to be with gay people. The way we operate, we lose the less tolerant of each group. It's one of the things we love. We've had lesbians thank us, saying this is the first time in ten years that they've gone to a club with men in it. It's an atmosphere where people are accepted."

Jackie 60 has attracted a lot of celebrities. Some are regulars, like Debbie Harry, who has performed there and on one occasion jumped behind the bar to help out because they were shorthanded. Mick Jagger was there recently, but Johnny was more impressed that Bud Bundy from *Married With Children* showed up.

According to Johnny: "Sometimes celebrities don't get it. It turned out it was too much for Camille Paglia. Nobody was worshiping."

After three years Jackie 60 is still going strong every Tuesday. It's become more than a club; it's almost an art movement. One dance record was generated by the club in 1992, *The Jackie Hustle*, by the Jackie MCs. This year Arista Records will release *Power*, by Johnny Dynell, with a track by the House of Domination. Eventually there'll be an album, *Live from Jackie 60*. There is also the Verbal Abuse spoken-word album, and the poetry magazine will continue to publish. Kitty Boots is doing her own line of domination fashions. And Johnny and Chi Chi are having fun doing Jackie 60 events around the world.

Of course, they might not come to your town, but if you happen to be in New York and you want to see how mixed a crowd can get, or how friendly a weird crowd can be, stop by. You may think you look a little too normal, but you never know. You might be considered fabulously normal.

"What we need is a search for intelligent life on this planet."

MILLENNIUM?

(continued from page 208)

The changes that worried Henry Adams in the 19th century were mainly in the external world—momentous alterations in the physical environment brought about by steam, electricity and gas, producing the transatlantic telegraph, the transoceanic cable, the telephone, cars and motion pictures. Adams said that the cult object of the 12th century was the Virgin, but the cult object of the 20th century had become the dynamo.

We have had even more rapid physical change in this century. We cannot keep any cult object for long. The dynamo gave way to the combustion engine—followed by the vacuum tube, nuclear-fission generator, the transistor, the computer chip, the laser. But even deeper, more unsettling changes have been taking place in people's inner lives, wrenching them out of old patterns, affecting relations between the generations, between parent and child, husband and wife, priest and believer, teacher and student.

Take, as one measure of the rest, the position of women. There has been more change in the ideal, the identity, the role of women in the past three decades than in the two millennia before them. Real female equality, never even approached before, not even aspired to most of the time, is becoming a reality at last. For some, and not only for women, this is an exhilarating prospect—the freeing of the talents of half the human race from past channels of productive but narrow effort.

But nothing could be more unsettling, in the basic sense, than such a shift at the heart of all people's identities. Change the role of women and you change the relation of child to mother, of husband to wife. Authority figures that were only or mainly male—doctors, professors, judges, lawyers, ministers, presidents of colleges as well as of countries—feel crowded out as women enter their ranks. It is no wonder that some see this as a subversion of the very order of nature. It has changed the entire order of society more fundamentally than other important changes—the civil rights movement, for instance. That large and important event left some lives almost untouched, but no one's life is unchanged by the feminist movement. Daughters are brought up in a world as different as could be from that of their mothers. The panicky reaction of men who feel they need some kind of compensatory movement of their own is a sign of desperation as surely as are Robertson's denunciations of feminists

as witches and infanticides. What but diabolical forces could sap the strength of all things conservative Christians hold dear?

Discontent breeds conspiracy theories. Someone must be causing all this pain. Some blame the media for the breakdown of societal restraints—or the movies or PLAYBOY. The broader the conspiracy, the more plausible it seems—people want a comprehensive explanation for their scattered troubles. Pat Robertson, like most apocalyptic evangelicals, now blends the personal and the political. According to him, the overall power structure for assailing God's laws is the New World Order—a term he thinks was held secret by the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations until former National Security Council chairman Brent Scowcroft let it slip out during a 1990 television interview. Then George Bush, puppet of the CFR, owned up to the secret plan.

Christian patriots in America have long seen the apocalypse as arriving when the Antichrist re-creates the single world that God thwarted when He knocked down the Tower of Babel, giving different nations their different languages. According to Robertson, Bush was forging a single world order when he used the UN—the forerunner of one-worldism—against Saddam Hussein. But then, significantly, Bush did not finish off Saddam, since Saddam will be part of the New World Order—he is even Robertson's temporary favorite for the role of Antichrist (Gorbachev was an earlier candidate). The new Babel will arise on the site of the old Babylon.

Christian prophecy is always a flourishing business, based as it is on the promise of a millennium of earthly rule by Christ when he returns at the end of the world (see Revelation 20:3–7). Since most orthodox Christians believe that Christ will return at the world's end, that troublesome 1000-year reign is part of fundamentalist lore, even though Saint Augustine convinced most nonfundamentalist Christians that it is a symbolic, not a literal, statement. The American historian Paul Boyer has shown the resiliency of the belief that the millennium will be ushered in by a bloody struggle with the Antichrist and with the mystically evil Beast whose number is 666 (Revelation 13:18). Hunter Thompson says he can take a drug trip in any motel simply by opening the Gideon Bible to the book of Revelation.

The power of numbers is part of the allure of prophecy. We all, to some extent, feel the suggestive force of number reifying things that have no real separate existence. Decades, for instance, are differentiated only by arbitrary counting devices. Centuries, also. But people who talk about the Sixties as if they were a historically distinct epoch are partway toward the number magic of the book of Revelation, which finds power in certain numbers (three and seven, for instance). President Reagan was superstitious enough to change his street address when it happened to be 666. Imagine the apprehension people will feel in 1999 when they realize that the number, inverted, is 6661. This was not a fear that arose in 999, since Arabic numbers were not in general use then—though the wizard Pope Sylvester knew them. But 1666 scared people silly. That was the year of the great fire in London, and Quaker founder George Fox was thundering that the end was clearly at hand.

Any natural disaster in the present decade will be interpreted mystically, as the London fire was in 1666. The proof of that is the reaction to the great Midwestern floods of 1993. Antiabortion activist Randall Terry says that the Mississippi overran its banks because God was angry at the "murder" of fetuses. A woman in Illinois wrote to a St. Louis paper that God was trying to prevent further gambling on Mississippi steamboats. Another correspondent felt that the recognition of homosexuals in the military had caused the flood. Jerry Falwell blamed it on "our treatment of the unborn and the trashings of the Judeo-Christian ethic."

Any new eruption will bring similar reactions as the magic year draws nearer. And Christian fundamentalists are not alone in foreseeing the apocalypse. Muslim and other fundamentalists see holy wars in the offing—which induces something bordering on hysteria in people who observe these frenzies of destruction. Many Americans have been frustrated by the inability of the world to respond to the self-rending action of Balkan governments—or to the splintering of the old Soviet bloc, the collapse of Europe, the instability of African nations, the "Balkanization" of our own society. Those who claim that the West is committing suicide in an orgy of indiscriminate multiculturalism may soon think there is not enough of their heritage left to defend. A sense of helplessness is easily interpreted, among believers, as a sign of God's impatience with so rampant a disorder. Better the deluge—or the fires of a second punishment to the sinful world—than such evil everywhere you look.

These moods pass, as we saw in the aftermath of the year 1000. But we probably cannot breathe safely till the fateful 2000 is behind us. For the rest of the Nineties we should brace ourselves, expecting something new in the way of ingenious nuttiness. The alarm clocks are set and ticking.

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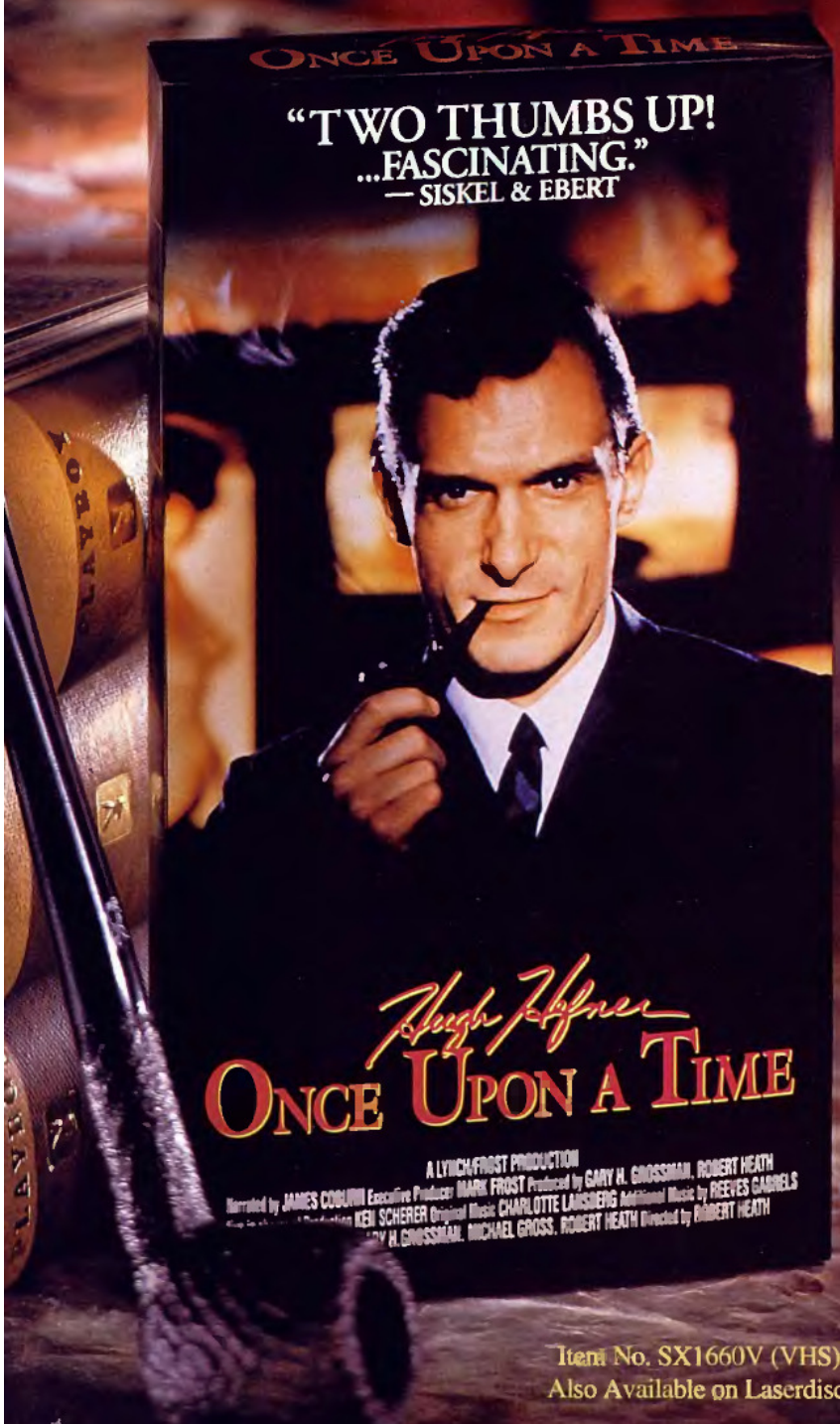

Producers David Lynch and Mark Frost, the same slightly-skewed team that brought you *Twin Peaks* and *American Chronicles,* have turned their lens on the founder and editor of *PLAYBOY* magazine. The pair was given access to exclusive footage including home movies of Hefner's childhood, tantalizing glimpses of life inside the Playboy Mansion, clips of his early TV appearances, and other rare, behind-the-scenes footage of the man and his empire. This personal look, combined with candid interviews of both friends and enemies, makes *Hugh Hefner: Once Upon A Time* a remarkable psychological travelogue on the man and his life.

The nation's critics have praised this film as a "must see" during its recent theatrical release. Now, every Playboy fan has the opportunity to enjoy this fascinating tale of the man who created an empire of dreams and prevailed over all obstacles to become a part of the mythology of 20th century America.

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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

VINTAGE SMOKE

Forget those pre-Castro Havanas that have sold at auctions for $100 apiece. There's a more affordable wave of old tobacco currently hitting the humidors of connoisseurs. Known as vintage cigars, these specially selected smokes hail from the Dominican Republic, Honduras and Jamaica, three countries similar to Cuba in climate. Just as wine has good and bad years, the tobacco in these hand-rolled cigars is the best the world has seen in decades. Aged in cedar vaults for three months to about a year, hand-rolled vintage cigars emerge with a tremendous depth of taste and aroma rarely experienced since the Cuban embargo began in the early Sixties. Light one up by the fireside, settle back with a fine single malt and enjoy. —RICHARD CARLETON HACKER

JAMES IMBROGNO

The vintage smokes pictured in the mahogany presentation box at far left are Regale Limited Reserves, by Partagas, $170 for a box of 20. At the left side of the humidor is a stash of Ashton's Cabinet Number Two Selections, cigars made from tobacco that's been aged four years, $125 for a box of 20. Next to the Ashtons (top): Jamaican-rolled Macanudo Number Ones vintage 1988, $145 for a box of 20. Below the Macs: Romeo y Julieta Vintage V cigars, $137 for a humidor-type box of 25. The cigars at far right are vintage 1987 Romanas, by Dunhill, $106 for a box of 25.

Where & How to Buy on page 259.

A Taste of Lace

Model and aspiring actress JANET CHRISTINE LIDBERG has appeared in television commercials, on HBO's *1st and 10* and in *Demolition Man* starring Sylvester Stallone. She demolished us.

Frank's Boys Visit Left Field

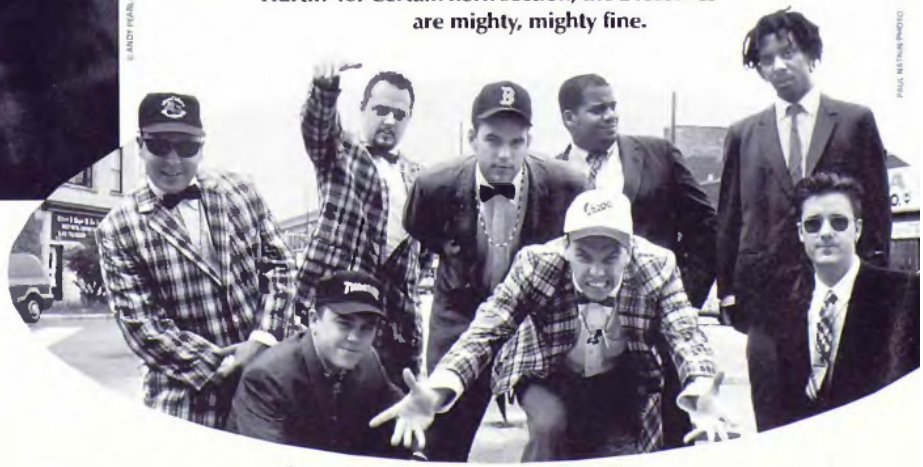
You expected traditional music from the ZAPPA heirs AHMET (left) and DWEEZIL? How foolish of you. Get a copy of *Shampoohorn* (remember making a shampoo horn in the tub?), their collaborative effort, and find a way to dance to their drum. You'll be happy you did.

Debra Cues Us In

Model DEBRA DELORENZO has won awards on the Hawaiian bikini circuit, is working on a swimsuit video and has a part in *Desert Blues* on the big screen. Debra, we're ready to shoot for a side pocket any time.

Bad in Plaid

The MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES are making waves on the international club circuit and at record stores with *Don't Know How to Party*. Fusing ska and punk with the Hurtin' for Certain horn section, the Bosstones are mighty, mighty fine.



PAUL NATKIN PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Flower Power

THE POSIES may be from Seattle, but they sound different. We think it's the harmonies. Check out *Frosting on the Beater*, then ask yourself if the names John, Paul, George and Ringo come to mind. The band made their first demo in a basement. They are on the way upstairs now.

© KEN SETTLE

Proud Tina

TINA TURNER is a goddess. Her movie bio was the talk of last summer, the soundtrack LP *What's Love Got to Do With It* has gone gold and her tour kicked butt, and if there are better legs in the universe, we haven't seen them. A salute to Tina. If this is 50, there's something to look forward to.

Top Drop

Winter whiners take note: People are sunbathing sumewhere. Just ask actress SEANA RYAN. Seana can be found in *Two Moon Junction* at the video store, in a Meat Loaf music video and on a rerun of *Murder, She Wrote*. Or you might catch her catching rays.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

MILLENNIUM MALT

With roots dating back to 1608, Bushmills bills itself as "the world's oldest licensed whiskey distillery." And it has just laid away a limited number of casks for delivery in late 1999 (each cask contains the equivalent of 228 bottles of single-malt Irish whiskey.) The price: $5000 a cask, including storage, insurance, shipping, bottling with signed and numbered labels and a three-day stay in Ireland as a guest of the distillery. Call 800-4-BUSHMILLS for all the details.

GLENN ARMSTRONG

ON THE VIDEO CANYON TRAIL

Want to climb the Grand Canyon's South Kaibab trail without the dust and donkey traffic? Order a Video Hiker VHS tape from Destination Fitness, a company that specializes in workout videos shot around the world. Watch them while using your stationary cycle, ski machine or stair machine. Or hike the Swiss Alps or the volcanic crater of Haleakala in Hawaii's Maui Mountains. Price for each tape: $29, postpaid. To order, call 800-624-4952.

JOHN SCHMELTZER

BEACH OF A WORKOUT

If getting a tan while you pump iron, pedal a stationary bike or climb a Stairmaster is your ideal exercise, check out the Beach Fitness Club at Villas-by-the-Sea Resort and Beach Club the next time you're in Fort Lauderdale. "There is a view of the Atlantic from every workout station," says Robert Pinchuck, the club's curator, who offers day passes for $8. (A yearly membership is about $450, depending on what you sign up for and the time of year you do it.) Beach Fitness Club's address is 4456 El Mar Drive, just north of Commercial Boulevard, on the ocean. Drop by—we've been told the babe-watching is fantastic—or give the club a call at 305-928-0775 for additional information.

THE MOANING AFTER

One of the noblest Romans of them all, Pliny the Elder, cured his hangovers with six raw owl's eggs swallowed in quick succession. In the Middle Ages, a popular remedy for overindulgence was a mixture of bitter almonds and raw eel. That's some of the morning-after lore featured in *The Hangover Handbook*, a 96-page beer-can-shaped softcover book that's brimming with "101 cures for humanity's oldest malady." There are also chapters on "What's Behind a Hangover?" and "Great Drunks of History," plus a pub survivor's guide. (The world's most potent beer, Samichlaus, is 13.7 percent alcohol.) *The Hangover Handbook* is available in bookstores. Or order a copy for just $8.95, postpaid, from Mustang Publishing, P.O. Box 3004, Memphis, Tennessee 38173.

KELLY JACKSON

UNHAPPY NEW YEAR!

The cynics among you can start the next 12 months with the *1994 Dis-Appointment Calendar*, "a curmudgeon's datebook" by Kay Kirby that's replete with historical downers. On December 6, 1957, for example, America's first unmanned space rocket rose to a height of three feet and exploded. And on April 20, 1889, Adolf Hitler was born. Just $14.70, postpaid. Call 800-444-2524 to order.

THE ART OF MOTOR RACING

For five decades, photographer Jesse Alexander has stalked the world's fastest race-car drivers, shooting them and their exotic machines at tracks from Watkins Glen to the Nürburgring. Now Alexander is offering museum-quality 14″ x 11″ and 20″ x 16″ black-and-white and color prints of his most famous shots, priced from about $650 to $950. A catalog costs $12, postpaid, sent to Alexander at P.O. Box 5400, Santa Barbara, California 93150.

PLAYING SOLDIER

Britain's toy soldiers have been around for a century, bringing pleasure to armchair generals worldwide, especially at Christmastime. A three-inch-tall 16th Queen's Lancer (shown) costs only $23, postpaid. A set of six Grenadier Guards goes for $64, four tiny replicas of the gallant Light Brigade horsemen who made that fatal charge are $74, and two Sherwood Foresters are $25. All are from Bryerton's Military Miniatures, 2121 South Racine, Chicago 60608. A price sheet of Britain's costs $2, and owner Bart Bryerton, who himself resembles a toy soldier, answers questions at 312-666-2800.

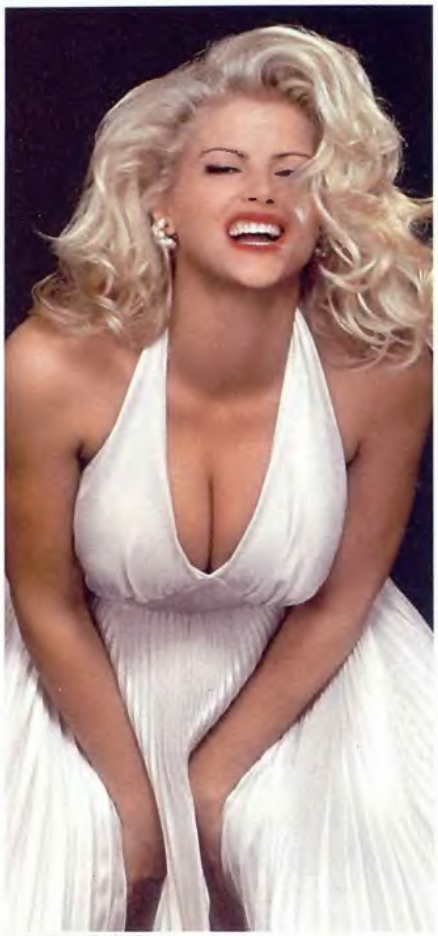
FANTASY ON YOUR WRIST

Faux Chromo's adventure watches tell time, but the dials display various fake functions to wow impressionable pals. The Halo (high altitude, low open) model shown here, for example, features dials for altitude, water depth and more that would come in handy if you were about to embark on a counterterrorist parachute drop. The price: $350, postpaid, from Dr. Craig Mardus, Stratton Hills Building, Suite A-5, 189 Stratton Road, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267. A brochure showing the watches in the Adventure Series—including a James Bond–type one—is $7.

GRAPE EXPECTATIONS

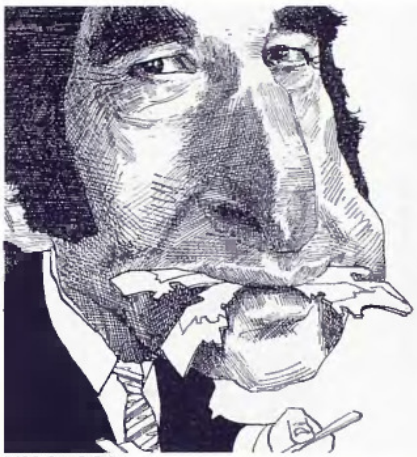
In August 1992, *Potpourri* featured Beer Across America, a company that ships two six-packs of tasty brews to customers nationwide on a monthly basis. Well, cheers everybody, because BAA has recently embraced the grape as well as the grain and started International Wine Cellars, "the premiere wine-of-the-month club." Members receive two bottles of fine red or white, or a combination (also information on the wines), at a cost of $19.95 per month, plus shipping. (Selections come from many countries, including France, Spain, Australia, the States, etc.) Call 800-333-WINE for more information.

NEXT MONTH



ANNA'S VALENTINE

WINTRY REVENGE



WORLDLY RICH

SAFE SEX

SHE WAS GOOD, SHE WAS FUNNY—WALTER WAS PREPARED FOR WINTER IN THE ALASKAN WILDERNESS. BUT COULD HE SURVIVE A BLAST OF SUBZERO REVENGE?—FICTION BY **DAVID MARUSEK**

FLESH AND FILIGREE—TODAY'S SHOCK TROOPS ASSAIL THEIR BODIES FOR THRILLS. IS IT ART, MUTILATION OR, OUCH, JUST PLAIN FUN? FRONTLINE COVERAGE FROM A PIERCING SALON—BY **VICKI GLEMBOCKI**

PETE TOWNSHEND AND HIS BAND, THE WHO, ROCKED THE WORLD FOR TWO DECADES. NOW HE'S ROCKED BROADWAY WITH *TOMMY*. HERE, A REIGNING GENIUS OF POP MUSIC RIFFS ON HIS WILD-MAN PALS ROGER DALTREY AND KEITH MOON, ON GUILT-FREE RELIGION AND ON THE PLEASURES OF MARRIAGE IN A PROVOCATIVE INTERVIEW—BY **DAVID SHEFF**

KING OF THE WORLD—COMMODITIES MOGUL AND FUGITIVE **MARC RICH** CONTROLS THE WEALTH OF NATIONS, WITH EASTERN EUROPE NEXT ON HIS SHOPPING LIST. BUT CAN A HUNTED MAN RUN THE WORLD FROM SWITZERLAND?—AN INVESTIGATIVE PROFILE BY **JIM HOUGAN**

THE KILLING FIELDS—IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS UPCOMING BOOK, **ICE-T,** RAP'S ORIGINAL GANGSTA, DELIVERS THE INSIDE WORD ON SOUTH CENTRAL, WHO RUNS THE STREETS FROM PRISON AND THE BLOOD BROTHERHOOD OF GANGBANGERS

CHRIS BERMAN, ESPN'S IRREPRESSIBLE COLOR GUY, TALKS ABOUT THE VERSATILITY OF BLAZERS AND THE ART OF THE NICKNAME IN A JUST-IN-TIME-FOR-THE-PLAYOFFS 20 QUESTIONS

IT'S THAT TIME OF WINTER—REV UP FOR PLAYBOY'S CAR OF THE YEAR. OUR PANEL, INCLUDING SUPERSTAR RACER **WILLY T. RIBBS,** PICKED A WINNER AND VOTED FOR THE HOTTEST POCKET ROCKET, THE BEST LITTLE TRUCK AND THE BIGGEST YAWN. DON'T MISS THE ACTION IN OUR ANNUAL **AUTOMOTIVE REPORT**

PLUS: PHOTOGRAPHER **MICHEL COMTE** IMMORTALIZES A BEVY OF CELEBRITIES IN AN INCREDIBLY SEXY SAFE-SEX PICTORIAL; A REVIEW OF **JACK COLE,** THE CARTOONIST WHO CREATED PLASTIC MAN; THE BOOM IN BEEPERS; AND A SPECIAL VALENTINE'S DAY TREAT FROM THE FABULOUS **ANNA NICOLE SMITH**

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